THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

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COUNTY FAIRS BENEFIT

Will Get Forty Per Cent of Total Amouwt Awarded in Premiums

KANKAKEE CETS BIG SUM

Lake County Will Receive Under the New Law Nearly a Solid Thousand Dollars

Over $30,000 will be paid to county fair associations in Illinois from the state treasury under the new law which provides the state shall pay 40 per cent of all premiums paid at each fair, exclusive of purses in the speed departments. Secretary E. E. McCoy of the state board of agriculture has just received the reports from each of the county fair and agricultural associations in the state.

This report shows a total amount of $77,345.62 was paid in premiums this year at county fairs. Under the new 40 per cent law, the state of Illinois will thus refund to these organizations, through the state board of agriculture, the sum of $30,938 24.

Lake county will get nearly $1,000 according to statements made Friday.

Kankakee county will receive the largest sum with its one fair, which paid out $4,214 in premiums, 40 per cent of which amounts to $1,685 60. The smallest sum which the state will be called upon to refund to any one fair will be $130.82, to the Putnam county fair, which paid out $327.82 in premiums. Putnam is the only county which receives less this year than under the old law, which made an equal appropriation of $200 for each county fair in the state.

Under the law, the state paid on an average of $13,000 annually in premium money to county fair and agricultural societies. The new law thus more than doubles that sum, and indications are it will continue to increase as eight new county fairs were added to the list of these affairs in the state this year.

In McLean county a total of $1,183.18 in premium money will be divided among the county fairs at Danvers, Leroy and Saybrook. The Danvers fair, which paid out $630.50 in premiums, will receive $252 20; the Leroy fair with $1,320 75 in paid premiums, will get $530.70, and the Saybrook fair will get 40 per cent of the $1,000.70 in paid premiums which will amount to $400.20.

The largest number of fairs in any one county was in Will county, where five such fairs were held this year. These were the fairs at Elwood, Joliet, Monee, Plainfield and Peotone, which paid out in premiums a total of $3,682.60, 40 per cent of which is $1,473.04. This amount, however, is less than was paid out by the single fair in Kankakee county.

Madison county, with a fair at Highland which paid out in premiums the sum of $770.75, will receive $308 30 of the appropriation. Randolph county, with $549 paid out by the fair at Houston, will receive the sum of $219.60. The Macoupin county fair at Carlinville, which paid out $915.50 in premiums, will get $366.20.

A large number of counties in the state have no fairs, including Macon, Monroe, Washington, Clintun and others, and these districts naturally receive none of the appropriation. In view of the fact that 40 per cent of the premiums paid out by the county fairs has proved to be such a great sum, much encouragement is offered in these counties in the way of organizing fairs.

Grand Diamond Oratorical Contest.

Sunday afternoon, December 1, at 2:30 in the Waukegan Baptist church will be held a Grand Diamond Medal Contest at which a $50. medal will be awarded. Fine music will be furnished by Wankegan and Zion City talent. A good attendance is desired. The following young people will contest, Mr. J. A. Jacobson, Racine, Wis., Miss Helen Sells, Joliet, Ill.; Miss Lula Gilbert, Waukegan, Ill.; Miss Adella Bastian, Waukegan, Ill.; Miss Belle Brewer, Grayslake, Ill.; Miss Marguerite Mason, Lake Bluff, Ill. Mrs. Louise Shedard, Contest Sup't., Lake County W. C. T. U.

His Great Idea.

Gilbert, the small son of a minister, was one day trying to construct a church with his building blocks, but found he hadn't enough blocks. "Say, papa," he inquired gravely, "can't you hold up your congregation for funds to finish my church?"

HOPKINS UNDER PROBE

Zion Undertaker May be Deprived of License by Action of State Board of Health

The man who would have helped conceal the alleged death by violence of Mrs. Letitia Greenhalgh at Zion City is to be brought to book.

Benjamin J. Hopkins, the Zion undertaker who very frankly declared on the stand at the coroner's inquest that Zion does not do things like the world, even as regards the obeying of laws, has been cited to appear before the state board of health.

Sheriff Griffin received papers in the case Monday morning and served them.

They call for the appearance of Hopkins before the state board at its next meeting, December 3, in the Cook county court house in Chicago and he must show cause why his license as an undertaker and embalmer should not be revoked

If the records of the coroner's inquest are to be believed, Hopkins is the man who, acting as undertaker, prepared murdered Mrs. Greenhalgh's remains for interment after he had seen that her limbs were shattered by the fanatical treatments administered.

In fact he is even alleged to have said, "This is a case of manslaughter," if the story Walter Greenhalgh is to be credited.

Hopkins is said to have acted as a believer in the Parhamite faith, which if reports are true should be driven bag and baggage out of the state of Illinois, scattered to the four winds its practices interdicted under pain of prison.

Hopkins was fined $25 and cost, but appealed his case at the time.

The law provides that the coroner must be notified at once of all deaths by violence.

DRUNKEN MAN BADLY BURNED IN A BONFIRE

Nicholas Payson, aged 45 years, who has been employed on the Otis farm south of Barrington, was so severely burned about 6 o'clock Friday evening that he may not recover.

It appears that Payson, in company with James Creeton, a pal made a camp out at the stock yards and built a fire about noon Friday to cook their lunch. They remained about the yards all the afternoon and it is said were in an intoxicated condition.

About 6 o'clock in the evening Creeton walked over to one of the stores to get supplies for the evening meal.

Upon his return he found to his amazement Payson who had been seated beside the fire had rolled over onto the fire and the clothing from both legs had burned, and in fact the body was burning. After extinguishing the fire Creeton secured assistance and the body was removed to the village, where Dr. A. Weichelt dressed the burns. He was sent to the Cook county hospital on the 8:46 train, the Chicago & Northwestern railroad having consented to stop the train. Mr. Payson claims that he has a brother named Fred Payson in business at 1024 West Chicago avenue, Chicago. His recovery is double.

Later—Word has been received from Chicago that Payson died in the Cook county hospital Monday afternoon.

ANTIOCH COUPLE MARRIED IN CHICAGO

On Monday of this week at Chicago occurred the marriage of Miss Josephine A. Garwood to Mr. Wm. Belter.

The bride is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harm Garwood of Channel Lake and has a large circle of friends among the younger set, who although surprised to hear of her marriage extend to her their best wishes for a happy wedded life.

The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Belter who reside south of town. He is a well known young man, having lived here the greater part of his life.

The many friends of the young couple were somewhat surprised when it was reported that their marriage had taken place for so quiet had the matter been kept that not even their most intimate friends had any inkling whatever of their intentions until Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Belter will make their future home in this vicinity.

The News joins with their many friends tn extending to the happy couple most hearty congratulations and best wishes for a long and happy voyage on the matrimonial sea.

LIBERTYVILLE TO HAVE A MARKET DAY

The Libertyville Citizens' Improvement Association has made plans for holding what it designates as a market day, designed to attract the farmers to Libertyville for their trade.

No date has been assigned, but each merchant has agreed to the plan and will make special arrangements and devise special features to attract the farmers to Libertyville to buy.

Thus lunches will be served in some places, while special committees will entertain and welcome the visiting farmers.

PLAYED CRUEL JOKE

Chicago Employment Bureau Sent 300 Men to Pleasant Prairie Without Order

WALKING BACK TO CHICAGO

Claim That They Paid Man in Chicago From $5 to $10 for Jobs at Pleasant Prairie and Found no Work

The village of Pleasant Prairie which is usually heard from whenever the powder mills explode, made a new bid for notoriety late Monday evening when that village was picked out as the destination for a gang of about three hundred and fifty mechanics and laborers from Chicago who went to that place with the expectation of finding numberless jobs.

The men unloaded from an afternoon train and hurried to the Lafiin-Rand powder mills to report for work, but there was no work to be had and the company had not hired anybody, in fact the mills employ only about thirty men.

"But we paid Frank B. Anderson, of the Standard Employmont Agency in Chicago, for securing us jobs here and he said you had agreed to put us to work at once" said one of the victims. And the crowd produced credentials to show that such was really the case.

Nothing could be done however, and the men, many of whom were penniless began to look about for some place to sleep as the village is a small one it would be almost impossible for that amount of men to find lodging there even if they had the necessary means. Some of the men went to sleep where ever they could, others walked to Kenosha in the hopes of getting a train to Chicago while others started on a long weary tramp back to Chicago.

About one hundred of the men reached Kenosha about midnight. All being comrads in common sorrow the money in the party was so divided that it purchased tickets for the men to get as far as Evanston on the electric line. President Frost of the Chicago & Milwaukee road hearing of their plight ordered the men carried free as far as the line went.

The crowd was a cosmopolitan one, nearly every nationality and every trade being represented. There were old men, young men and boys and every one of them had paid a fee to secure a job.

It has been found that Anderson is the manager of a fake employment agency, and that he had worked a swindle game on the laborers by taking a fee of from $5 to $10 from each one for which he agreed to find them employment and represented that he had secured them jobs at Pleasant Prairie which would net them $3 per day. The crowd paid their money but the jobs were not forth coming.

Some of the men accepted the matter good naturedly but others were violent and it is pretty certain that could the man who swindled them have been found on the prairie there would have been one grand celebration.

PLEASANT BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

A happy lot of little folks gathered at the home of Miss Marie Savage, south of town, on Saturday afternoon, November 23, to assist in celebrating the twelfth anniversary of her birth. The afternoon was very pleasantly spent in playing games and enjoying themselves as only little folks can. A bountiful luncheon was served toward the close of the afternoon and to say that the little ones enjoyed it, but mildly expresses their feelings. After lunch the guests returned to their homes leaving behind them many little tokens of remembrance and each wishing their hostess many happy returns of the day.

Those present were: Nina Little, Elsie Herman, Ivah Radtke, Helen Naber, Viola Kuhaupt, Vera Tiffany, Effie Kelly Ethel Barthel, Alma and Lura Olcott, Georgia VanPatten, Priscilla Albinger, Olive Renehan, Linda, Bertha, Mildred and Letha LaPlant and Dorathy Savage, Lester Osmond, Robert McDougal, Ralph Kinrade, Laurel Powles, Joe VanPatten and Donald Smart. Mesdames J. Van Patten, John VanPatten, C. VanPatten S, LaPlant and M. D. Olcott.

A Narrow Escape.

Anxious mother (to small son who has just tumbled down stairs)—"Mercy me, quick! are you killed?" Little Dick—"No, 'm." "Are you hurt much? Do tell me, quick!" "No; that was the luckiest fall I ever had." "Lucky?" "Yes; I only struck one stair on the way down."

FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BANDITS

David Housh and Eddie Schaefer of North Chicago Draw Knife on Woman

CHOKE SMALL BOY TO ROB

Lads Had Robbed Stores and Then Rob Home of $2, but Were Finally Arrested and Let Go

Two fourteen year old bandits, boys ready to kill at the drop of the hat and rob after carefully guarding a house even to the extent of choking a boy who had been left in charge of it, at North Chicago.

The bandits are David Housh and Edward Schaefer.

The boys on Saturday afternoon went to a vacant house where they proceeded to break all the windows. They then went to a hardware store where they stole some buggy whips and also took a trip to the Dunakin store where they tried to make a lift but were caught at it.

The boys were chased out of the store from there they went to the home of Mrs. Scherbent where they got into a dispute with her. A dog was the cause of the dispute and finally one of the lads drew a knife and thretened to stab her, but the woman took after them and drove them from the place. A little later, she had to leave for the store and she called a little neighbor lad, aged seven years, to stay at her home while she was away.

The woman had not gone far from the house when the two boys returned to the place, determined to avenge the insult heaped on them by the woman.

Sneaking into the house the youngsters found the little Moran boy there and they lost no time in quieting him. The Schaefer lad was the one selected to stand with his hand about the throat of the Moran child and there he stood, holding his hands on the throat of the little fellow and choking him almost into insensibility.

While he was doing this, the other lad was ransacking the house and he managed to get hold of about $2 in change and some tobacco and cigars belonging to the man of the house.

The woman returned to the house a little later and she then learned of the actions of the youngsters and reported to the police. They were arrested but sentence was suspended upon their parents guaranteeing their good behavior.

SCHOOL HOUSE BURNS AT GENOA JUNCTION

Our neighboring village Genoa Junction was the scene of a destructive fire Monday morning of last week and as a result the school building in that village is a mass of ruins, The fire originated in the attic and is supposed to have been caused by a defective chimney.

The fire was discovered at about eight o'clock by the principal, who immediately gave the alarm. The fire had gained such headway however that all efforts to check the flames proved ineffectual, but a large share of the furniture and school books were saved.

This fire will prove to be a hard blow to the residents of that village, more so because of the fact that their school building was practically a new one. The building was valued at about $10,000 and was insured for $7,000. It was remodeled in 1901, when a hallway and four rooms were added and a portion of the debt contracted thereby is still unpaid. The ruins are being cleared away and a new building will be erected as soon as possible. In the meantime the school holds its sessions in three sections. The lower grades in the parlors of the Congregational and Methodist churches and the high school in Miller's hall.

Annual Bazaar

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Antioch M. E. church will hold their annual bazaar and supper on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 5, in the basement of the church. Sale will begin promptly at 3:00 o'clock at which handkerchiefs, aprons and fancy goods, also home made candies will be on sale. Supper, adults 25c; children 15c.

MENU

Fried Chicken (Revolutionary style)

Mashed Potatoes	Turnips
Jelly	Pickles
Rolls	Brown Bread
Pie	Cake
Tea	Coffee

SIXTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR

C. & M. E. Ry to Inaugurate Two-Hour Service Between Evanston and Milwaukee

Two-hour service from Evanston to Milwaukee is being planned, according to representatives of the Chicago & Milwaukee Electric Railway. The company is straining every effort to complete the Racine-Milwaukee extension by December 1.

In order to accommodate the heavier business which will fall on the old St. Paul right of way north of Davis street, Evanston, by the operation over it of the traffic of both the Chicago & Milwaukee Electric and the Northwestern Elevated up to the Wilmette line, two additional tracks are to be added. The work is now under way and by the time the electrification of the lower right of way has been completed this section will be ready to accommodate trains on four tracks.

This will enable the Northwestern Elevated to do its switching and relaying of trains at the northern terminal without interfering with toe operation of cars by the Chicago & Milwaukee Electric.

The latter line is breaking in the coaches which are to be used in the Evanston-Milwaukee express service. They have been built expressly for high speed.

It has been found that the cars will maintain a speed of sixty or sixty-five miles an hour without difficulty. They have been built on lines laid down by the company's engineers, being higher and narrower than the ordinary long interurban coaches. They can thus be operated on the streets in Milwaukee, where the intertrack space is small.

A large number of changes have been completed in the tracks during this season. Curves have been straightened by the purchase of corners of property and wherever possible the tracks have been placed above the public highways.

SOFT DBINKS TO SUPPLANT FIGHTING BOOZE

The saloon keepers at Highwood have announced that they will not fight the new law which becomes effective January 1 and compells them to go out of business.

But, it is stated that most of them have planned to open billiard-pool places where they will conduct games and sell soft drinks.

Very few of them are planning to move away and none of them are planning to sell their buildings because they figure they can make almost as much out of pool and soft drinks as they do out of other things the way they conduct their business at the present time.

The nearest saloon to the village of Highwood after the first of January will be at Halfday, four miles to the west.

It was reported all along that the saloon keepers and owners of the buildings in Highwood would make a fight against the new law and that the government would have a tussle to get them out of the town, but the announcement of peace and future plans shows that such a trouble will not develop.

ANOTHER SHREDDER ACCIDENT

On Tuesday afternoon at about 3:30 o'clock K. Holdorff of Wilmot was the victim of a very serious and painful accident.

Mr. Holdorff is a young man about twenty-six years of age and was employed about a corn shredder on a farm near Wilmot. In some unaccountable manner his hand became caught in the machine and his arm was drawn into the shredder almost to the elbow. The machine was stopped as quickly as possible but not until the arm was badly crushed and almost severed.

Dr. Warriner was summoned and found it necessary to amputate the arm about three inches below the elbow.

The accident is a serious one and although the loss of an arm is greatly to be deplored, Mr. Holdorff is indeed fortunate to have escaped as well as he did. At present writinff, he is resting as well as can be expected.

LAKE COUNTY MAN NOT TO GET APPOINTMENT

It is learned that, for the first time in many years, Lake county is not to have the honor of having the secretary of the naval committee of which Congressman Foss is the chairman.

The resignation of Ben Miller of Libertyville caused a number of applications from Lake county men to be sent to Congressman Foss for his position, but it developes that it has been promised to a Cook county man.

When questioned on the matter Congressman Foss stated that it was true, that he had promised the secretaryship to a Cook county man. He said: "Lake county has had the honor for some years and there was a feeling that the Chicago end of the district should have it for a time."

DRY TOWNS INCREASE

Thirty-Six Millions Now Living in Territory Where There Is No Liquor

DRY PLANK IN OLD PARTIES

Dominent Issue in Illinois for the Next Campaign Will be the Liquor Question, it is Calculated

The recent elections in central and southern Illinois serve to bring close to the man who deals in liquors the wave of prohibition and temperence which has been sweeping over the country.

If the election districts that went dry in the state of Illinois were only a few spots on the national map they would not be worth paying attention to, but they are not isolated. They are added to the already existing thousands of dry spots throughout the length and breadth of this country.

It is for this reason that the saloon men, the wholesaler, the distiller and the brewer stands aghast, as well he might; for, while the Prohibition party as such has been making little gains in actual votes, it has been spreading its doctrines which, when divorced from other political questions, as they have been in the local option laws, find expression in decided practical opposition to the saloon.

What happened in Illinois recently and what is very likely to continue to happen for some time has already happened in many other states.

Actual statistics show that 33,600,00 the eighty odd million inhabitants of the United States now live in communities in which the law does not permit the sale of alcoholic beverages. In other words, considerably more than one-third of all the inhabitants of the country can not buy liquor in their neighborhood at licensed bars and in the great majority of these dry communities, should any of the inhabitants defy the law and spend their money to quench their thirst, they would run the imminent risk of penalties and subject to condign punishment the persons from whom they bought the liquor.

The liquor question cuts a figure in nearly every state campaign closed by the elections. In Kentucky, New Jersey and Delaware it was the decisive issue. It swept from power the Democratic party in Kentucky and came near ousting the Republicans from intrenched power in New Jersey. And, singularly enough, the highest vote ever polled by the Prohibition party in a national election is only a little more than a quarter of a million out of a total vote of about 30,000,000. That was in 1904. In the preceding national campaign the Prohibition candidate for president received only 208,914 votes. When political excitement was at fever heat in 1896 the Prohibition vote was 132,007. No strong party has ever espoused prohibition as a principle, and yet no great party has ever dared denounce it.

Prohibitionists are now preparing to force upon both great parties in next year's campaign recognition of a growing popular sentiment in their platforms. For this purpose the executive committee of the national Prohibition party will meet in Chicago on November 20 to designate the time and place for holding the national convention ahead of Republicans and Democrats.

It is proclaimed to be the intention of the temperance men to demand of the two great parties the insertion of a plank in their respective platforms favoring the enactment of lawe that will prevent the shipment of liquor into states that have adopted prohibition. In the coming session of congress a bill carrying this provision will probably be passed. It was presented in the last session as the Hepburn-Dolliver act and was defeated by a very narrow margin.

MARSHAL FRITCH BAFFLED

Because Marshal Fritch of Grayslake was unable to get anybody to help him take to Waukegan Miss Mary Stevenson, also of Grayslake, to have her tried as to her sanity, there was no hearing on her case Friday.

The woman is charged with being insane, as the result of having chased school children and making threats of various kinds to the children of the vicinity. Word was sent to Waukegan that she was to be taken there for trial.

However the strength of the woman is said to be such that the marshal could not take her alone and as he could not get any body to help him the hearing had to be postponed.

ANTIOCH NEWS.

A. B. JOHNSON, Publisher.

ANTIOCH, - - ILLINOIS.

The Mystery OF Carney-Croft

By JOSEPH BROWN COOKE

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CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

"Mother helped take care of Mr. Carney, sir, and washed his things and the bandages he used, and when we had to go to the cellar to stay as we did when you came, fearin' as you might see us at the house, Mr. Jenks would get the things for her when we'd leave 'm in the path. We always had enough to eat stored away for such times and we could get water from the river, but sometimes we had to send things to mother and so Mr. Jenks would take them. He didn't know we were here at all, sir, but he wants to marry mother, you know, and so he'd do whatever she told him, without asking any questions.

"Was it Jenks who told you when I cabled to Europe?" I asked. "You must have known of it very soon to have answered it so promptly."

"Yes, sir," replied Bobbs. "You see, sir, he's at the station every day, and



She Nestled In My Arms.

a message to England made such a sensation that they were all talking of it, sir. When I told Mr. Carney about it, sir, he said I should answer it as I did, so I wrote at once to my cousin in New York, who'd been attending to the letters for us, sir, when they were sent on from London."

"How did you make the ghosts appear so well, Bobbs?" I asked. "They *seemed to fairly float in the air.*"

"Oh, that was this way, sir," said Bobbs. "When Mr. Carney got so that he couldn't walk, on account of his feet being so bad, sir, he got some of those cycle skates with the big rubber wheels and we used to exercise with 'em at night, on the paths, sir. They'd go right over the leaves and grass, too, if it was pretty sharp down hill—we always went to the river, sir, when we were trying to get away, so that we could dive into the mouth of the old tunnel, if need be. We never had to do it but once. That was the time you and the other gentleman first saw us, sir. Most generally the folks would be so frightened that they would run, and then we could drop behind a bush and take off the sheets, like we did the night you had mother and Mr. Jenks down by the path, sir."

"But about the notes and the cigar case, Bobbs? How did you manage that?" I asked.

Bobbs tearfully produced a small monkey, not much larger than a kitten, from one of his pockets and, stroking the little animal affectionately, he said with emotion:

"It was Chico, sir. Mr. Carney brought him for a pet and he is almost human, sir, and will do anything you tell him. He's so sly, sir, that he can pick your pocket in broad daylight, sir, and you'll never find him out. I don't know about the cigar case, sir, but the day after you came last summer he got away and must have been in the library, where you and the other gentleman were looking for something. After you'd gone to the village, sir, I found him under one of the big chairs, clinging to the bottom, and scared half out of his wits as he always is after he's been playing pranks. You see," he explained, "I had a key to the kitchen door and could get in and out as I pleased until you had the new locks put on."

"Bobbs," I said, raising from my seat, "I want to ask you one more question before you go. Do you remember the first note that you sent me? The one Chico brought when he climbed up the ivy into my window last summer?"

"Yes, sir," said Bobbs, briefly.

"Well, how did you happen to say what you did in that note?" I asked.

"Mr. Carney told me to say it, of course, sir," replied Bobbs.

"Do you know why he did so?" I continued.

"Yes, sir," said Bobbs. "I was in the house watching you the day you came, sir, and when you picked up that glove of Miss Carney's and kissed it, sir, I told him of it. Then he said I should write the note as I did, sir, and that you'd make a good husband for her and he hoped you would marry her, sir."

"That will do, Bobbs," I said. "Good night, my boy. I hope you'll get some sleep."

I sat down once more by the dimly burning lamp and, taking the glove from my pocket, I kissed it gently again and again. A slight sound caused me to raise my eyes and I saw Florence Carney standing, with outstretched hands, in the shadow of one of the bookcases. I sprang toward her and, sobbing softly, she nestled in my arms, with hers entwined about my neck.

The only guest at my bachelor dinner, on the eve of my marriage, was MacArdel, and, as we were sipping our coffee, he exclaimed:

"By the way, Ware, you owe me this dinner. You remember our little wager last summer, don't you?"

"I remember it very well, indeed," I replied with a smile, "but it hasn't been decided in full. You don't know it, old man, but I haven't proposed to her yet," and we tossed a coin for the bill.

THE END.

THREE BROTHERS, EACH MAYOR.

All Are Democrats and All Were Elected on the Same Day.

Muskogee, I. T.—The Watts family, of which W. J. Watts was the head in Indian territory, has a record that is without a parallel.

There are three Watts brothers, each of whom is mayor of the town in which he resides, all of them Democrats, and all were elected to the office of mayor on the same day.

W. J. Watts came to Indian territory in 1871, and established a home. He lived in the Cherokee Nation until 1901, when he died, leaving three sons. They are Jesse G. Watts, mayor of Saltisaw; Thomas J. Watts, mayor of Mulgrow, and Charles G. Watts, mayor of Wagoner. All three are lawyers.

W. J. Watts was prominent in the Indian politics of the Cherokee Nation, and made one of the greatest fights in the history of the nation for the establishment of certain rights of citizens of that jurisdiction. The elder of the sons, Jesse G. Watts, is a probable candidate for the Democratic congressional nomination from the Third district.

A Real Distinction.

A young matron of New York is the only one of her family who is not in "Who's Who," her father being a well known clergyman and her mother, brother and sister being more or less celebrated writers. One day her sister was condoling with her on her lack of distinction in this respect. "Never mind, Belle," said the literary sister; "you may not be in 'Who's Who,' but you're the only member of the family who is in the telephone book, and, that costs real money."

ROB CLINTON BANK

TWO BANDITS LOCK OFFICIALS IN THE BIG VAULT.

TAKE $2,200 TO HOTEL

Beset by Police, They Escape Through Window, Leaving Behind Them $1,500 in Silver Coin.

Bloomington, Ill.—The State bank at Clinton was held up and robbed of $2,200 in coin shortly before five o'clock Monday afternoon by two men, who made their escape.

It was just a few minutes after closing time, when the men appeared in the bank and with drawn revolvers forced Cashier Murphy, Assistant Cashier Argo and Bookkeeper John *Young to enter the big vault, in which* they locked them. The bulk of the money had already been placed in the currency safe in the vault and the time lock set, but $2,200 in gold and silver remained on the counter. This the robbers shoveled into a bag and took with them to the Hotel Henion, where they had previously engaged a room. They had arranged the money in rolls so that it could be easily carried, and were just about to leave the hotel when officers learned of their presence and attempted to break in the door.

Before they succeeded the robbers jumped from a window onto an adjoining roof, taking only the $700 in gold and leaving $1,500 in silver in *the room. It was dark when the men* escaped and all trace of them was lost.

Before the highwaymen left the bank building they called up the telephone operator and requested her to send some one to the bank and release the three bank officials imprisoned in the vault. Charles Parker, collector for the bank, was the only person who knew the combination to the vault and after a short search he was found and hurried to the assistance of the imprisoned men. When Parker opened the vault door the three men were almost suffocated.

ARABS MAKE FIERCE ATTACK.

Ten Thousand Repulsed with Heavy Loss by the French.

Maghnia, Algeria.—Ten thousand of the fiercest Benis Nassen tribesmen swooped down on the French camp Sunday and were beaten off with a loss of 1,200 killed. The fighting continued for a long time and was conducted on the part of the tribesmen apparently with total disregard for their lives. The French loss was eight killed.

The Arabs were not discouraged by this severe repulse, but reformed their forces and in addition directed their efforts to rousing other tribes. The fighting was resumed Monday and the booming of cannon could be heard throughout the afternoon.

INSANE MAN RUNS AMUCK.

Fires Hotel, Kills Man, Stabs Others and Is Slain.

Alamosa, Col.—After setting fire to the Palace hotel early Monday and attempting to commit suicide, Basilio Rodriguez, a government reserve agent from Espanola, N. M., stabbed C. B. Anderson, of Coldwater, Mich., to death, seriously stabbed and assaulted four other men and finally attempted to kill City Marshal John Baumasher, who was trying to arrest him. The marshal then shot and killed the Mexican. It is believed that he was insane.

PREFERS DEATH TO PRISON.

New York Broker Takes Poison When Detectives Arrest Him.

New York.—Louis Straus, senior member of the firm of Louis Straus & Co., brokers, took his life Monday night by swallowing poison, in the presence of Central office detectives, who had come to his home to arrest him.

Straus was accused of obtaining $5,000 on a forged bill of lading.

AGED MERCHANT MURDERED.

Colored Robber Kills Edward Landman, of Kansas City.

Kansas City, Mo.—Edward Landman, aged 77 years, who for 20 years has kept a clothing store at 1107 East Eighteenth street in this city, was murdered Monday night by a negro, who entered the store and struck the aged merchant with a coupling pin. The negro then robbed the store and escaped.

Maj. M. Gilleas Is Dead.

Memphis, Tenn.—A private dispatch from Los Angeles, Cal., states that Maj. M. Gilleas, widely known in railroad circles throughout the south and west, died there suddenly Sunday. *Maj. Gilleas formerly lived in Memphis.*

Thirteen Killed in Gotham Fire.

New York.—Thirteen persons lost their lives and several others were injured Monday in a tenement house fire at One Hundred and Ninth street and second avenue. All the dead were Italians. Seven of the 13 were children. The bodies were found huddled together in rooms on the top floor of the four-story buildings where the terror-stricken people had been driven by the flames. That the fatal fire was the work of incendiaries who sought revenge is the opinion of the police and firemen.

CZAR NICK—"I WISH I COULD INDUCE YOU TO STAY!"



ODD LOT BUYING IS HEAVY

TRANSFER BOOKS CONTAIN MORE STOCKHOLDERS THAN EVER.

Numerous Currency Projects Submitted to President and Cortelyou—Interest in Central Bank Idea.

New York.—Investment buying in small lots of railroad and industrial securities in Wall street still continues in unprecedented volume, and stock transfer officers are overwhelmed with work transferring the names of new security holders.

This enormous odd lot buying, bringing as it does thousands of dollars into circulation, has been in progress for several weeks and is doing more than anything else, perhaps, to effect a relaxation in the stringent currency conditions.

Washington.—Details of many new projects for improving the currency are being submitted to the president and Secretary Cortelyou and are receiving such attention as the other exigencies of the financial situation permit. Secretary Cortelyou is a good listener and usually digests quickly essential points of the various plans which are submitted to him.

Measures relating directly to the currency which are being discussed among bankers and incoming members of congress may be roughly grouped under four heads—a central bank of issue, a central organization of the existing national banks, the issue of additional circulation against various classes of bonds other than United States bonds, and the issue of circulation upon general assets with the security of a guaranty funds.

The project of a central bank, based upon the general outlines of the Bank of France or the Imperial Bank of Germany, has apparently been attracting more attention of late than at any previous time in recent years. Senator Hansbrough of North Dakota, who is a member of the finance committee, has announced that he will introduce a bill for such an institution.

Mr. Wexler, vice president of the Whitney-Central National bank of New Orleans, is openly in favor of a central bank and says that the New Orleans press, *taught by the strain of* the cotton situation, is with him.

BOROUGH BANK MEN INDICTED.

President, Cashier and Controlling Stockholder in the Toils.

New York.—The Kings county grand jury, which is investigating the recent management of the suspended Borough bank of Brooklyn, returned indictments Thursday charging larceny and other offenses against Howard Maxwell, who was president of the institution when its doors were closed; Arthur D. Campbell, the deposed cashier, and William Gow, a director who holds a controlling share of the bank's stock.

The three men were arrested and arraigned. All pleaded not guilty and were held for a hearing. Campbell and Gow each furnished $20,000 bail. Maxwell was unable to secure the $30,000 bond required of him and went to jail for the night.

President Not Endangered.

Cairo, Ill.—Exoneration from the charge of reckless navigation, which endangered the life of the president of the United States during the river trip from Cairo to Memphis October 3, was obtained Thursday for the officers and crew of the steamer Dick Fowler, who were found not guilty by United States Inspectors Waltz and Hodge, of Memphis, after a trial.

Dishonest Banker Sentenced.

Birmingham, Ala.—Louis M. Dyke, president of the former Atella National bank, charged with misappropriation of funds of a national bank, entered a plea of guilty Friday. The court sentenced Dyke to five years in the Atlanta penitentiary.

Crushed to Death in Elevator.

Pittsburg, Pa.—O. K. McCutcheon, 50 years old, a wealthy merchant of Turtle Creek, near here, was crushed to death in an elevator in a downtown skyscraper Friday.

THAW CASE TO BE POSTPONED.

Second Trial Not Likely to Begin Until Late in January.

New York. — The second trial of Harry Kendall Thaw, set for Monday of next week, will again be postponed, and there is little chance that it will be called until some date well along in January. The decision to ask for a postponement has been agreed to by both sides. It is due partly to the fact that the task of selecting of a jury would be doubly hard by the approach of the holidays and the prospect before the talesmen of spending both Christmas and New Year's day locked up under the care of court bailiffs, and also to the fact that Thaw's counsel has applied to the court for permission to inspect the secret evidence presented before the lunacy commission during the progress of the first trial.

As an added cause for delay there is a rumor that the attorneys now representing Thaw may apply for a change of venue, declaring a fair trial for their client in New York county is impossible. Such a move, if made, would be based upon the alleged unfriendly attitude of many of the local papers and the extent to which the evidence was printed and read in this county. District Attorney Jerome will oppose the granting of a change.

CRISIS SOON IN PORTUGAL.

Signs That the Country Is on Eve of Revolution.

Paris.—Reports representing that Portugal is on the eve of a revolution are received here with caution, as dispatches coming directly from that country have been censored and those indirectly across the frontier are held more or less under suspicion.

Both the reports of the banishment of the crown prince and the mutiny of the fleet are denied by the Portuguese ambassy here; nevertheless, the making of arrests, the suspension of a newspaper and the repressive measures which have been taken by what Premier Franco terms an administrative dictatorship, seem conclusive evidence that matters in Portugal have entered upon a critical phase.

Senor Lima, proprietor of the newspaper Vanguardia, of Lisbon, which was suppressed, is now in Paris and considers that a republic is inevitable and that the issue will be decided before January 1. He declares that the people are hostile to a dynasty and that the army is disaffected.

"Suffragettes" Silence Gladstone.

Leeds, England.—The woman suffragists Friday virtually compelled Herbert Gladstone, secretary of state for home affairs, to abandon his attempt to address a meeting here. The interruptions from the "suffragettes" became so persistent that Mr. Gladstone declared he would no longer struggle against such tactics. One of the suffragists thereupon tried to take possession of the meeting. While she was speaking a free fight broke out between the men and women of the audience.

HURT INSPECTING TRACKS.

Lincoln, Neb.—Railway Commissioner Joseph A. William and H. G. Powell, *rate expert in the office of* the state commission, were seriously injured late Thursday night while making an inspection of the Missouri Pacific tracks near Elmwood.

The men were using a gasoline motor, and were running at considerable speed in the darkness when the car struck an obstacle on the track and was thrown from the rails.

Philippines Needs Teachers.

Washington.—The bureau of insular affairs has received a cablegram from the governor general of the Philippine Islands indicating that probably 300 teachers will be required at the beginning of the next school.

Royalty to Give Horse Show Cups.

London.—King Edward, Queen Alexandra and the prince of Wales have each promised to present a gold cup, valued at about $5,000, in connection with the international horse show in London in 1908.

NEWS OF ILLINOIS

HAPPENINGS OF INTEREST FROM ALL OVER THE STATE.

FIGHT WHITE SLAVE SIN

Assistant State's Attorney Suggests That State of Illinois Help to Stamp Out Evil in Chicago —Crusade Is Started.

Chicago.—Charges that Chicago rapidly is becoming the greatest "white slave" center of the world and that a powerful syndicate for traffic in young girls exists in the city has stirred religious and settlement workers to form a large organization for the express purpose of combating the evil. State aid to stamp out the evil was advocated by Assistant State's Attorney C. G. Roe.

At a meeting of nearly 50 ministers, lawyers, and settlement leaders in the Young Men's Christian Association building plans were laid for the work. The following organizations already have expressed their eagerness to join in a crusade against the traffic in girls:

Cook County Women's Christian Temperance union, Citizens' league, Cook County Federation of Women's clubs, Social Settlement league, Legal Aid society, Associated Charities, Chicago Purity league, National Purity association, Relief Aid society, City club, Visiting Nurse association, Young Men's Christian association, Young Women's Christian association, Illinois Training School for Girls, Salvation *Army home, Florence* Crittenden home, Midnight Refuge house.

Many of the named organizations sent representatives to the conference, while others expressed their willingness to cooperate in any movement the organization might undertake. Miss Rose Johnson, an Englishwoman, who has devoted her life to rescue work in Egypt and Panama, stirred her hearers to action by asserting there are paid agents in those countries receiving many young and innocent girls from Chicago, and that they are sold into bondage. Judge Necomer and Assistant State's Attorney C. G. Roe furnished additional information as to the traffic.

"There is a great Chicago syndicate for the traffic in young girls," said Mr. Roe. "I have prosecuted over 50 young men who are tools of the syndicate. They are hired to keep comfortable and even fashionable bachelor apartments to which they lure young girls. I believe the state should give us a force of detectives to ferret out the agents in this business."

Bible Famine in Galesburg.

Galesburg.—There has been a famine of Bibles in Galesburg as the result of the recent revival services conducted by Rev. William A. Sunday. Bookstore keepers reported an unprecedented demand for religious books, and have sent urgent appeals to the publishers for more supplies. Sixty converts were received recently into the Presbyterian church, and 200 have joined the Methodist and First Baptist. Other congregations report like accessions.

Library Institute of Illinois Meets.

Jacksonville.—Members of the Library Institute of Illinois held a two days' session in this city. Addresses were made by Miss Frances Simpson, University of Illinois; Principal H. A. McGill and Leanette M. Drake, librarian of this city. Miss Mary E. Ahern, of Chicago, and Hon. Frank J. Heinl were the chief speakers.

Seven Die in Accidents.

Chicago.—Seven persons died in Chicago Sunday from the effects of accidents. Of these street cars and trains claimed four victims. One man fell into a ditch while intoxicated and was drowned, while another lost his life by falling into the Chicago river while at work. Blood poisoning from a foundry injury killed a workman.

Found Dead in Ditch.

Chicago.—Samuel Q. Beer was found dead in a ditch filled with water at Fifty-fifth and Rockwell streets. It is believed by the police that the man was intoxicated and drowned after falling in the ditch. No marks of violence were found on the body.

Long Separated; Wed.

Pana.—School children together, close friends, sweethearts and later betrothed, Peter Trison and Antoinette Fleger were married in this city after a separation lasting many years.

Start Fight on Liquor.

Macomb.—A determined effort will be made next spring to remove every gallon house and saloon in McDonough county, and to that end this county is being organized.

New Coal Vein Found.

Harmon.—Experiments in Harmon for coal and oil resulted in a five-foot vein of coal being found at a depth of 139 feet and gas at 150 feet, but no oil.

Deputy Kills a Tramp.

Litchfield.—Deputy Sheriff M. T. Kiggin of this county shot and killed an unidentified man near Hillsboro the other night, supposed to be a member of a gang of tramps and burglars that have been terrorizing the community. Nine of the gang were captured and locked up in jail.

Firebugs Menace Colchester.

Macomb.—Firebugs have for the second time within a week attempted to destroy business properties in the village of Colchester.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The state of Oklakoma enters the Union abundantly qualified to hold her place in the commercial world. Not only has she demonstrated the fertility of her soil in producing large crops of wheat, rye, cotton, corn, fruit, etc., but her mineral resources of coal, asphaltum, iron, oil and natural gas alone would place her in the front ranks. And her land is by no means devoted solely to the commercial aggrandizement of her people. Some 2,000,000 acres of excellent land have been set aside for the maintenance of her educational institutions. We wish her all success and prosperity.

The expectation is that Secretary Taft will journey direct to Hamburg, from St. Petersburg, and sail for New York on Dec. 7, on board the steamer President Grant, thus avoiding what might have been an international broil. In our innocence we had supposed that one of our officials could, with perfect propriety, stop over, in his journey across the continent, and unofficially exchange greetings with an emperor, or a king. But it seems that this is not the case as by so doing he will excite the jealousy and suspicion of the rulers of the various countries before whose courts he neglects to make his kow tow. We have always supposed that we had a fair appreciation of our own importance as a world power but we have, apparently wholly underestimated that importance and from now on we shall be called upon to pay the penalty of greatness by considering the acts of our officials when they relate, even remotely and unofficially to foreign powers, from the viewpoint of foreigners Secretary Taft will return to the United States without having trod on the toes of any supersensitive or over-suspicious potentate.

President Roosevelt has met the currency situation with his usual forethought and promptness and by his approval of the plan of the Secretary of the Treasury to issue fifty millions of Panama Canal bonds and one hundred millons of three per cent certificates has abated a money stringency that threatened disaster to the financial would. The Panama bonds will bring a premium beyond all doubt, as they may and will be used as a basis of additional circulation by national banks, and they will be disposed of to the highest bidders. But the greatest need to relieve the strain was more circulating medium, and this demand the certificates of indebtedness will supply. The influence of this relief, which comes at such an opportune time, will be felt more decidely in the West and South, where it will enable the movement of the crops to go on without serious interruption. And there is evey reason to believe that the issuance of these bonds and certificates will restore normal conditions of order and confidene in the business and financial circless and will reassure the people of the county as to the sound condition of our Treasury. The President has promised that "the goverment will see that the people do not suffer, if only the people themselves will act in a normal way," and these measures of relief should inspire confidence in the sound business conditions and resources of this country and restore an equilibrium that will cause the people to "help themseles and the country most by putting back into active circulation the money ther are hoarding."

President Roosevelt should receive the support of all earnest and fair minded people throughout the country in his efforts to conserve the natural resources of these United States, which is, in his estimation, the gravest question before the nation today. To this end he has invited the governors of the states and the members of the waterways commission to meet at the White House in May next for a discussion of the subject and we hope that they will speedily concur in the view of the President that "it is the plain duty of those of us who, for the moment are responsible, to make inventory of the natural resources, which have been handed down to us, to forcast as well as we may the needs of the future, and so to handle the great sources of our prosperity as not to destroy in advance all hope of the prosperity of our descendants." The public does not realize the extent of the destruction that has been going on for years, except, perhaps, in those sections of the country where the waste of certain resources was perfectly apparent. In the Middle West, for instance, the supply of natural gas is exhausted, simply because care had not been exercised to conserve the supply. And while the coal fields of Iowa, Missouri, Illinois and Kentucky are not depleted, the people are paying from ten to fifteen per cent more than they should and all because the coal supply has not been properly cared for. The most conservative estimates show that the annual consumption of timber is three times as great as the annual growth and it is predicted that, at the present rate, a shortage of timber will inevitably follow. Truly it is time the people of the country awoke to a realization of the real condition of affairs.

There is nothing better for stomach troubles than Kodol, which contains the same juices found in a healthy stomach. Kodol is offered on a guaranteed plan for the relief of heart burn, flatulence, sour stomach, belching of gas, nausea and all stomach troubles. So at times when you don't feel just right, when you are drowsy after meals, and your head aches or when you have no ambition, and you are cross and irritable, take a little Kodol. It digests what you eat. It will make you healthy. Sold by J. H. Swan.

Makes Difference in Transmission.

When the telephone wires are overland the speed of transmission is at the rate of 16,000 miles a second; where the wires are through cables under the sea the speed is only 6,020 miles a second.

You can't be well if you have a weak, unhealthy, tired out stomach. Neither can you feel good if some little irregularity in eating you have caused the stomach to get out of order. These little stomach troubles are signs of indigestion, which may and very often does turn into a bad case of dyspepsia. Don't allow this to go on a single day without doing something to overcome it. Take some good reliable and safe digestant like Kodol for Dyspepsia. Kodol is the best remedy known today for heart burn, belching and all troubles arising from a disordered digestion. It is pleasant to take and affords relief promptly. Sold by J. H. Swan.

Noble Birth.

It is no exaggeration to say that the vast majority of peerages are in their origin associated with memories not of honor but of shame.—London Truth.

The postmaster of Gasconade, Mo., Daniel A. Bugh, says of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, "I am doing so well, and improving so fast in health, that I cannot say too much for your kidney and bladder pills. I feel like a new man." DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are sold by J. H. Swan.

Waterproof Paper.

For preparing a waterproof paper which will shine in the dark use the following mixture: Forty parts paper-stock, ten parts phosphorescent powder, ten parts water, one part gelatine and one part bichromate of potash.

Trial catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by J. H. Swan.

A WORD FOR THE DANDIES.

Fine Clothes and Brave Hearts a Most Effective Combination.

One is sorry for the dandies of our day, because, though their clothes fit ever so well, and are ever so fresh, custom prescribes a dark or subfusk hue, and no lace, no velvet (above all, not on coat collars); no slashes, puffs and vandykings; no pearls and gold; no gules and azure. The common trousers are shapeless things, and, for perfection, you need two pairs every day. Genius is stunted, display is checked, and, though you may wear brilliant hose with knickerbockers in the country, glorious waistcoats are rarely seen except in the windows of tailors' shops at Oxford and Cambridge. The dandy can only cultivate immaculate neatness and perfection of fit. Our officers at Ladysmith, when the place was relieved, looked like skeletons, but were as spruce and neat, I have been told, as ever they showed in the park. They cultivated self-respect, like Stendhal, the celebrated novelist, who was said to have been the only man that shaved every day in the dreadful winter retreat from Moscow. This is the dandyism which we admire, the perfection of personal self-respect exhibited in Julius Caesar, Claverhouse and Montrose, combing his lovelocks, like the Three Hundred of Thermopylae, on the morning of his shameful death. He went to the gibbet "like a bridegroom to his bride." History, and "the human heart by which we live," have an immortal tenderness for the great, the wise, the brave, who have died dandies as they lived, gallant hearts and stately gentlemen.—Century Magazine.

Appendicitis

Is due in a large measure to abuse of the bowels, by employing drastic purgatives. To avoid all danger, use only Dr. King's New Life Pills, the safe, gentle cleansers and invigorators. Guaranteed to cure headache, biliousness, malaria and jaundice, at J. H. Swan's drug store. 25c.

A Forestry School.

The opening of a forestry school in Africa a year ago marked another advance in the propagation of the science. The school was established by the government of the Cape Colony at Tokai, Cape Colony, for the training men for the government forest service in the several South African provinces. The course covers two years, the first year at the South African college and the second year at the Forestry school at Tokai on a well established estate, where there are extensive forest lands and a great variety of trees in all stages of development.

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ILLINOIS GETS IN LINE

Movement Started in the Prairie State for an Academy of Sciences.

WOULD BE OF MUCH BENEFIT

Invitation Extended to Scientists to Meet at Springfield on Dec. 7 for the Purpose of Organizing.

Springfield, Ill., Nov. 12.—Illinois is to have an Academy of Sciences. In response to letters sent out by Dr. A. R. Crook, curator of the State Museum of Natural History, more than one hundred men in the different educational institutions of the state have expressed their belief in the need and value of such an organization.

The state is surrounded by academies. Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa have flourishing organizations of this sort, while Illinois has no such society. The proposition is to organize so that Illinois may be as well supplied in this regard as any other state. Within its borders are men famous the world over for work in their respective lines. There are astronomers, physicists, chemists, geologists, botanists and zoologists who have made valuable contributions to the sum of human knowledge. They and their work should be better known at home, and this is one of the purposes of the organization.

Ends To Be Attained.

Some of the ends to be attained by a state academy are set forth as follows in a circular addressed to the men of science in Illinois by Dr. Crook:

"Such an academy will furnish an efficient medium for reaching all the various scientific groups of the state where scientific matters of public interest and common welfare are to be presented.

"At its meetings men of science throughout the state may interchange ideas and make the personal acquaintance of men working perhaps in other lines, or of men know hitherto only by their writings."

"Men of greater achievement and success will inevitably stimulate and encourage beginners and men of less attainments."

"The important contributions to knowledge made by the scientific men of Illinois will be disseminated so well that all of us may learn of the important researches, inventions and applications which are being made by our fellow-citizens."

It is felt that every worker in science in the state, whether teacher or collector, professional or amateur, should be enrolled in the academy. It is proposed to make its list of members a directory of the people who are following science with zeal.

Meeting in Springfield.

A general invitation has been extended to all men and women interested in science to meet in the capitol building at Springfield Saturday, December 7, at 10 a. m., for the purpose of organizing. There will be an afternoon meeting with addresses on the outlook for young men in the various sciences. In the evening there will be a popular lecture on some scientific subject. It is expected that many scientific men will be present and take part in the organization.

The State Museum of Natural History will be the official museum for the academy, and will preserve such objects as the academy would wish to have stored or placed upon exhibition. The value of the museum to the people of the state will be greatly increased if the plans of the curator can be carried out.

The state has left the log-house period of architecture and has reached the time of well-built houses. Its museums are expected to show the same progress. The old-fashioned type in vogue when collections were largely heaps of odds and ends, stored in a garret, covered with dust and unclassified, is no longer countenanced. It is felt that what Illinois needs is a museum that is a store house, a work shop, an institution for entertainment and for the dissemination of knowledge. This can be brought about only if three things happen: First, if there is room for work; second materials to work with; third, disposition on the part of those to whom the museum is committed to apply themselves with diligence.

Legislature Kills Appropriation.

The first condition bids fair to be met with, since there is a promise that the amount of available floor space will be shortly doubled. The second condition is far removed. The last legislature did not allow one cent for the purchase of materials.

If a modest sum be appropriated by the next legislature, every high school in the state desiring it can have a permanent, well prepared collection, representing the rocks which underly the whole state. Such a plan can be economically carried out. It will cost one-fifth as much as if the collection were purchased of some dealer.

The office of the museum is a bureau of information to which come questions of all sorts on natural history subjects. If the curator is unable to answer them, he is able to direct the inquirer to some source of information on the subject. Such an office can be influential in promoting the welfare of the people. The center of government should in a way be a center of information, inasmuch as it is accessible to people who otherwise would not know where else to turn.

To many people, even in its present condition, the museum is attractive and interesting. This should be much more the case, and if the museum lives up to its opportunities it will attract the people to Springfield from hundreds of miles around, since there is nothing of its kind in this part of the state.

Museum Has Many Visitors.

Excursions to Springfield are made by public schools, by various societies and individuals, to see the state house, Lincoln's monument and home, and the new Temple of Justice, where the supreme court will sit. They visit the general assembly while it is in session to gain more accurate knowledge of the workings of our government. They come to see the museum, where they may obtain an idea of the rocks out of which the whole state is made, of the minerals which furnish its mineral wealth, of the remains of the ancient inhabitants as show in the archaeological exhibits and of the animals and plants of the state. It is possible to give them such entertainment and instruction as they would otherwise be without for the rest of their lives. This information makes them more reasonable, saner and less superstitious, more able to adapt themselves to their environment and aids them in the conquest of nature.

The state is spending millions in caring for the physically and intellectually sick. The museum deals with healthy people and its managers are seeking to have them treated as generously in the matter of museums as does Great Britain, Austria or France. Even as it is, about two thousand people visit the museum some months. During the state fair week within five days nearly two thousand tried to see the collections, but owing to the crowded condition of the aisles were more or less hampered.

Museum Fifty-Six Years Old.

The institution is an old one. It was begun in 1851, when the first state geological survey was started. One of the duties of the state geologist was defined as being to "procure and preserve" a full collection of the different geological specimens of the state. Upon the discontinuance of the survey it was found that there was a large amount of valuable material which should be preserved, so in 1877 an act was passed creating a historical library and natural history museum, and the man who for many years had been state geologist was appointed curator.

The size of the institution grew and the work increased so that in 1899 the two institutions were separated. Since that time the museum has increased in value and importance in spite of fire, of being moved nine times, and of having its collections sent to other institutions. Now it contains not only geological specimens, but also samples of the shifting and vanishing fauna and archaeological specimens.

Series of Lectures.

Besides collecting specimens and exhibiting them the museum staff adds to the knowledge of natural science, which citizens busy with other concerns already have, by lectures upon natural history subjects.

For this purpose an annual lecture course was started last year and proved to be a success. As many as one thousand people were present at the lectures. Men distinguished in their respective lines of work lectured upon geology, botany, chemistry and travel. The interest in the lectures was so great that the course will be repeated this year, and the following program has been arranged:

Nov. 30, 1907—"Diamond Mining." A. R. Crook, Ph. D., curator State Museum Natural History.

Dec. 7, 1907—"Greater Steps in Human Progress." W. J. McGee, LL. D., director St. Louis Public Museum.

Dec. 14, 1907—"Big Game Hunting in Equatorial Africa." Carl E. Akeley, Field Museum, Chicago.

Jan. 4, 1908—"Mt. Pelee and the Destruction of St. Pierre." E. O. Hovey, Ph. D., American Museum Natural History, New York city.

Jan. 11, 1908—"The Canadian Rockies." C. S. Thompson, Illinois Central railway, Milwaukee, Wis.

Museum a Varied Collection.

The museum has a good collection of birds. There is one large wall case half filled with different kinds of owls. Among the twenty-five samples exhibited are varieties all the way from the little burrowing owl and Saw-Whet owl to the Great Horned and the white Snowy owl.

The other half is occupied by such robber birds as the large hawk family, Red-Tailed hawk, Red-Shouldered hawk, Rough-Legged hawk, Marsh hawk, Sparrow hawk, Broad-Winged hawk, the Goshawk, the Osprey, Falcon, the Kites, a handsome group of eagles and various vultures, buzzards and condors.

Three other large wall cases contain several hundred songs birds and other varieties which convey an idea of the birds of Illinois.

At one time buffalo, deer, and other large wild mammals roamed the plains and forests of Illinois. Now they have vanished and are to be seen only in museums. The state museum is fortunate in having good specimens of many of these animals. Unless steps similar to the undertaking of the New York Zoological Garden in establishing a buffalo reserve of 7,000 acres in Indian Territory are successful, that great monarch of the plain will disappear entirely and be known only from his skeleton as preserved in museums. It will be unfortunate if various strange and interesting animals which were here before the white men became so numerous should be entirely lost.

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Armour's Star Hams, per lb	12
Armour's Leaf Lard, per lb	12
Dr. Price's Lemon Extract, 1 oz	10
Dr. Price's Vanilla Extract, 1 oz	12
Chapman's Vanilla Extract, 1 oz	10
Kingsford Corn Starch	07
Eagle brand Condensed Milk	14
Sole Leather Half Soles, per pair	10
Toasted Corn Flakes, pkg	08
Grape Nuts, pkg	10
Sapolio	07
Bon Ami	07
Scourine	03
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Chloride of Lime	07
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Men's 50c Canvas Hunting Caps	35

DRY GOODS

Danish Cloth, all Colors, yd	$ 15
12c Outing Flannels, yd	10
Best Feather Ticking, yd	15
Best Pins, paper	03
Safety Pins, all sizes, paper	03
Sewing Needles, all kinds and sizes paper	03
Ladies' ribbed top Fleece lined Hose	10
35c Silk Velvets, all colors, yd	65
Thread, per spool	05
Silk, per spool	04
German Knitting Yarn, skein	25
Saxony Knitting Yarn, skein	06
Germantown Yarn, skein	06
4½-in heavy black Taffeta Ribbon, yd	19
24 sheets Note Paper and 24 Envelopes	05
2 pkgs best quality Shelf Paper	05

We have about 20 Children's and Misses' Winter Cloaks which we will close out at just one-half the regular price.

MILLINERY

We will sell our entire line of Walking Hats at ½ regular price.

$5.00 Trimmed Hats	$3 75
$4.00 and $3.75 Trimmed Hats	2 75
$3.00 Trimmed Hats	1 75

Also Children's Caps and Bonnets at greatly reduced prices.

PATENT MEDICINES

Swamp Root	$ 85
Peruna	85
Pierce Favorite Prescription	85
Father John's Medicine	75
Paine's Celery Compound	85
Lydia Pinkham's Compound	85
Fletcher's Castoria	28
Syrup of Figs	43
Pierce's Pills	18
Allen's Lung Balsam	22
Graves' Tooth Powder	10
Mennen's Talcum Powder	15

The foregoing are for CASH only. No goods will be charged only at regular prices

F. D. BATTERSHALL
Grayslake, Illinois
General Merchandise

Kuebker & Hoem
GRAYSLAKE ILLINOIS

DEPARTMENT STORE

Good Goods at Right Prices

Cranberries, per qt	10c
Graham Flour, 10 lbs	30c
Buckwheat Flour, 10 lbs	40c
St. Croix Syrup, per bottle	25c
Honey, per comb	25c
Stick Candy, 25 sticks	10c
Fresh Pineapples, each	16c
New Process Maple Sugar, per lb	15c
Rye Flour, ⅛ barrel	70c
Sweet Corn, 4 cans	25c
Fruit Preserves, per glass jar	20c
Fruit Jam, per glass jar	10c
Heinz Mustard Dressing, at	15c
Heinz Apple Butter, per can	15c
Mixed Nuts, per lb	20c
Swan's Cake Flour, per pkg	20c
A Dandy Catsup, per bottle	9c
Sweet Potatoes, 8 lbs	25c
Red Kidney Beans, per can	8c
Yeast Foam, 3 pkgs	10c

The "Checks" in Our New Dress Goods are Good. They Will Pass Anywhere.

Always Ask For Trading Stamps

Kuebker & Hoem
GRAYSLAKE ILLINOIS
Phone 33

Local News Notes

Local Announcements and the Elgin Butter Market

ELGIN, ILL., Nov. 25—Butter firm at 27c. Output for the week 646,200 lbs.

Boys' Reefers at $3 50. Chase Webb.

Will Gray was a Chicago passenger Monday morning.

A. G. Watson of Park Ridge visited his family here over Thanksgiving.

Mrs. John Duffield of Chicago, is visiting her parents at Channel this week.

F. A. Bairstow of Waukegan was transacting business in Antioch Tuesday.

New and second hand pianos for sale or rent. Prices always right. L. B. Grice. 20tf

You can save money by ordering your fall suit or coat of me. Mrs. A. G. Watson.

Mrs. J. H. Swan is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Wright at Libertyville this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gaggin returned home from their wedding trip on Friday of last week.

A beautiful line of samples of all the latest styles of dress goods to be seen at my home. Mrs. A. G. Watson.

For Sale—A house and lot on Johonnott street for sale cheap. Inquire of John Richards. 10tf

Miss Pearl Lux expects to leave today (Thursday) for Boulder, Colo., where she has accepted a position in a photograph studio.

The tower for the waterworks had reached a height of 32 feet at the ending of work Tuesday night. The well is down 117 feet.

Mrs. Cleaver of Chicago, and Miss Helen Goodrich of Whitewater, Wis., arrived on Wednesday to spend Thanksgiving with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Goodrich.

See Alden, Bidinger & Co., for any thing in music. Pianos, phonographs and records. Two stores, 473 Market st. Kenosha, and 209 N. Genesee st., Waukegan. For piano tuning send to us.

Mrs. Ray L. Hubbard was a Chicago passenger Saturday morning. She will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Boles, until after Thanksgiving Mr. Hubbard joined her there Wednesday.

The Hickory Union Cemetery association will hold their annual meeting at the Hickory church at one o'clock on Saturday afternoon, November 30, for the purpose of electing officers and the transaction of any business that may be brought before the meeting. By order of Sec'y.

One day last week the creditors of Wm. R. Park, who resided on a farm east of town, which he recently purchased of J. E. Brook, were somewhat surprised when the rumor began to spread that Mr. Park had disappeared, leaving his wife and family on the farm. It is reported that it has been the habit of Mr. Park to buy stock and give his note for the same. Then it is alleged that he has mortgaged the stock, farm implements, etc., to other unsuspecting parties and taking the money thus raised, quietly left for parts unknown.

The Antioch News and the Chicago Daily Tribune both one year for the sum of only $3.00. Or the Antioch News and Chicago Daily Inter Ocean both one year for the sum of $3.00. Or the Metropolitan Magazine, National Home Journal, Dressmaking at Home, and Farmer's Wife, all monthly magazines in connection with the Antioch News and the Chicago Daily Inter Ocean all one year for the sum of $4 00. This offer is made to all new subscribers who pay in advance and to all old subscribers who pay up arrearages and ode year in advance. Read this over carefully and let us hear from you. The Inter Ocean offer holds good only until January 15, 1908.

D. A Williams was a Chicago visitor Friday.

Dr. E. H. Ames spent Friday last in Chicago.

Mrs. L L. Soules was a Chicago passenger Monday.

Mrs. Andrew Lynch was a Chicago visitor Monday.

Jos. Turner of Grayslake was an Antioch visitor Tuesday.

I have all sizes of 50c fleeced lined underwear. Chase Webb.

Herdrich's Bitters and Tonic acts on whiskey like cream or milk on coffee.

Attorney Runyard of Waukegan was transacting business in Antioch Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Boylan returned home from her visit at Crystal Falls, Mich., on Tuesday.

Miss Ruth Williams spent the latter part of last and the fore part of this week with relatives in Chicago.

For sale—A Steinway, square piano in good order. Will trade for oats or corn. Ayling Bros., Antioch, Ill 10tf

Mrs. Alex Hanlon of Northwest Canada is visiting her mother, Mrs. Hoffman and calling on her many friends in this vicinity.

Car of potatoes, long expected, due to arrive now, for sale at 70c per bushel on track. Inquire of Williams Bros. or Chase Webb.

We are informed that the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Webb of Waukegan formerly of this place, is suffering from scarlet fever.

Wanted—About 1½ tons of baled timothy hay, 50 bushels of oats and 50 bushels of good ear corn. Inquire of T. Jeff. Smith, Channel Lake.

For sale—A 160 acre farm at $50 per acre, some lake front. Also a 120 acre farm at $65 per acre, near the village of Antioch. J. C. James, Jr.

The two youngest children of Mr. and Mrs. Charley Harrison of Waukegan, formerly of Antioch, have the scarlet fever. Both cases are said to be in a light form.

On next Tuesday, December 3, the ladies of Antioch Hillside Cemetery society will again gather papers. All those having old papers will kindly place them on their front steps.

Beginning on Thanksgiving day all letter carriers in uniform may ride free on the cars of the Chicago City railway. This is the result of negotiations by postmaster Campbell and Mayor Busse with the management of the company.

Are you interested in the south west? (Oklahoma or Texas,) If so I am the man to see. On the first and third Tuesdays of each month there are special cheap rates and I would be glad to have you as one of our party on any of these excursion dates. Geo. E. Webb. 14tf

Wayne Pullen, who is at present employed in a round house at Mobridge, South Dakota, is soon to be promoted to the position of fireman on a new extension of the St. Paul railroad which was built through South Dakota last summer. His many friends here will be glad to learn that he has secured so good a position.

A jolly bunch from Trevor to the number of about forty with Frank Girard as captain went out on a charivari tour Monday night, calling on John Gaggin, Rosco Goodman and Richard McRand. The music was well paid for at each place and after each charivari the musicians called on Jos. Yopp and Gus Baethke where a drink was taken in honor of the bride and groom. The crowd wound up by giving Gus Bethke a little of the music.

Mrs. Mary Grice is on the sick list.

Harry Smith was a Chicago visitor Friday.

See my line of boys' $1.65 shoes. Chase Webb.

Chas. Smith transacted business in Chicago Monday.

Dr. Palmer of Grayslake was an Antioch visitor Wednesday.

Hermy Bock was transacting business in Waukegan Tuesday.

Rev. Thos. Quayle of Waukegan was an Antioch visitor Saturday.

Misses Clara and Lucy Taylor were Chicago passengers Monday.

Cap't Bradley of the Allendale Farm was an Antioch caller Tuesday.

Ray Webb of Waukegan spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents here.

Mrs. F. R McNamer returned home from her western trip on Saturday last.

Deputy Sheriff George N. Powell of Waukegan was serving papers in Antioch Tuesday.

Miss Maude Holland of Waukegan was the guest of Miss Lillie Watson the fore part of the week.

For Sale—A number of thoroughbred Jersey red pigs. Will sell cheap. Ben Dicks, Lake Villa.

Levi Rupert who is attending school at Valparaiso, Ind., visited with Antioch friends over Sunday.

Are you interested in land in the Northwest? If so call on or address Chauncey Barber, Antioch, Ill. 14w2

Farm for Sale—An 80 acre farm situated 2 miles west and ½ mile north of Rosecrans, known as the Sid Hunting farm. Inquire of J. A. Hoffman, Rosecrans, Ill. 12w5

Friday morning of last week at Wadsworth occurred the death of Herman Shaw. He was fifty-two years of age and had been in poor health for the past two years. His death was caused by dropsy.

There are six scarlet fever cases in Richmond. The authorities are keeping a close quarantine and using every caution to prevent an outbreak similar to the one which beseiged that vicinity last winter.

Earl Wedge of Waukegan spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of his parents south of town. Howard Holland of Waukegan accompanied him home and remained as his guest until Monday morning.

The Lake County Farmer's Institute will be held at Gurnee, January 7. The committee who have it in charge are Warren Holland, Ed Blanchard, Ralph Chittenden and Mr. Smith, A Mr. Farrar is to be the principal speaker.

Winter term at Rochester academy, Rochester, Wis., opens Monday, December 2. Commercial courses, common branches preparation for teaching besides regular college preparatory courses. Books to be rented. Expenses very low. Address E. G. Toan Principal.

Mr. R. A. Lugar was united in marriage to Miss Mayme Dickhaut of Kenosha, at that place on Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Lugar will make their future home here. Mr. Lugar recently purchased of the Lux sisters the photograph gallery at this place. The young couple were entertained for a few days at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Henry Wachnfeldt before coming to Antioch.

The officers of the Farmer's Telephone Company have made arrangements with the Antioch Electric Light Company, whereby the two companies have agreed that instead of moving the telephone poles from the west to east side of Main street as had been decided upon, they will do away with the telephone poles altogether and replace the electric light poles that have already been set with poles that will be ten feet higher. Both companses will attach their wires to the same poles but far enough apart so that the two will not conflict.

Now that the cold weather is approaching, patrons of the rural mail delivery system can do an easily performed act of kindness to the carriers by keeping on hand a reasonable supply of stamps, which will avoid the necessity of the carriers fumbling around in the cold iron box for pennies. Stamps are par value always, so no one need fear losing any money by buying them in quantities. Under the regulations the carriers are supposed to carry a good supply of stamps, post cards and stamped envelopes, and it is thus convenient for any one to purchase them.

On Monday evening of this week a special meeting was held by the members of Lotus Camp, M. W. A. for the purpose of initiation. Eight candidates were initiated into the first degree of woodcraft after which one more was added to the number and nine received the second degree. After the initatory services Geo. B. Stevens of Millburn, made a few remarks for the good of the order. After a short time was spent socially lunch was served to which all did ample justice. After lunch H. Gelstrup who was one of the candidates favored the audience with a few fine musical selections.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect it.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patient and physicians, *who content themselves with doctoring the effects*, while the *original disease* undermines the system.



What To Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of **Swamp-Root** is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention this paper and don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.



Home of Swamp-Root.

Don t make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

TO THE PUBLIC

All persons wishing me to do dental work for them must have it done before December 15, 1907, as my office will be closed for two months from that date.

G. R Olcott, Dentist, Antioch, Ill.

A Significant Prayer.

"May the Lord help you make Bucklen's Arnica Salve known to all," writes J. G. Jenkins, of Chapel Hill, N. C. "It quickly took the pain out of a felon for me and cured it in a wonderfully short time." Best on earth for sores, burns and wounds. 25c at J. H. Swan's drug store.

Do You Own the Ground?

"Nothing like sleeping out of doors," says a medical exchange. And we'll have to if the rise in prices reaches the rent.—Atlanta Constitution.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores—thoroughly cleanses—and is healing and soothing. Good for piles. Sold by J. H. Swan.

Great Law of Nature.

Gibbon—All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.

He Fought at Gettysburg.

David Parker, of Fayette, N. Y., who lost a foot at Gettysburg, writes: "Electric Bitters have done me more good than any medicine I ever took. For several years I had stomach trouble, and paid out much money for medicine to little purpose, until I began taking Electric Bitters. I would not take $500 for what they have done for me." Grand tonic for the age and for female weaknesses. Great alternative and body builder; sure cure for lame back and weak kidneys. Guaranteed by J. H. Swan, druggist. 50c.

Weak Women

To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments must be combined. One is local, one is constitutional, but both are important, both essential.

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the Local.
Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional.

The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve, all tissue, and all blood ailments.

The "Night Cure", as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative, eases nervous excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor, and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure

J. H. SWAN.

Money to Loan

Money to loan on approved real estate security in large or small amounts.
Ben H. Miller, Libertyville, Ill.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup

Relieves Colds by working them out of the system through a copious and healthy action of the bowels.

Relieves coughs by cleansing the mucous membranes of the throat, chest and bronchial tubes.

"As pleasant to the taste as Maple Sugar"

Children Like It

For BACKACHE—WEAK KIDNEYS Try DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills—Sure and Safe
J. H. SWAN.

J. C. JAMES, JR.

Jurtice of the Peace and Notary Public

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Both Farm and Lake Property

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Antioch, Illinois

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Call and see me if you are intnding to build as I can sav you mony

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LICENSED EMBALMER
Licensed by the State Board of Health

SEQUOIT LODGE, No. 827, A. F. & A. M., hold regular communications the First and Third Wednesday evenings of every month. Visiting Brethern always welcome.

E. C. SABIN, W. M.
GEO. BARTLETT, Sec'y.

The Eastern Star meets Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

MAUDE SABIN, W. M.
MABEL GRIMM, Sec'y.

LOTUS CAMP No. 557 M. W. A. meets at 7:30 the first and third Monday evening of every month, in Woodmen hall, Antioch, Illinois. Visiting Neighbors always welcome

C. M. MANLEY, V. C.
J. C. JAMES, JR., Clerk.

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Jewelers : and : Opticians,
112 Genesee St, Waukegan, Ill

T. N. DONNELLY & Co.

Loan and Diamond Brokers
118 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.,
Between Washington and Madison.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, ALL KINDS JEWELRY at less than cost. At half the price you pay the regular stores. Dec 19 01 y1

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EDWARD BROOK, BANKER.

BUY AND SELL EXCHANGE, AND DO A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

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Christmas Photographs at Lugar's Stundio

From now until further notice I will give FREE with each two dozen Cabinet Photos one 11x14 enlargement. Come NOW and have your Christmas Photos made and be sure they will be ready when wanted. I have just received over 100 samples of Picture Moulding. Come and see them and let me do your framing. Prices right. Open every day and from 9:00 a. m. to 4:00 p. m. on Sundays.

MAIN STREET ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS

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WHILE THEY LAST—We have the cleanest, neatest and best assortment of Team Harness in our surrounding country. We also guarantee them strictly "hand made." Our singles are nothing to miss looking at; they are built with the best of material and workmanship. We have Storm Blankets (heavy duck lined); also Rubber Storm Blankets for teaming and a good assortment of Squares and Stables, all fancy patterns. Our Plush Robes are a very attractive article. Prices right on all our goods. We can please you. Give us a trial. Don't forget when you want to go away we carry a line of Suit Cases and Bags.

B. F. VAN PATTEN & SON

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS

SCHOOL DAYS ARE HERE

We have on hand a full line of

School Supplies

consisting of

School Books, Tablets, Pens, Pencils

Send Your Children to Us and We will Supply Their Needs

J. H. SWAN,
ANTIOCH ILLINOIS

WILLIAMS BROTHERS

ANTIOCH ILLINOIS

We accept in payment of merchandise or accounts checks on local banks, time checks, checks on Chicago banks, cashiers' checks and accommodate our customers by cashing checks as long as we have currency which is scarce just now. But gold is flowing into the country from every land and the mighty west has the goods to bring it. We all want to see "the wheels go round." Let each one do his share and they go; especially if they buy their goods at the Antioch Department Store of

WILLIAMS BROTHERS

ANTIOCH ILLINOIS

MINSTREL SHOW

20 GOODFELLOWSHIP GLEE CLUB OF CHICAGO 20

ANTIOCH OPERA HOUSE
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS

Saturday Night, Nov. 23, at 8 o'clock

Admission, 25c. Children, 15c. Reserved Seats, 35c.
Dance Following Performance.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

This Distinguished American Journalist is Traveling Around the World for the Purpose of Investigating the American Foreign Missionary from a Purely Disinterested, Secular and Non-Sectarian Standpoint. Illustrated with Drawings and from Photographs.

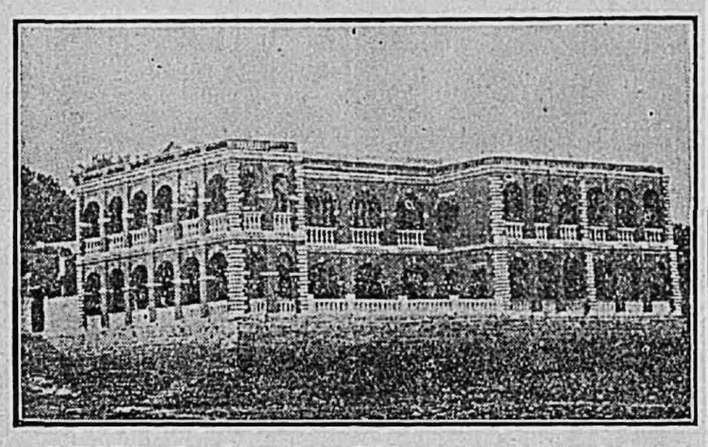
China Awake, Is Showing to the World Her Power

Shanghai, China.—Whoever gets a square look at the real China knows that he has seen the theater and actors of great events that are imminent and impending. The importance, the far-reaching influence and the amazing rapidity of the transformation now taking place in this country will be learned with surprise one day by the big, uncaring world outside. In the meantime, it is the office of the present investigator to show how Christian missions have become inwrought into every phase of Chinese life, as a shaping influence.

Next to the relation between education and missions must be mentioned medical missions, that supreme proof of the altruism of the west with respect to the east. Here again the magnitude of the material altogether precludes anything like a systematic presentation of the subject, for medical missions are found in every part of China, from port cities to remote interior towns, placing the healing arts of the west at the service of the suffering east, and thus winning the confidence, respect and admiration of the natives.

The Priestess' Severed Hand.

An interesting story of contrasts is told in connection with the new American Baptist hospital at Hanyang. Where the imposing modern structure of gray stone now rises, outside the city wall, there was formerly a little



United States Consulate at Amoy, China, owned outright by the United States Government.

temple of medicine, attended by a lone priestess. But the temple languished, and to win the favor of the idol and the people the priestess with the own right hand severed her left hand at the wrist. Now she wears the withered hand as an amulet around her neck. Nevertheless her little temple of superstition has given way to a great temple of healing, where a skilled missionary doctor ministers to the sick of that teeming ancient city.

The magnitude of some of these mission hospitals is beyond the grasp of the westerner who thinks that all big things are near at home. Not one tourist in 10,000 who touches Shanghai knows that out by the west gate of the city is the Woman's Union hospital, in charge of Dr. Elizabeth Reifsnyder, of Pennsylvania, which last year treated more than 60,000 patients, preaching to them all, as well as to the crowds of relatives and friends who accompanied them. St. Luke's hospital, of the Protestant Episcopal mission, in the same city, is in quite the same class with it, and both are institutions of which any progressive city in Christendom would be proud. Canton, the Chicago or New York of China, has two notable medical institutions in the Canton Medical college and the E. A. Hackett Medical College for Women. Both have hospitals attached, and the latter, in care of Dr. Mary H. Fulton, the only one of the sort in the empire, has received the highest official and public honors. Everywhere I went in China I found the missionary doctor, engaged in manifestly noble work, and earning the praise of all classes.

A Christian Newspaper for China.

Before I had got as far south as Shanghai the conviction had forced itself upon me that one of the most potent agencies that could be employed by the missionaries, in the present state of this nation's development, would be a liberal daily newspaper, actually presenting the whole world's news, and at the same time maintaining a broadly progressive and Christian attitude. There are men already on the field, with a mastery of the language, who are equal to this task. When I reached Shanghai, I found the great Dr. Timothy Richards, general secretary of the Christian Literature society, bubbling over with the same project. The scheme is rather outside the scope of any one board, yet it should not be difficult of realization.

Whatever may be the future of the old-fashioned tract, the place of literature in the modernization and Christianization of China is obviously of tremendous importance. The whole nation is giving attention to reading. The work of the Christian Literature society has been vastly useful. The various mission presses, notably the famous Presbyterian Mission Press, Shanghai, have been incalculably influential.

An instance of the way Christian literature is being read by all classes is shown by the wide circulation of Halleck's Almanac, of which this year more than 100,000 copies were purchased by individual Chinese. It is an almanac somewhat after the fashion of Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac," although avowedly used for purposes of Christian propaganda. I watched a missionary selling these in an inland city, and his supply—so large that it took both himself and an assistant to carry it—was soon exhausted. In her sudden thirst for new knowledge, China finds herself purchasing by the myriad the books prepared by missionaries.

Making Shoes Out of Bibles.

In the lavish free distribution of all this literature, it is inevitable that abuses arise; from several widely-separated missionaries I have heard the complaint that portions of the Bible are being used to make soles for Chinese shoes, since they can be purchased more cheaply than common paper. The donors to the Bible societies never intended to help Chinese soles after this fashion. I am assured by the agent of the American Bible society for China that, speaking only for his own society, this abuse has never been charged against any of his more than 100 colporteurs, who are not paid by commission, which is the root of the evil. Less than one per cent. of the total annual circulation of more than half a million copies is given away; the cheapest New Testaments and gospel portions, on native paper, are sold at one-third the cost of manufacture. Whatever evils exist in connection with the distribution of the Bible in China will probably be corrected in connection with the forthcoming Robert Morrison centennial in Shanghai.

The great gathering, convening April 25-May 5, which is the event to which all missionary eyes are turned, promises to be a memorable milestone in Missionary history. Committees of experts have been at work for 12 months preparing deliverances upon all the big problems of Chinese missions. At this time the three committees which have been at work upon the new translations of the Bible, a monumental undertaking, will offer the fruits of their labors. These versions will be High Wenli, Easy Wenli and Mandarin, and they should bring to a consummation a hundred years of Bible translation in China.

The Biggest Blunder of Missions.

This Shanghai conference will give a decided impetus to the union of all missionary work. The biggest blunder of the missionary movement has been perpetuation of foreign denominational lines on the mission field. As the "Shanghai Mercury" recently said, in an editorial upon "Chinese Christianity:" "If it depended upon the Chinese vote, the Christians would all unite together in one National Chinese church, without any of the 'isms' of the west, which ought not to be imposed on them and which mayhap they will one day cast off."

A rather careful inquiry among leading native Christians reveals a *definite tendency toward the assertion* of Chinese nationalism in the native churches. This nowhere assumes the proportions or the animus so marked in Japan, but the "independence movement" is a real factor in the Chinese missionary situation. The foreign workers seem well aware of it and hospitable toward it, since the missionary is not wholly successful until he has made himself unnecessary. The number of self-supporting Chinese churches is quite considerable, and a few are self-governing. They are undoubtedly more in favor with the people generally than foreign-manned and foreign-maintained churches. So earnest are many native Christians in this direction that they have organized a missionary society of their own, to open Christian work in hitherto untouched Chinese villages.

While on the subject of union and comity, frank criticism must be made of some of the smaller and rather "peculiar" American sects, which, like many independent missionaries, plant their enterprises under the shadow of long established missions and steal away the converts of the latter. This sort of proselyting is not uncommon on the mission field on the part of these smaller bodies, although by all standards it is dishonorable. Givers to foreign missions should assure themselves that the work they support is not of this sort. There is small excuse for these new undertakings going to port cities, when there are thousands of interior cities and towns where not a single missionary has ever gone.

Big Feet Becoming Fashionable.

The disproportion in which many matters Chinese have been viewed in the occident is illustrated by the foot-binding practice. Westerners have been led to believe that this has meant constant agony and hardship for the chinese women and girls, and the subject has been a stock argument in arousing sympathy for the poor Chinese. One is therefore unprepared to find these "lily-footed" women such a merry, lively lot, as they toddle about on the points of their distorted feet. In answer to a remark upon this, an experienced missionary said, "There is no doubt that the suffering incident to foot-binding has been greatly exaggerated." If China had no worse evil than this one she would have small need for missionaries.

Not that the foot-binding is other than a bad practice; it is needless, stupid, hurtful and probably worse than the tight lacing of the white woman. Progressive Chinese and missionaries have all united to break up the custom. The girls of mission schools are always required to unbind their feet; the chief reason why older Christian women do not always do so is because the pain suffered from unbinding would be greater than the inconvenience of the small feet. Peasant women are usually big-footed; so also is the empress dowager and all other Manchu women. The Manchus never followed the practice of binding feet.

So substantial has been the progress made in this reform that the Anti-foot Binding Society, vigorously led by Mrs. A. Little, and served by many European ladies, recently closed out its affairs, after ten years of active campaigning. The fight for big feet is now so far won that its further prosecution is left to the Chinese themselves.

Waging War on Opium.

Everybody knows that Chinese smoke opium; strangers to this land do not realize to what an extent it has permeated the national fabric, so that it has debilitated the physical strength of China and sapped the moral fiber of its countless victims. To an even greater extent than strong drink, opium unfits its user for usefulness. For years the missionaries have hammered away at this seemingly hopeless subject, Rev. Dr. H. C. DuBose, of Soochow, being the most tireless and dauntless opponent of opium in the empire.

At last the lethargic nation has been stirred. The Chinese themselves have become concerned at the spectacle of their public men made inefficient by opium, and their newly educated youth rendered powerless by the drug. In an inspection of the great opium smoking resorts in Shanghai, (there are 21,000 in that city alone) I was impressed by the fact that it was the young, the prosperous and the educated who furnished the patronage; the old, the poor, the wrecked were smoking in miserable hovels in obscure streets where a few cash would suffice to satisfy their cravings.

Now China is treating with England to secure a cessation of the importation of the drug into the empire; and England, moved by a militant sentiment at home against this disgraceful situation, is lending a listening ear to China's plea. For its own people the Chinese government has issued an astonishing anti-opium edict, which is already being put into effect. The edict declares "it rouses our deep indignation even to speak of the matter. The court is now ardently determined to make China powerful, and it is incumbent on us to urge the people on to reformation in this respect, that they may realize the evil, pluck this deep-seated cancer, and follow the ways of health and harmony.

"We therefore decree that within the limit of ten years, this harmful 'foreign muck' be fully and entirely cleansed away, and we command the council of state affairs to consider means for the strict prohibition both of opium smoking and of poppy-growing in China itself and report their deliberations to us for approval."

In all this progress the missionaries have borne a foremost, though often unrecognized part. So, too, in eleemosynary institutions the missions have pioneered the way for the new China to care for its own. In Canton alone one may see a school for blind girls, an asylum for the insane, a home for the untainted children of lepers, an orphan asylum and school for children of various ages and conditions.

It is fair to say that the missionary is a school-master of civilization to the Chinese.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Study in Natural History.

Teacher—What are marsupials?

Boy—Animals which have pouches in their stomachs.

Teacher—What do they have pouches for?

Boy—To crawl into and conceal themselves in when they are pursued.

ROOT-GRANT WEDDING

YOUNG SOLDIER WEDS DAUGHTER OF SECRETARY OF STATE.

IS A BRILLIANT AFFAIR

President, Vice President and Other Distinguished Guests Present—Union Is Purely a Love Match.

Washington.—In the presence of President and Mrs. Roosevelt, the Vice-President and Mrs. Fairbanks, the justices of the supreme court and their wives, several senators, representatives and other distinguished guests, Miss Edith Root on Wednesday became the wife of Ulysses Simpson Grant 3d, Lieutenant United States Engineer corps.

The wedding was generally recognized at the capital as being the second in social and official importance that has taken place during the Roosevelt administration, there being only less interest in the marriage than in that which centered about the marriage of Miss Roosevelt to Mr. Longworth.

The bride is the only daughter of Secretary of State and Mrs. Elihu Root, while the groom, as everyone knows from his name, is the grandson of General Grant, his father being General Frederick Dent Grant of the



MRS. U. S. GRANT.

army. Lieutenant Grant is a nephew of Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Stryker of Hamilton college, who was for several years the pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian church at Rush and Superior streets, Chicago, and who was a college friend of Secretary of State Root, a friendship that is to be made the closer by the marriage of the secretary's son to the college president's daughter.

The tying of the bonds united two young people who are very much in love with each other. There is not a whisper in any quarter that position or name had the least thing in the world to do with the engagement.

The former Miss Root has always rather shunned the gayer life of the capital, and Lieutenant Grant has never been any too fond of it. He is studious, and so is his bride and both are of domestic inclinations. It was a good old-fashioned American wedding, with Cupid's heart engaged in every detail.

The cards of invitation to the wedding read as follows:

> The Secretary of State and Mrs. Root request the pleasure of the company of
>
> at the marriage of their daughter
> EDITH
> to
> LIEUT. ULYSSES S. GRANT, 3d, United States Corps of Engineers, on the afternoon of Wednesday the 27th of November, at four o'clock at 1600 Rhode Island avenue, in the City of Washington.

Present at the wedding were Elihu Root, Jr., and Miss Alida Stryker, daughter of Dr. M. Woolsey Stryker, president of Hamilton college. Mr. Root, who is the oldest son of the secretary of state, will marry Miss Stryker just ten days from the day that saw his sister married to Lieutenant Grant.

The invitations to the wedding were restricted as far as Washington was concerned to the persons who "must be invited." The local invitations were about 250 in number and they included only the closest family friends and those persons who hold such official positions that they had to of necessity be invited to be present.

The out-of-town invitations greatly outnumbered those given in Washington, but there were comparatively few of the out-of-town guests present. The wish of the secretary of state and his family, too, for that matter, was to have the wedding company as small as possible, and the ceremony marked by attending simplicity.

Of the groom's family there were present his father and mother, General and Mrs. Grant; his aunts, Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris and Mrs. Potter Palmer, and several of his first cousins, one of whom, Mrs. Sartoris' daughter Vivian, not long ago married Frederick Roosevelt Scovel, a cousin of President Roosevelt, and so, although rather indirectly, a connection is established between the Root and the Roosevelt families by the Root-Grant marriage.

The Root residence, where the ceremony took place, belongs to former Vice-President Levi P. Morton, who occupied it for months between the times of the leaving of Count Cassini, who leased it for the Russian embassay quarters, and its renting for residence purposes by Secretary Root. While the wedding party was comparatively small, the house is big enough to hold a multitude. It stands on a triangular piece of ground with Scott Circle at one end, Fifteenth street at the other end and a street on each side.

Lieutenant Grant and Miss Root were married in the great south room on the first floor of the residence, a room which is as long as the house itself. It is a huge drawing-room known in the days when the Countess Cassini presided over social affairs in the residence as the "yellow room."

Miss Root had no bridesmaids. Several of Lieutenant Grant's classmates and other army officer friends were present at the wedding, and his cousin, Potter Palmer, Jr., of Chicago, was his best man.

After the wedding Lieutenant Grant and his bride left for a short honeymoon trip. They will go to Clinton, N. Y., to be present, December 7, at the wedding of the bride's brother and Miss Stryker. From there Lieutenant Grant will take his bride directly to Boston, where in the suburb of Brookline there is a pretty little house awaiting their occupancy.

The house was selected by the bride whose mother recently has interested herself in furnishing it completely for housekeeping. Lieutenant Grant was ordered a short time ago from Washington to Boston to carry on his engineering duties under the direction of Major Edward Burr, who has charge of the river and harbor work along the Massachusetts coast.

Miss Root made her debut in New York several seasons ago and has twice been a cabinet girl, although she was extremely young when her father was secretary of war in President McKinley's second administration. She is a gifted linguist, an accomplished musician, and is devoted to outdoor sports. She is an expert horsewoman, and her smart trap is familiar to all the uptown sections of Washington.

Lieut. Grant has served as military aid at the white house during the last two seasons, acting with Capt. Fitzhugh Lee, Jr., and Lieut. Philip Sheridan.

He is a nephew of Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, his mother being Miss Louise Honore, sister of Mrs. Palmer. He is a brother of Princess Cantacuzene of Russia, who was Miss Julia Dent Grant, and the only child of the Grant family born in the white house.

Lieut. Grant's early education was obtained in Europe while his father was minister to Austria-Hungary and



LIEUT. U. S. GRANT 3D.

he then spent four years in a state military school founded by Empress Maria Theresa. He entered Columbia college in New York on his return to the United States and was graduated in 1898, when he at once joined his father in Porto Rico, where he had his first experience in warfare. At the end of a year he entered West Point, graduating sixth in his class of 1902. He was ordered at once to the Philippines, where he did good service for three years, and, returning to the United States, was ordered to Washington barracks.

A Wireless Addenda.

Mr. Bacon—I see a Japanese electrician has invented a wireless system which is asserted to be superior to anything now in use.

Mrs. Bacon—Gracious me! Are bustles comin' in style once more, really?—Yonkers Statesman.

World's Submarine Cables.

This world contains altogether 1,750 submarine cables, totaling 200,000 miles in length and dropped into their watery bed at a cost of $275,000,000.

Plagues of Nerve Sufferers.

There is a class of well-defined "phobias," as they are called, with which nerve sufferers are plagued. "Monophobia," or fear of being alone; "castrophobia," or fear of closed-in crowds or of broad open spaces; "inspaces; a "goraphobia," or fear of somniaphobia," or fear of not going to sleep, and many others. The one great remedy for all these and similar mental miseries, writes Dr. Samuel McComb in Good Housekeeping, is auto-suggestion.

A Relief.

Smith started up into a sitting posture.

"Who are you?" he cried.

The masked figure with the dark lantern and sawed-off shotgun turned, nonplused for the moment, from the bureau, and said, confusedly:

"Why, I am a—er—burglar."

Smith settled back upon the pillow, drawing the warm coverlets about his shoulders.

"Thank goodness," he murmured, sleepily; "I thought you were a plumber."

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Women Workers of Great Britain.

Women of Great Britain are well represented in the professions and trades, and about 4,500,000 earn their own living. There are 124,000 who teach; 10,000 are bookkeepers; over 5,000 are printers and nearly 500 act as editors and compilers; 1,300 are engaged in photography; civil service clerks number nearly 2,300; 3,800 are engaged in medical work and nursing and 350 women are blacksmiths.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, Price, 75c. per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Had to Have Her Tobacco.

One of the inmates of Towcester workhouse, a woman aged 84 years, has applied to the board of guardians for an allowance of tobacco. She said she had smoked 71 years and missed her pipe so much since entering the house she could not digest her food. The board decided to comply with her request.—London Globe.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

A Delicate Task.

"The newspapers," said the orator solemnly, "do not tell the truth."

"Perhaps not," answered the editor, regretfully. "We do our best. But you know there is nothing more difficult than to tell the truth in a way that won't put it up to some one to challenge your veracity."

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Invest In Mexican RUBBER

Earns largest per cent with least expense. Costs 12c per pound to produce and sells for $1.25. Property paid for. Title clear. No preferred stock. No promotion stock. No indebtedness. No assessments. Management is reliable, honest and efficient. We have a money-maker in Mexico and you will be the winner by joining us. 500,000 trees now on the property. Pay dividends in one year. We need money to push development and you can buy stock for $5 a month that will earn $200 a year when matured. Investigate this. It is your opportunity. H. L. Hamilton, Elyria, Ohio.

AUTOMOBILES

Do you want to drive and repair them. We have the greatest school in America. Six weeks personal instruction all that is necessary. Write for full information,

5037 Cottage Grove Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

POPULATION OF CUBA

RECENT ENUMERATION PLACES NUMBER AT 2,000,000.

FIGURES ARE DELAYED

Serious Illness of Gomez May Affect the Coming Elections—New Electoral Law Is Completed.

Havana. — With the completion of enumeration of the population of Cuba there has been accomplished the first step in the direction of the termination of the American intervention and the reestablishment of the Cuban republic.

While officially described as a census, this enumeration was actually an enforced registration of votes, the determination of the population of the island being of scant importance compared to that of registering all persons entitled to the electoral franchise, in order to insure the purity of the election of the next Cuban president. No pains have been spared to accomplish this, but pending the difficult task of tabulating, the results probably will not be known for some weeks. Taking precedence of all other features of the census is the preparation of the registration lists by municipalities and wards. These naturally will be subject to much revision, involving considerable delay.

Two Million Islanders.

An estimate by one of the most accomplished statisticians in the service of the provisional government places the population of the island at 2,000,000, of which about 400,000 are foreigners not entitled to the franchise.

It is improbable that the present census will show any marked difference in the figures for 1905. Havana, Santa Clara and Camaguey provinces were the liberal strongholds and probably are now. They then contained about 180,000 voters. The indications are that there has been no great change in the political complexion of the provinces with the possible exception of Pinar Del Rio, where the influence of the Pino Geuerra, the military leader of the last uprising, is very great.

Gomez Dangerously Sick.

An element that may prove to be of prime importance in the coming election is the health of Jose Miguel Gomez. It is rumored that the general is afflicted with a dangerous ailment which may compel his retirement from the field, in which event a reconciliation of the Miguelista and Zayista factions is not improbable.

Coincident with the completion of the enumeration is that of the new electoral law on which the commission, of which Col. Crowder is the head, has been working for months. It now only awaits the approval of Gov. Magoon before being promulgated, so that if tranquillity is maintained nothing stands in the way of carrying out the present program of government, which is to hold the municipal elections in May or June and the presidential election in the following December, thus paving the way for the inauguration of the Cuban president in May and the withdrawal of the American troops in July if conditions should then make it certain that their presence was no longer needful.

FIGHT DESPITE GOV. CUMMINS.

Militia Captain May Be Punished for Not Stopping Mill.

Des Moines, Ia.—Adjt. Gen. Thrift of the Iowa National guards will order an immediate investigation of the conduct of Capt. Kulp of Davenport, who was ordered late Thursday afternoon by Gov. Cummins to assemble his men of company B, Fifty-fourth regiment, under arms and stop the prize fight scheduled for that night.

It is the impression of Adjt. Gen. Thrift that the fight at Davenport was a prize fight and in clear violation of the law, and that under the strict orders issued by the governor to Capt. Kulp, the militia should have stopped it.

The fight took place but no decision was made, though McFarland easily defeated Herman.

George P. Miller a Suicide.

St. Louis. — Physically wrecked through excesses, George P. Miller, aged 48 years, once a brilliant law graduate and private secretary to Samuel J. Randall of Pennsylvania, who was speaker of the national house of representatives, swallowed whisky and morphine in a Pine street boarding house Thursday night and died Friday at the City hospital.

Two Killed in Auto Accident.

Des Moines, Ia. — O. R. Nattinger was killed and Frank Getchell was seriously injured in an automobile accident Friday night. Miss Ruth Wilkinson and Miss Isolde Benny were severely hurt.

Hungarian Arrested for Swindling.

Columbus, O.—On the charge that he had been trying to swindle Hungarians throughout the state by means of a sick benefit and burial association of which he is alleged to have been president, secretary and treasurer, Istvan Harvath, a merchant of this city, was arrested Sunday at Newark, where he was about to address a meeting of a local Hungarian society, and taken to Akron. It is said Harvath is wanted on similar charges at Cleveland, Barberton, Massillon and other cities.

CLEVELAND MAYOR IS HIT

TOM L. JOHNSON ACCUSED BY W. M. IVINS IN NEW YORK.

Reorganization of Nassau Company Said to Have Provided $6,250,000 of Water.

New York.—William M. Ivins, while investigating the affairs of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company for the public service commission Friday, declared that Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland and his friends, who formerly owned the Nassau Electric Railway company of Brooklyn, had watered its stock to the extent of $6,250,000 and then sold it to the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company.

This was alleged to have taken place in a reorganization of the Nassau company in January, 1899.

Questioning Timothy S. Williams, vice president of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company, about the reorganization of the Nassau company, Mr. Ivins said: "On that reorganization I find that they increased their bond issue, which had theretofore been $5,500,000, by an additional $8,946,960. They made an entirely new issue of preferred stock of $6,000,000, they theretofore having no preferred stock, and to the theretofore existing $6,000,000 of common stock they added $2,500,000, making a total of new issues of $17,946,960, and your acquisition was after this increase of capitalization. Can you tell me what these new securities were issued for?"

Mr. Williams said an explanation of the transaction was given in an agreement which Mr. Ivins had, but this was not read. Mr. Williams also contended that the Brooklyn Rapid Transit company, if it had bought $6,250,000 of water, had subsequently squeezed it out.

"I cannot agree with you," said Mr. Ivins. "It looks to me like a plain case of stock watering, and the company had no right to charge that $6,000,000 on its books to the cost and equipment of the road. It was wrong in principle, and if it wasn't then against the law, the law ought to be amended so as to make such a transaction impossible."

WILLIAM R. HEARST HELD.

New York Editor Bound Over to Grand Jury.

New York. — Justice Wyatt in the court of special sessions Thursday held W. R. Hearst for the grand jury on a charge of criminal libel preferred by William Astor Chanler. S. S. Carvalho gave bail for Mr. Hearst.

The amount of the bond was fixed at $500, the usual sum required in misdemeanor cases. Mr. Carvalho is the general manager of Mr. Hearst's New York newspapers.

Both Mr. Hearst and his bondsman were in court when Justice Wyatt handed down his decision. They repaired to the office of District Attorney Jerome while the bail bond was being prepared. It was later approved by Justice Wyatt and Mr. Hearst and his attorneys drove away in the big red automobile which had brought them to the criminal courts building.

The charge against Mr. Hearst grew out of a publication in the New York Evening Journal concerning the case of Raymond Hitchcock, the actor. Mr. Chanler's name was mentioned in connection with the article. Several hearings were had before Justice Wyatt, during which Mr. Chanler positively denied that he had ever been at Hitchcock's house when little girls were there. His counsel claimed that the publication had been made for the purpose of injuring politically Lieut. Gov. Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, a brother of the complainant against Mr. Hearst.

NOBEL PRIZE FOR CROOKES.

Achievements of the Famous London Chemist Are Recognized.

Stockholm.—The Nobel prize for chemistry will be awarded to Sir William Crookes, of London.

Sir William Crookes discovered thallium, an element, in 1861, and invented the radiometer in 1874. He was knighted in 1897 and has been closely identified with many of the most important advances in science. Prof. Crookes recently discovered a process of extracting nitric acid from the atmosphere, which it was announced would sonn be available for commercial, industrial and agricultural purposes and would revolutionize the nitrate industry and the world's food problem.

Rudyard Kipling will receive the Nobel prize for literature.

Noted Opera Singer a Suicide.

Berlin.—Theodore Betram, the celebrated opera singer, committed suicide Sunday at Batruth. He had been melancholy and despondent since the death of his wife, who was drowned on February 21 last, in the wreck of the steamship Berlin off the Hook of Holland. Bertram's most successful roles were Wagnerian and he made his greatest reputation as Wotan.

Lake Steamer Is Burned.

Detroit, Mich.—It is reported here that the steamer Monohansset burned to the water's edge Saturday night on Thunder bay, Lake Huron. The crew were rescued by the Thunder Bay island life savers.

Steve Adams Jury Disagrees.

Rathdrum, Idaho.—The jury in the Steve Adams murder case was discharged at 5:45 Sunday afternoon, being unable to agree on a verdict, after being out since 8:30 o'clock Saturday night.

REAL CAUSE FOR GLADNESS.

How Young Lawyer Carried Comfort to Convicted Client.

An amusing story is told by Harper's Weekly at the expense of a prominent Baltimore lawyer, who, like most young attorneys, got his first case by assignment from the bench. His client had been indicted for murder, and his conviction was a foregone conclusion, as his guilt was unquestionable.

The result of the trial was a sentence to be hanged; but the man made an appeal to the governor for a pardon and was anxiously awaiting a reply thereto when his lawyer visited him in his cell.

"I got good news for you—very good news!" the young lawyer said, grasping the man's hand.

"Did the governor—is it a pardon?" the man exclaimed joyously.

"Well, no. The fact is the governor refuses to interfere. But an uncle of yours has died and left you $200, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your lawyer got paid, you know," was the comforting explanation.

BABY ITCHED TERRIBLY.

Face and Neck Covered with Inflamed Skin—Doctors No Avail—Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

"My baby's face and neck were covered with itching skin similar to eczema, and she suffered terribly for over a year. I took her to a number of doctors, and also to different colleges, to no avail. Then Cuticura Remedies were recommended to me by Miss G—. I did not use it at first, as I had tried so many other remedies without any favorable results. At last I tried Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Resolvent Pills, and to my surprise noticed an improvement. After using three boxes of the Cuticura Ointment, together with the Soap and Pills, I am pleased to say she is altogether a different child and the picture of health. Mrs. A. C. Breatlin, 171 N. Lincoln St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 20 and 30, 1906."

Nut Growing Industry of the South.

"Nut growing is a comparatively new industry in the south Atlantic and Gulf states, but it promises to develop into one of the most important in that section," said J. Z. Reid, a prosperous planter of Florida. "The most popular nut is the pecan, and its popularity is probably due to the development of systematic methods of grading it and cracking it with machinery operated by steam or electric power. This makes possible the marketing of the meats of the nut ready for use.

"The demand is always much greater than the supply and many planters are now turning their attention to the nut raising industry. It is not uncommon for a tree to bear as high as 200 pounds of nuts in one season and most of these sell at from 60 to 70 cents a pound. It does not require much figuring to show that the pecan orchards which abound in some sections are paying investments."

Ingenious, But Unavailing.

Wilton, the five-year-old son of Lackaye, the actor, has inherited the brilliant mind for which his father is distinguished.

Not long ago Mr. and Mrs. Lackaye, who spent the summer at Shelter Island Heights, were invited to attend a card party and the young son was anxious to accompany them.

His mother insisted that he should remain at home with Mary, his governess, but Wilton persisted and as a final argument he said:

"Mamma, I think Mary is a Christian Scientist, and I might be taken sick in the night."

The argument was not effective.

Why Streets Are Straight.

"There is no mystery about the streets of New York," complained the aesthetic stranger. "It is all straight up and down. North, south, east, west; all straight paths. No crosscuts and alleys, no zigzag turns and twists and cowpaths, as in London and Paris. Just long, straight, uninterrupted roads."

"Built that way purposely," a native explained. "When the average New Yorker has to go home, he needs a straight road."

WHAT WAS IT

The Woman Feared?

What a comfort to find it is not "the awful thing" feared, but only chronic indigestion, which proper food can relieve.

A woman in Ohio says:

"I was troubled for years with indigestion and chronic constipation. At times I would have such a gnawing in my stomach that I actually feared I had a—I dislike to write or even think of what I feared.

"Seeing an account of Grape-Nuts I decided to try it. After a short time I was satisfied the trouble was not the awful thing I feared but was still bad enough. However, I was relieved of a bad case of dyspepsia by changing from improper food to Grape-Nuts.

"Since that time my bowels have been as regular as a clock. I had also noticed before I began to eat Grape-Nuts that I was becoming forgetful of where I put little things about the house, which was very annoying.

"But since the digestive organs have become strong from eating Grape-Nuts, my memory is good and my mind as clear as when I was young, and I am thankful." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a reason."

WESTERN CANADA A WINNER

THE CROP OF 1907 IS AN EXCELLENT ONE.

Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta Farmers Doing Well.

The interest that Western Canada has aroused for some years past is growing in intensity. The conditions of the crop of 1907 are such that results can be spoken of with some degree of certainty. The yield of grain will be about 80,000,000 bushels and the price the farmers will realize for it will be upwards of seventy million dollars. The oat crop was good in most places, and the crop of barley will be very remunerative. Those who know of the generally unsatisfactory conditions during the seeding, growing and ripening period in the United States during the past season, will look with righteous distrust on any statement intended to give the impression that Western Canada conditions were so much different. Generally, they were not, but the conditions of a highly recuperative soil, long and continuous sunshine, are conditions possessed by Western Canada and not possessed by any other country on the Continent. This is why it is possible to record today a fairly successful crop, when in most other places the opposite is the case. The yield in all grains is less than last year, but the higher prices obtained more than offset any falling off in the yield. Take for instance the Province of Saskatchewan the wheat crop will be worth $21,135,000. Last year the same crop was 35 per cent. larger and the quality better. The yield was worth $24,000,000. Oats and barley are very important factors in all three central Provinces. At Gladstone, Manitoba, returns from one farm were $27 per acre from the wheat land, $35 per acre from oats, and $30 per acre from barley. The yield of wheat at Dauphin, Manitoba, was 20 to 24 bushels to the acre but not of a very good grade, but the yield of barley in that section was good and so was the quality and price. At Meadow Lea, Manitoba, 15 to 20 bushels to the acre were thrashed, bringing a round dollar on the market. At Oak Lake, Manitoba, on some fields where 21 bushels were expected, twelve and fifteen was the result; others again where twenty was looked for gave twenty-two to twenty-five. One special patch south of town on J. M. McFarlane's farm went as high as thirty bushels to the acre. At Sheho, Saskatchewan, oats yielded from 60 to 65 bushels to the acre. Sam Wunder threshed 2,500 bushels from forty acres. The sample is good and weighs well. At Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, W. Bibby threshed 97 bushels of oats to the acre, and two others were but little behind. Wheat here reached 35 bushels. At Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, from a quarter section all in crop, Alex. McKinnon of Ingleside threshed an average of 33 bushels No. 1 Northern. I. J. Grant had 190 acres, yielding 6,000 bushels of the same grade. These illustrations taken from widely distant districts (and thousands of others could be produced) show that the year 1907 has not felt the serious effects from severe winter, late spring, or unfavorable conditions during the growing season that might have been anticipated. In order to learn more about this country write to the Canadian Government Agent whose address appears elsewhere, and get a copy of the new Last Best West, which he will be pleased to mail you free.

French Police a Surprise.

"Well, how did you enjoy yourself in Paris?" they asked of Mrs. Maloney when she got home.

"Very well," she replied. "Very well, indade; but there was wan thing phat surprised me more thin ennythin' else."

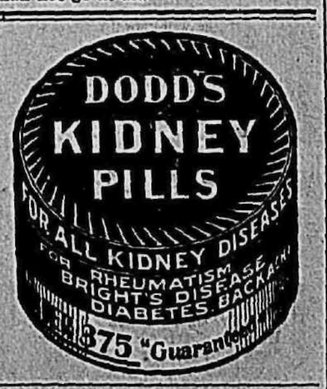
"And what was that?" they queried.

"There were a lot of policemen there and all av thim was French."

Little things are little things, but to be faithful in little things is to be great.—St. Augustine.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Some women would rather go broke than not go at all.





PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Mechanically.

Judge—And what did the prisoner say when you told him that you would have him arrested? Complainant—He answered mechanically, yer honor. Judge—Explain. Complainant—He hit me on the head with a hammer.—Everybody's Magazine.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

First Chorus Girl—Nellie ain't feelin' well. She's gotta sore throat. Second Chorus Girl—Chee, the noive of 'er putting on airs like a primmer donn.—Kansas City Post.

FITS, St. Vitus Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Paradoxical though it may seem, the light bills rendered by an illuminating company are usually heavy.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar made of rich, mellow tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Among other pipe dreams are those of the church organist.

New and Liberal Homestead Regulations in

WESTERN CANADA

New Districts Now Opened for Settlement

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Some of the choicest lands in the grain growing belts of Saskatchewan and Alberta have recently been opened for settlement under the Revised Homestead Regulations of Canada. Thousands of homesteads of 160 acres each are now available. The new regulations make it possible for entry to be made by proxy, the opportunity that many in the United States have been waiting for. Any member of a family may make entry for any other member of the family, who may be entitled to make entry for himself or herself. Entry may now be made before the Agent or Sub-Agent of the District by proxy, (on certain conditions) by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

"Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-West Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person the sole head of a family, or male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less."

The fee in each case will be $10.00. Churches, schools and markets convenient. Healthy climate, splendid crops and good laws. Grain-growing and cattle raising principal industries.

For further particulars as to rates, routes, best time to go and where to locate, apply to C. J. BROUGHTON, Room 430 Quincy Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; W. H. ROGERS, third floor, Traction Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.; or T. O. CURRIE, Room 12 B, Callahan Block, Milwaukee, Wis.

"COMMODORE"

The Coming Gold Mine of Arizona.

Weaver Mining District, Yavapai County.

23 claims; aggregate of 6 miles on the vein; magnificent location; paid for; perfect title; U. S. survey completed; patents applied for; largely developed; equipped with modern machinery. Last 65 tests averaged $44.60 per ton; ore runs to $1000 per ton; engineers of international reputation in charge; backed by A. 1 business men. A little stock left at 30c a share for cash. Quick results; large profits. Write at once for full information and stock reservations. Thorough investigation invited.

Address H. A. BOMBERGER, or THE SOUTH-WESTERN DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, 416-417 Pennsylvania Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C. Advice free. Terms low. Highest ref.

A. N. K.—A (1907—48) 2206.

TUMORS CONQUERED

Overwhelming Proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy Tumor.

The growth of a tumor is so insidious that frequently its presence is wholly unsuspected until it is well advanced.

So called "wandering pains" may come from its early stages or the presence of danger may be made manifest by excessive monthly periods accompanied by unusual pain, from the abdomen through the groin and thigh.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation or displacements, secure a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, right away and begin its use.

The following letters should convince every suffering woman of its virtue, and that it actually does conquer tumors.

Mrs. May Fry, of 836 W. Colfax Ave., South Bend, Ind., writes:
Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I take great pleasure in writing to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I also took the Blood Purifier in alternate doses with the Compound. Your medicine removed a cyst tumor of four years' growth, which three of the best physicians declared I had. They had said that only an operation could help me. I am very thankful that I followed a friend's advice and took your medicine. It has made me a strong and well woman and I shall recommend it as long as I live."

Mrs. E. F. Hayes, of 26 Ruggles St., Boston, Mass., writes:

"I have been under different doctors' treatment for a long time without relief. They told me I had a fibroid tumor, my abdomen was swollen and I suffered with great pain. I wrote to you for advice, you replied and I followed your directions carefully and to-day I am a well woman. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system."

Mrs. S. J. Barber, of Scott, N. Y., writes:
Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"Sometime ago I wrote you for advice about a tumor which the doctors thought would have to be removed. Instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to-day am a well woman."

Mrs. M. M. Funk, Vandergrift, Pa., writes:
Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I had a tumor and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound removed it for me after two doctors had given me up. I was sick four years before I began to take the Compound. I now recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound far and near."

Such testimony as above is convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for Tumor Growths as well as other distressing ills of women, and such symptoms as Bearing-down Sensations, Displacements, Irregularities and Backache, etc. Women should remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing so many women. Don't forget to insist upon it when some druggist asks you to accept something else which he calls "just as good."

W. L. DOUGLAS

$3.00 & $3.50 SHOES BEST IN THE WORLD

SHOES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, AT ALL PRICES.

$25,000 Reward (To any one who can prove W. L. Douglas does not make & sell more Men's $3 & $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer.



THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make, is because of their excellent style, easy-fitting, and superior wearing qualities. The selection of the leathers and other materials for each part of the shoe, and every detail of the making is looked after by the most complete organization of superintendents, foremen and skilled shoemakers, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and whose workmanship cannot be excelled.

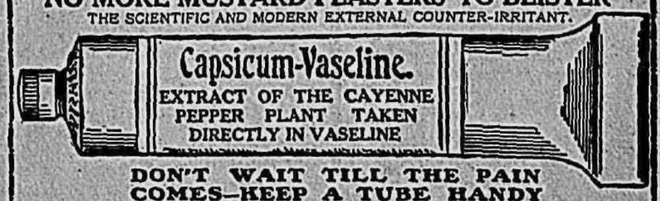
If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

My $4.00 and $5.00 Gilt Edge Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

CAUTION! The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, send direct to factory. Shoes sent everywhere by mail. Catalog free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

NO MORE MUSTARD PLASTERS TO BLISTER

THE SCIENTIFIC AND MODERN EXTERNAL COUNTER-IRRITANT.



DON'T WAIT TILL THE PAIN COMES—KEEP A TUBE HANDY

A QUICK, SURE, SAFE AND ALWAYS READY CURE FOR PAIN.—PRICE 15c. —IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES MADE OF PURE TIN—AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS, OR BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF 15c. IN POSTAGE STAMPS.

A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-allaying and curative qualities of the article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve Headache and Sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all Rheumatic, Neuralgic and Gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household and for children. Once used no family will be without it. Many people say "it is the best of all your preparations." Accept no preparation of vaseline unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

Send your address and we will mail our Vaseline Booklet describing our preparations which will interest you.

17 State St. CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. New York City

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois

Rural News Notes

Submitted by Our Very Able Staff of Correspondents

LAKE VILLA

D. Sugar was a Chicago passenger this week.

Mrs. Ernest Wald visited in Antioch Friday.

C. B. Dicks and family visited friends in Antioch Sunday.

Dr. Midgley transacted business in Chicago Tuesday.

Fritz and Fitch of Grayslake were Lake Villa callers Monday.

Milton McMahon has secured a possition in Chicago as an office boy.

The local euchre club met with Mrs. H. J. Nelson Tuesday evening.

Frank Hamlin has returned from his hunting trip with Mayor Busse.

Will Van Patten has put the street lamps in good condition again.

William Barnstable and wife have returned from the city after a week's visit.

George Sugar is spending his Thanksgiving vacation with friends in Chicago.

Arther Van Patten and wife were visiting the latter's parents in Antioch Monday.

Loy and Eva Rowling are spending their Thanksgiving vacation with U. C. Mouson at Manlius, Ill.

The Ladies Aid society of the M. E church are busy preparing for the bazaar soon to be held.

Russ Gonyo has returned home for a week's vacation. He is employed on the Northwestern railroad as fireman, and likes his new occupation.

The Ladies Aid society will meet with Mrs. James King, Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 4. Everybody come early and ready for work. Visitors always welcome.

The Angola high school gave a debate Friday afternoon on the question: "Resolved, that the Negro has received worse punishment than the Indian," the off side winning.

The basket social given at the Cribb school Friday evening was well attended and netted about $29, which will be applied to the purchase of an organ.

The third annual oyster supper given by the business men of Lake Villa last Thursday evening was well attended, a good many coming in from the surrounding country. There were about one hundred guests to sit down to an excellent supper well served. After the supper an entertainment was given which was thoroughly enjoyed by all who stayed.

Mrs. A. E. Midgley has secured one of the "Traveling Libraries" sent out by the Chicago Culture club. It consists of about seventy-five volumes, comprising fiction for old and young, essays, poems, etc. The children are not forgotten as there are several books for the entertainment of the little ones. These books may be borrowed, free of charge, by residents of Lake Villa and tributary country, and kept for two weeks.

Gained Honor by Jumping.

The question of who should get the nomination was settled here in this way: We had a big jumping match, and Bill Jones jumped fifteen feet and won the nomination for coroner.—Whitser (Ga.) Courier.

Weak Lungs Bronchitis

For over sixty years doctors have endorsed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchitis, consumption. You can trust a medicine the best doctors approve. Then trust this the next time you have a hard cough.

The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.

We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

Ayer's Pills keep the bowels regular. All vegetable and gently laxative.



GRAYSLAKE

Mrs. E. B. Sherman spent Sunday in Deerfield.

Miss Elsie Stein of Lake Villa, spent Saturday here.

Fred Eberwein visited with his parents in Chicago from Saturday till Monday.

Mr. Chas. Wightman left last week Tuesday for Dalhart, Texas, and returned last Monday.

As proof that Grayslake is a shopping center, the town was full of out of town shoppers Saturday.

Mrs. Walter Godfrey returned last week from a lengthy visit with her daughter, Mrs. McNamara, in Russell.

Mrs. Fred Kimbark and son Sherman of Ravenswood, are making a few weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs E. S. Adams.

Mr. Willis McMillen left last Friday to join his family at Wichita, Kansas. We are sorry to lose Mr. McMillen from among us as he has lived here many years and is an honest and trustworthy citizen.

Mr. Gray of Chicago, was present at the Congregational services last Sunday evening and sang a solo, and a duet with Rev. Havener. It was men's night and a good portion of the audience was men. Would that they would always attend in like numbers.

RUSSELL

Robert Nellis spent Sunday with friends at Truesdell.

Miss Grace Carpenter spent Sunday with friends at Russell.

Mr. Clifford Chase had the misfortune to lose one of his fine horses Friday.

Mrs. Geo. Voss arrived home Thursday evening. Mr. Voss is expected any day.

James A. Reeves is making a business trip through Wisconsin and the Dakotas.

Mrs. Young entertained her mother, Mrs. Ormsby of Gurnee, a couple of days during the week.

Miss Annie Nelson is very sick at the home of her parents north of this place on the James Kelly farm.

The bazaar given by the Aid Society at the church on Friday evening was a success in every feature, clearing about $75.00.

TREVOR

Mr. Wyman Sundayed in Chicago.

Mrs. Geo Patrick returned home Friday from Kenosha city hospital.

Mr. C. Wildtberger returned to his home in DeKalb, Ill., Thursday.

Mrs. Mary Williams of Antioch is visiting her neice Mrs. Taylor and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Dorey are rejoicing over the birth of a litttle daughter Thursday.

Miss Frank Stewart returned Thursday after spending a few days with friends in Kenosha.

Mr. Schmidkamp and sons attended the silver wedding anniversary of a sister in Burlington Thursday evening.

Quite a number of the poor people attended the dance at the Otting boarding house, Camp Lake, on Thursday evening.

A Hard Debt to Pay.

"I owe a debt of gratitude that can never be paid off," writes G. S. Clark, of Westfield, Iowa, "for my rescue from death, by Dr. King's New Discovery. Both lungs were so seriously affected that death seemed imminent, when I commenced taking New Discovery. The ominous dry, hacking cough quit before the first bottle was used, and two more bottles made a complete cure." Nothing has ever equaled New Discovery for coughs, colds and all throat and lung complaints. Guaranteed by J. H. Swan, druggist. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

Keeping Goat in Stable.

There is an old fashioned precaution of keeping a goat in a stable. Supposing always that the animals are loose, the goat will leave the stable on the outbreak of fire, and the horses will follow the goat when no amount of persuasion from man will get the terrified creatures to budge.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery**

FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50c & $1.00. Trial Bottle Free

AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

BRISTOL

George Brown visited in Chicago Tuesday.

Mrs. B. Benson of Genoa Jc., visited at home Friday.

Miss Myra Whitcher called on friends in in Kenosha Saturday.

Quite a number on the sick list at present, mostly with colds.

Misses Loescher of Salem called on Mr. and Mrs. Rowbottom Sunday.

Mrs. C. B. Gains spent Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. J. Evan, at Salem.

Miss Jessie Shumway of Chicago spent Saturday and Sunday at Wm. Foulk's.

Miss Shaw, who has been visiting the Misses Garland, returned to Valparaiso last Friday.

Mrs. Brown left on Sunday morning for Chicago, from there she expects to go to California to spend the winter with her son Charles.

It is with greatest sorrow that we learn of the sudden death of Mrs. Irving Emery which occurred at the home of her parents at Bear Creek, where she was called by the death of her father. Shortly after she arrived there she was taken sick and the best of medical skill and all that loving hands could do seemed of no avail and she passed to her reward on Thursday Nov. 19. Although her stay with us was brief she having resided here only about a month she could count her friends by the score who will be grieved to learn of her sudden death. Mrs. Emery leaves a mother a loving husband and four small children to mourn her loss. We extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Babies and children need prompt attention when suffering from coughs and colds. The best remedy for mothers to use is Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. It tastes nearly as good as maple sugar, it contains no opiates and it is laxative and drives the cold out of the system by gently moving the bowels. Sold by J. H. Swan.

Babies Ambidextrous.

Four-fifths of the babies are said to be ambidextrous. They develop in right and left-handed persons by the force of example.

A Mean One.

Little girl (future coed) walking along the street seeing students surveying—Isn't it funny, Mame, sometimes you can't tell students from men?—Wisconsin Sphinx.

When the Stomach, Heart, or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the Stomach, nor stimulate the heart or kidneys. That is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves, Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tables or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Free sample test sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this simple test. Sold by J. H. Swan.

Duty of Mankind.

Don't expect credit for bearing burdens; that's your duty. Appreciation comes only to those who undergo hardships cheerfully.—John Howland.

Pressing Down Pains

are a sign of serious female complaint, that should have immediate attention.

If you begin in time, you can generally treat yourself at home, without the need of consulting a physician, by the regular use of Cardui, the well-known remedy for women's ills.

Composed of purely vegetable and perfectly harmless medicinal ingredients, being, besides, a gentle, non-intoxicating, strengthening tonic,

WINE OF CARDUI

WOMAN'S RELIEF

relieves all female complaints.

"My wife," writes John A. Rodgers, of Hampden Sidney, Va., "was nothing but a walking skeleton, from female trouble. She suffered agonies with bearing-down pains, backache and headache. Doctors failed to relieve her, so she took Cardui, and is now entirely cured."

At All Druggists

WRITE FOR FREE ADVICE, stating age and describing symptoms, to *Ladies Advisory Dept.*, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. E 36

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

FURNISHED BY

Lake County Title and Trust Co.

Abstracts of Title. Titles Guaranteed.

MASONIC TEMPLE BUILDING, WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS.

LOUIS J. GURNEE, Secretary.

C H Snyder and wf to John Gustafson 40 acres in sw ¼ sec 29 Warren twp w d	$ 2700 00
Paul MrcGuffin to Edwin Austin w 33 15 ft lt 27 County Clerk's sub Libertyville q c	165 00
Paul MacGuffin to C E Austin e 33 15 ft lt 27 County Clerk's sub Libertyville q c	165 00
C E Austin to F P Dymond and Edwin Austin pt lt 30 County Clerk's sub Libertyville w d	2612 00
W T Eaton and wf to Bertha Nagel lt 16 blk 1 C F Wright's add Libertyville w d	250 00
L J Gloden and wf to Fred Enderlin lts 7 and 8 blk 27 C F Wright's add Libertyville w d	500 00
J B Durand and wf to G P Fisher Jr lt 172 and pt lt 171 Lake Forest w d	2800 00
Alsine L Brown et al to J P Spiczak lt 3 Marble and Converse's sub in sec 4 Grant twp wd	200 00
Louis Forbrich and wf to Rovilla F Forbrich lts 11 and 12 L Forbrich's sub on Lake Marie w d	450 00
Louis Forbrich and wf to F A Forbrich lts 9 and 10 Forbrich's sub on Lake Marie w d	450 00
Louis Forbrich and wf to Estellene A Forbrich lots 6 7 and 8 Forbrich's sub on Lake Marie w d	600 00
F O Willmarth and wf to G W Lageschulte ne ¼ sec 22 Cuba twp w d	9440 00
Fred Kuebker and wf to C J Fisher pt lt 22 County Clerk's sub Libertyville w d	500 00

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's cough cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation, even to very young babes. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lunghealing mountainous shrub furnish the curative properties to Dr. shoop's cough cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal aching lungs. The spaniards call this shrub which the doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. Sold by J. H. Swan.

MILLBURN

Earl White of Champaign, is visiting a home with his parents.

Rev. A. W. Safford is entertaining his sister from Rockford.

A. L. Jaeger of Chicago, moved into the Harris house last Tuesday.

Mrs. H. B. Tower visited in Chicago from Saturday till Monday.

Mrs. Pantall has been visiting with Mrs. Adams in Chicago for a few days.

The Peterson ditching machine passed through here last Tuesday on its way to drain a swamp south of here.

Mrs. John Buss and little son of Rochester, Wis., were here from Thursday till Monday visiting with Mrs. George Jamieson.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Tower of Chicago, visited a few days last week with Mrs. Elizabeth Tower and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Tower.

Mr. Herman Shaw, father of Mrs. David Young and Mrs. Peter Duncan, died at his home near Wadsworth on Friday night, Nov. 22.

River Nile's Overflow.

The Nile overflows its banks from July to October. This is due to the rainfall of the Abyssian highlands.

Letting Go All Holds.

Once there was a woman who had spent many, many years in making green lampmats—these mats, you know, that have fuzzy borders—you put them on the center of the table as ornaments—and never, never had made them of any other color than green. One day, when in an unusually wicked mood, she shut herself up in her room, locked the door, pulled down the blinds, and then, yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, she dissipated in the most reckless manner by crocheting a red lampmat.

To check a cold quickly get from your druggist some little candy cold Tablet called Preventics. Druggist everywhere are now dispensing Preventics for they are not only safe but decidedly certain and prompt Preventics certain no quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will prevent pneumonia, bronchitis, la grippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics 25c. Trail boxes 5 cts. Sold by J H Swan.

Uncle Allen.

"I see," quoth Uncle Allen Sparks, "that my old friend Mr. Rockefeller says he's a socialist "in a sense." Well, maybe he is, but when it comes to dollars, by George, he's about the biggest individualist I know of!"

Gift of Public Life.

Little information but much knowledge, the primary gift of public life.—Gilbert Parker.



Rapid changes of temperature are hard on the toughest constitution.

The conductor passing from the heated inside of a trolley car to the icy temperature of the platform—the canvasser spending an hour or so in a heated building and then walking against a biting wind—know the difficulty of avoiding cold.

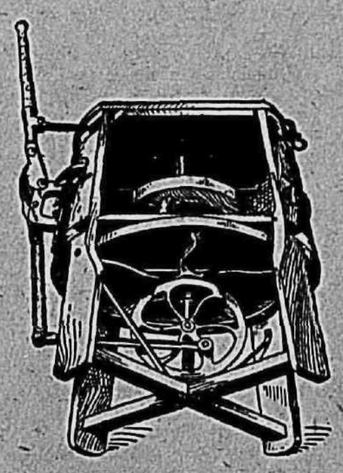
Scott's Emulsion **strengthens the body so that it can better withstand the danger of cold from changes of temperature.**

It will help you to avoid taking cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.

"ONE MINUTE" WASHER

See the fly wheel under the bottom of the tub? That's a feature of the "One Minute" Washer exclusively its own. This fly wheel is driven by a gear wheel with crank attached and revolves on little steel balls just like the wheels on a bicycle. You'd be surprised how hard it is to stop the machine when once this wheel gets up speed. Two strokes of the handle are usually sufficient to get under headway---then the fly-wheel does half the work



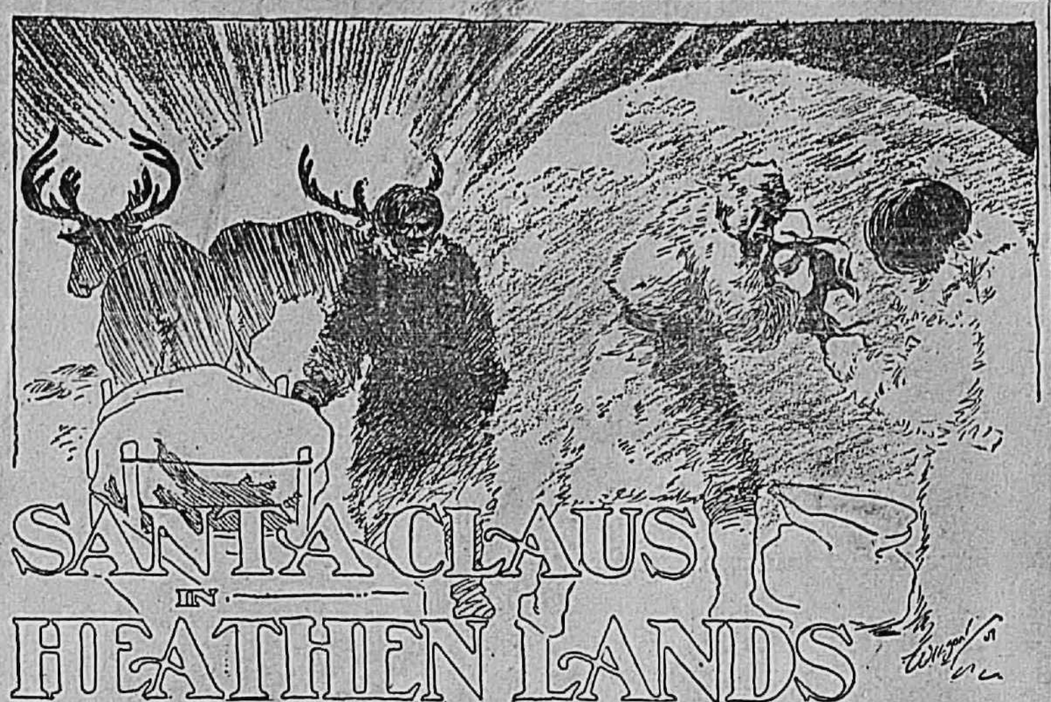
W. H. TIFFANY

UNION BLOCK ANTIOCH, ILL.



"SANTA CLAUS WAS GREETED WITH SHRIEKS AND GROANS."

"I TRIED TO SPREAD A BETTER [illegible]"



SANTA CLAUS IN HEATHEN LANDS

AS WHITE men push out, year by year, into the remotest corners of the earth, they carry Christmas with them as a gift to the savages with whom they come in contact. The American troops have done this in the past two or three years in some of the hitherto untraveled islands of the Philippines, where the Spaniards had never dared to venture.

Strange, indeed, are some of the experiences which fall to the lot of these adventurers when they first play Santa Claus to a barbarian race that has never heard the glad old story of Yule.

The Eskimos' Real Santa Claus.

Sheldon Jackson, an official employed by the United States bureau of education to work in the wilds of Alaska, carried Christmas to the Eskimo children there in 1894. He gave a deeply interesting account of how he did it in a report to the bureau.

"For several days immediately preceding Christmas," he said, "I took occasion to tell the scholars how it was observed by the whites, and explained some features about the day as my limited knowledge of the language would admit of; so that, by the close of school the day before, they pretty well knew why it was observed.

"I told the children about Santa Claus, and for them to tie their fur stockings up near their beds, as he was coming to visit them for the first time, and would remember every child.

I made up a lot of little bags out of empty flour sacks, and into each one put eight cubes of white sugar, about a dozen pieces of dried apples and a dozen raisins—not a very appropriate assortment for a Christmas present for a white child, but it was the best we had, and I found out afterward that the selection was very much appreciated by the little Eskimo.

"Although our supplies were very limited, I concluded to take enough from such as we had and give each family the same assortment. It was made up of a tin can filled with flour, eight navy biscuits, one pint of rice, one-half pound of sugar and one-third pound of tea. There are ten houses in the village, and about 100 persons all told. The supplies above enumerated were made up into ten packages.

"I had the herders harness one of the deer teams to a sled, and at 12 o'clock started with four natives for the village, a half mile west of the station.

"When we reached the first house, I took a flashlight view of the deer standing by the little skin window through which a faint gleam of light was thrown from the oil lamp burning below.

"It occurred to me that perhaps this was the first time in the history of civilization that a live Santa Claus made his midnight visit upon an errand of mercy with a team of reindeer, and that the Eskimo were the first to actually experience what throughout Christendom is only a myth.

"It became necessary to dig away the frost from one corner of the window in order to get the packages through, and in nearly every instance the operation alarmed those below, when a package was immediately dropped down and they became quiet.

"The night was a glorious one, cold and crisp, with the stars shining in lustrous splendor from the pale blue canopy above, and not a breath of air was stirring.

"Across the whole northern horizon floods of wavy light surged and swept from east to west, sending up further into the heavens streams of vapory light, dancing up and down in graceful shadows that easily led me to imagine that they were caused by invisible spirits.

"For a time I forgot the subject of my visit and lay watching the play of the aurora as it shot forward and backward, and when I finally came to myself I looked around and found the natives lost in deep and silent awe at the spectacle.

"The hour I spent in this service was one of supreme delight to me, especially so as the little handful of food I distributed made the bright eyes of a hundred people glisten with happiness and supplied as many stomachs with a feast they enjoyed before they again closed their eyes in sleep.

"It will take too much space to record all the times I gathered as I peered through their little skin windows and saw them dancing around in great glee, old and young, and expressing their thankfulness for the many good things received, the like of which they had never before eaten."

Where Santa Claus Caused Terror.

Mrs. Bertha Stover, the wife of a missionary stationed at Ballundu, Africa, tells an amusing story of how Santa Claus terrified the black children at her mission station, where he first appeared to them a year or two ago.

They had celebrated Christmas at Ballundu before, but they never had Santa Claus, so Mr. Stover dressed himself up as the benevolent saint.

"He had been padded and powdered and packed until his own mother would not have known him," said Mrs. Stover. "Presently we gave the signal and the door flew open and in walked Santa Claus. But dear me, what consternation!

"He was greeted with shrieks and groans and cries of:

"'Let me out!'

"'It is the evil one!'

"'It is the day of judgment!'

"The small fry, catching the infection of terror from the elder black people, fled to the bedrooms, fell down upon their faces, crept under chairs and tables—anywhere to hide themselves.

"Poor Santa Claus never had such a greeting before. As soon as he realized the panic he had caused, he tore off his tall hat and white cotton beard, and from the bags on his back began to throw gifts right and left, and to tell who he was.

"Reassured once more, they were soon all laughing and chatting, munching the great 'red breads' (doughnuts), tasting their fruits or nibbling at the sweets in the familiar little bags.

"One man wondered which end up he was to hold the fork Santa Claus had given him. Another immediately tried on his new shirt. The girls arranged their bright-hued handkerchiefs into nobby turbans, while others tried to find some place about their scanty clothing where they could stow away the bunch of bread, paper of needles and cake of soap given to them.

"Each one tried to talk louder than his neighbor, so they examined the costume of good old Santa Claus, who had frightened them almost to death. One man said he thought Elijah had returned, another that it was John the Baptist. Yet another thought it was Satan himself, 'and all my sins rose up before me;' while a fourth confessed: 'My only thought was to hide myself.'"

A Christmas Feast That Nearly Caused Bloodshed.

Rev. Frank Paton, son of the famous South Sea missionary, John G. Paton, tells of a thrilling Christmas which he spent in 1899 at Lenakel, on the island of Tanna, in the South Pacific.

He had a mission station there, and his native converts were no strangers to Christmas observance; but they invited a large number of their heathen friends to come to their Yuletide feast. These heathens knew nothing about Christmas, and were quite unaware that it is supposed to be a period of "peace on earth and good will toward men."

Over 1,000 natives were gathered for the great feast. The crew of a "blackbirding schooner," eager to get Kanaka labor by fair means or foul for the Queensland sugar plantations, heard of the gathering and dropped anchor off the island on Christmas morning. The captain, however, seeing the number of natives, hesitated to molest them.

Telling the story, Mr. Paton said: "My first anxiety was the labor schooner, but soon a new peril threatened. Some of the heathens had not met since war had raged between them. At first they simply glared at each other, and then old hatreds broke out and hot words were spoken.

"Again and again I started some contest that would scatter the excited groups, but they soon came together again. Then I went from group to group and tried to spread a better feeling. Our Christmas gathering was nearly turned into a scene of bloodshed in our very garden, but fortunately all passed off most happily."

Among the Head Hunters of Formosa.

Through the center of the beautiful island of Formosa there runs, like a backbone, a great range of forest-clad mountains. The original inhabitants of Formosa, a wild, savage, ferocious race of men, live upon these mountains. Christmas was first carried to these people by a brave missionary named George Leslie MacKay.

MacKay had spent several years on the coast and in the interior, but he hesitated long before he took his life in his hand by seeking out the barbarians of the mountains, to whom no white man had ever ventured.

The favorite pastime of these savages was to cut off the heads of their enemies and decorate their huts with them. They had been indulging in this sport when MacKay drifted into one of their villages and spent Christmas day with one of their chiefs.

"The chief's home consisted of one large room 30 feet long," said MacKay. "A fire blazed at either end. The men, dressed in coarse linen sacks with holes cut for the arms, and a broad belt of braided rattan, in which was stuck a long, crooked, sharp-pointed knife, stood around one fire; while the women, with much the same dress, save that in addition they had many rings of brass around their arms and limbs, and innumerable ornaments on their bodies, squatted around the other fire.

"So, on that Christmas night, I sat there with these rude people, the room lighted by the fires and by candles made from the heart of the fir tree. The men smoked their bamboo pipes, while the women were busy threadmaking on curious little machines of their own; and all, men and women, were laughing and talking merrily and making a great noise. It was certainly a merry Christmas, and a strange one to me.

"After a time, with the help of the native converts, who had accompanied me on this dangerous trip, I sang some Christmas hymns to these savage mountaineers, who had never seen a white man before; and I spent Christmas evening trying to explain to them the 'old, old story' that has been told so often in so many lands since the first Christmas morning."

The savages took great pleasure in the singing of the Christmas hymns, and MacKay and his friends came to no harm by their bold expedition.

SANTA'S LIGHT LOAD

By BERTHA E. BUSH.

(Copyright, 1907, by Wright A. Patterson.)

"BUT, mamma, Santa Claus can go anywhere where there is snow. He has his sleigh, you know. And there is snow here, plenty of snow."

The sick woman, lying on the bed in the little pioneer cabin, looked at the white whirl of flakes that shut out all but the gray daylight from the little windows and shuddered. Yes, there was plenty of snow. You could not see even the dimmest outline of anything that was ten feet away. And somewhere out in the snow—she knew not where—her husband was journeying. Three weeks ago he had started to the nearest town 60 miles away for supplies. He had been sure that he would return in a week. Was he lying now under one of those huge white drifts? Was he out in this dreadful blizzard, perhaps freezing to death at this very minute. She turned away from the window and moaned. She could not bear to answer the child. But Hattie, the hired girl, who never seemed to lose heart, answered cheerily:

"Land sakes, yes, there is plenty of snow, Lillie. But you know Santa Claus is getting old. He can drive in the snow of course, but a howling blizzard like this might freeze him stiff. You'd better make up your mind not to get any Christmas presents this year, Lillie. You wouldn't want dear old Santa Claus frozen to death."

"No, of course not. But papa goes out on the prairie. Why shouldn't Santa Claus? Don't you think he could get here with a light load? You



But Even Mark's Ghost was Welcome.

know, when we came, we got stuck in the sloughs lots of times and papa unloaded the wagon and got it across empty. Don't you think Santa Claus could do that?"

"Yes, he shall," said Hattie, with determination.

She was only the hired girl who had come in friendly pioneer fashion to help the settler's wife through her sickness; but to the inmates of the little cabin she was a ministering angel. Strong and faithful and efficient, an angel could hardly have done more in that prairie home. Yet she did not look in the least like an angel as she put on the pioneer's old cap and coat, tied a red woolen scarf around her neck, drew old stockings over her shoes and floundered out through the drifts, stout and rosy in the wind, to do the chores for the night. Not a glimpse of the near by barn could be obtained from the cabin door. Hattie tied a long rope to the door knob and carefully held the other end as she walked toward it.

She pulled down hay and fed the stock and milked. She brought out pails full of the snow water she had melted in the big wash boiler for them to drink. She brought in a great supply of fuel and made everything outdoors and in as snug and cheery as possible. Then she cooked the supper—that did not take long for there was little to cook—and washed up the dishes and cared for the sick woman and the little babe. She put Lillie to bed in the queer little trundle-bed—the child chattering about Santa Claus every minute—and tucked her in as happy as if there were no fear or anxiety in the world; oh, what would the pioneer families have done without the "girls" of that time?

The mercury ranged 4 and 5 degrees below zero. The storm outside howled with the fury of a legion of demons. In some drift out there in the whiteness John Carver might be sinking to death now.

The baby cried and the sick woman moaned. There was no lack of occupation for the young helper. Hattie's strong arms held the child till it was quieted and at the same time heated flannels, brought water, smoothed pillows, and did everything that could be done for the anxious young mother.

"Hattie, you haven't anything to worry you," cried the sick woman, enviously.

"Not a thing except what worries other people," answered Hattie. But she knew that all the time she carried beneath her songs and cheery words a heartache that was as hard to bear as the young wife's own.

It was Mark for whom her heart ached. A year ago she had thought that by this time she and Mark would be settled in a pioneer cabin of their own. Her quilts were all quilted, her store of household goods was ready. But a coldness had come between them, and Mark had gone away—"back east where girls were plenty." Since then she had been learning to live without him and it was a bitter lesson. True she did not speak of it, not even to her best friends, but the ache was always there.

Her work was done at last. She had time to look at little Lillie slumbering in her low trundle-bed with her stocking spread out trustingly on the pillow beside her. Now was the time for Santa Claus to come. But the sick mother was too ill and broken with anxiety to be bothered. There was nobody to fill that stocking but Hattie, and nothing to fill it with except what her girl's wit might devise.

She was very tired. All day she had been battling against storm and sickness, doing a woman's work and a man's too. Now she must do Santa Claus' work. Was ever a Santa Claus so sleepy? Oh, what would she not give to throw herself on the bed, dressed as she was, and sleep? But there was no time for that. Santa Claus must come to the waiting child. She knew that in a little while the sick woman would rouse again and need her. Softly and wearily she lifted the one little drop-leaf table over to the window farthest from the sick mother and placed the lamp upon it. Then she got out her precious, diminishing store of letter paper that had to be brought to her from 6 miles away, like the rest of the supplies, and the clumsy shears, and began to make paper dolls.

Clip, clip, went the big shears. That and the rustle of the paper were the only sounds to be heard. Gradually she realized that the howling of the wind had ceased and the blizzard had gone down.

Lillie's words kept repeating themselves sleepily in her tired brain. "A light load." Surely this Christmas gift would be light enough for Santa Claus to take anywhere. Clip, clip, went the shears, and wonderful creations fell from Hattie's hands. There was a father with a miniature newspaper spread out before him. There was a mother with a baby in her arms and another in a tiny paper cradle at her feet. There were brothers and sisters.

Snip—snip—Her hands went slower and slower until the last of the paper family trailed off into aimless cutting. Then Hattie's weary head sank down on the table and Hattie was asleep. Asleep and dreaming of Mark.

In the daytime she could keep the thought of him away from her with fierce determination. In the night it would come. She was dreaming and she knew it. She had dreamed of him too often not to know. And in her dream the door burst open and Mark stood before her. Of course it could not be real. Or, rather, it was a dream of Mark's ghost all deathly white. But even Mark's ghost was welcome. There could not be any harm in embracing a ghost in a dream. She threw her arms around his neck—

But this was no dream. It was too solid and it was too cold. It was a real man who stood before her, benumbed with cold, and covered with snow from head to foot.

In a flash she came out of her dream. It was well for Mark that she was just what she was, and that she knew what to do. She brought the great tub of melting snow-water, cut off the frozen footwear and mittens and plunged his feet and hands in it. She rubbed his face with snow. She made hot coffee—blessing the forethought that had kept the kettle filled with boiling water for the sick woman's use—and forced him to drink it. Little by little life and strength came back to him and incoherent words.

"Started—with Craver. He wanted—to see—his wife. I wanted—to see—you. Blizzard came up. Lost our way. Dug a hole in the snow and stayed two night. Went a long while—and came to Smith's farm. Craver—too badly frozen—to go on. Will be all right after awhile, but couldn't go on then. Wanted to like fury. Smith had to hold him back. Good thing. He couldn't have come on his frozen feet. I—came on—alone. Got lost again. Been lost all day. Pretty near—gave out. Thought I'd have—to give up. So dark and cold. Saw—your light when wind went down. Came to—you."

The words might be jerky and disjointed but Hattie understood it and never words sounded sweeter.

"Santa Claus did come in the night," chirruped Lillie. "I saw him. He was all white. And he brought me this." She held up the precious paper doll family.

"Aren't they lubbly. I fought he could get froo with a light load." Then another thought came to her.

"But he didn't bring anyfing to you, Hattie. That's too bad."

"No, no, it's as good as it could be." Hattie laughed out in pure joy. "He brought me the one thing I wanted most in the world. And I shall be thankful to him every day I live; for if I had not kept my lamp burning in the window while I was working—I mean waiting for him—Mark would not have found the way."

THE GIRL AND THE GIFT

BY ELISA ARMSTRONG BENGOUGH

"You are not looking very jolly on Christmas day," observed the girl in brown. "Were your gifts chiefly hair receivers and silver thimbles, or were they so expensive that you are wondering how you can ever return them next year?"

"N—not exactly," replied the girl in green. "I—"

"Oh, you should see Alice," broke in the girl in brown; "She looks as happy as the girl who has got rid of the coat of tan she cultivated at the seashore last summer. She—"

"I don't know whether or not she received many presents, but she has one which seems to make her perfectly happy. It is—"

"I am sorry to hear it. If that girl got her deserts she would spend the holidays with the dentist. She—well, you know I have seen a good deal of Alice lately. You know we just had to be intimate, since Rob was dividing his attentions pretty equally between us."

"M'h'm; otherwise people might fancy you were jealous of each other."

"Jealous of Alice, the idea! However, I had to watch her. You never know what a girl with her saintly expression is saying of you behind your back. You know that Rob is sort of



literary, and he talks about books most of the time. Well, Alice is so deceitful that she pretends she, too, is literary. I hate deceit."

"But how do you manage to keep up the conversation when he—"

"Rob prefers a conversation in which the other party is a listener, dear. Of course I told him when we first met that I dearly love to read."

"Oh, well, I don't know a girl anywhere who reads as many fashion magazines as you."

"M'h'm. Well, I knew that Bob meant to make me a handsome Christmas gift this year, and-er-perhaps add himself to it."

"But how—"

"Have you never heard of feminine intuition, dear? Consequently I just mentioned to him the fact that I am collecting turquoises. I knew by the way he changed the subject that he had taken the hint and thought it accidental."

"Oh—h; do show me—"

"He asked if I was fond of Thackeray. I said I doted on him; I'd have said I doted on white mice if he had confessed a fondness for them—I was so happy. Well, yesterday I dropped in at Alice's. I found her in the library; she seemed nervous and I stayed to find the reason."

"And did—"

"She asked if I did not consider a set of Thackeray the nicest Christmas gift a man could make to a girl—a girl he liked very much? I replied, 'Yes—if the girl had saffron hair and eyes which were located at right angles!'"

"And she—"

"She replied, Oh, she was in earnest; she knew a man who meant to give a lucky girl just such a set. Then she intimated that he intended to hint his hope that the set would soon be housed under his own roof."

"But who—"

"I said, yes, the girl was lucky if she had a genius for martyrdom; that the man who would make a girl such a gift would be the man who would expect his wife to prefer a subscription to a magazine to a new tailor-made frock and an addition to the library to a trip to Palm Beach!"

"Good! I'm glad you said—"

"I'm not myself, dear. Rob was in the next room and heard every word. Alice had helped him to select a Christmas gift for me, and when I came in she told him to wait while she met me in the library, so he could hear my cries of delight when I heard of the selection! Did you ever know such an unmitigated cat!"

"Gracious—never!" cried the girl in brown. "I didn't tell you, did I, that the gift which so delighted Alice was a set of Thackeray? Rob was there and Alice's mother stopped me in the hall, as I went out, to ask the address of the dressmaker who made Mabel's trousseau."

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'Phone Message to Santa Claus

By JOE ANDERSON NORRIS.

THE toy telephone cost the munificent sum of five cents. The little green wire just reached from the red mouth of the boy of four to his ear. It was necessary to stretch it a little for an adult. There were, of course, no wires from it going anywhere.

The gentleman sat waiting for the lady to put on her hat to go out to dinner with him. The room was lighted by a big candle in a tall brass candlestick. The boy had lighted the candle for his own amusement. The man sat in a big rocking chair near the candle, the boy in his lap, playing with the man's watch, which was large, enticing and made up largely of silver and a few baser metals.

"Do you want this watch?" he asked the boy. Then in an aside to the woman: "I've a great notion to give it to him. It won't run."

"I should say I do," exclaimed the boy.

"If you'll be good," said the man, "I'll give it to you Christmas."

"I'll be good," promised the boy.

"Well, then," said the man, "I'll bring it *myself*, or say, better let Santa Claus bring it. Where's that telephone? Here!" he said, taking up the toy instrument; "I'll just ring up Santa and tell him about it. Hello, Central. Yes. Is that you, Central? Give me 338, Iceland, please.

"Hello," called the man. "Is that you, Santa Claus? Good. How are you, Santa? That's fine. I want you to do a little something for me Christmas morning. There's a big silver watch I want a little boy to have, but I live in Brooklyn. That's too far to bring it to him Christmas morning. He lives in New York. This is what I want you to do, Santa. Stop at my place, get the watch and bring it to the little boy who lives here in New York. You will? Thank you, Santa. All right. Good-by.

"There," to the boy, as he put down the telephone, "that's settled. Are you ready?" to the woman. "Bring me my overcoat, will you, Kiddie?"

The boy sprang down from his lap and brought the overcoat, a heavyweight for his smallness. He laid it in his lap, then deliberately blew out the big candle and taking up two fingerfuls of the warm grease, smeared it on the overcoat.

"Well, look at this!" cried the man. "He has deliberately and with malice aforethought smeared grease on my new overcoat. He has ruined it. I wish you would come here and look!"

The woman ran in and turned up the gas.

"And he had promised to be good," lamented the man.

"It isn't time yet to be good," the boy maintained stoutly; "it's too long before Christmas."

The man took up the toy telephone with an air of finality.

"Is that you, Central?" he asked, sternly. "Good. Well, I wish you would ring up Santa Claus for me again, please, I wish to speak to him."

"Is this 338, Iceland? Please let me have Santa Claus again, will you? Thank you. This Santa Claus? Well, Santa, about that large silver watch I told you about a few minutes ago. The one I want you to call for in Brooklyn and bring over to New York to the boy on Fifteenth street. You needn't bother about that watch, Santa Claus. I have concluded not to give it to the boy. Why? Oh, he's bad. That's all. He does things that haven't any sense in them. Just now, after I had gone to all the trouble to call you up on the long-distance 'phone to ask you about bringing the watch, he deliberately ruined my new overcoat. Took some candle grease and smeared it with it. Yes, it is a pity. But it can't be helped. A boy must not be encouraged in such behavior."

The boy seemed to be thinking hard as he stood by, but he said nothing.

"I think," volunteered the woman, "that I can take out the grease with a hot iron. I have put one on. I will lay a blotter on the coat and the grease will come off on the blotter when I put the iron on it. Come in the kitchen and help me."

The blotter and the hot iron had the desired effect. She held the coat up to the light triumphantly.

The man carried the coat to the door of the music room in which the tragedy had occurred, says the New York Press. They stopped at the door, for the boy's voice had come to them softly. He stood at the table, the toy telephone to his ear.

"Is this you, Central?" he asked, wistfully, "Yes. Good! Will you give me 338, Iceland, if you please. Thank you, Central."

"Isn't he polite?" the woman whispered to the man.

"Is that you Santa Claus?" asked the boy at the telephone. "Good! Well, Santa, I'd like to tell you that you needn't pay any attention to the last message the man from Brooklyn sent you about that silver watch. They've got the grease out of the overcoat."

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LITTLE GIFTS THAT MAY BE MADE AT SMALL EXPENSE.

A Miniature Work Box, Rose Pin Cushion and Other Things That Will Prove Acceptable to Many.

Most of us have begun to think in earnest about our Christmas giving, and every woman who enjoys fashioning her own gifts is on the lookout for attractive little things that come within the limits of her purse and her needlework ability.

The designs here pictured and described are all easily made, and have the further recommendations of daintiness, inexpensiveness and utility.

Traveling Work-Box.

The miniature work-box is a splendid contrivance to put in one's traveling bag. But four inches long, there is, nevertheless, room for a tiny pair of scissors, thimble, an emery, needles, pins, roll of linen tape, card of darning cotton, two small wood shuttles of thread, hooks and eyes and a few buttons. For the case pretty ribbon should be selected, a trifle less than two inches wide. Cardboard, ribbon-covered, does duty for the two sides, which are neatly overcast to



Miniature Work-Box.

the single strip of ribbon forming the bottom and ends, and extending out further into two flaps. To one of these are tacked two or three flannel leaves for pins and needles. The other is for tying over the top with narrow ribbon, and serves as a cover.

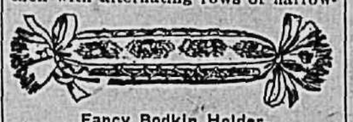
Rose Pin Cushion.

For the rose pin cushion, buy, or make, a small foundation—the one in the illustration is two inches wide by three high—and use two-inch pink satin ribbon for the covering. The petals of the two little roses at the top are formed loops, knotted once, of slightly narrower double-faced satin ribbon. Yellow artificial centers are used, and either a bit of green foliage or a bow of pink ribbon completes the gift. An additional touch is given by placing a few fancy-headed pins on the cushion.



Bodkin Holder.

For the fancy bodkin holder, cover a small cotton roll with ribbons and then with alternating rows of narrow-



Fancy Bodkin Holder.

est insertion and beading. Tie a bow of ribbon at each end, and put a bodkin through each strip of beading.

A Thread-Holder.

For the thread-holder cut two hearts of pasteboard, making tiny slits, or eyelets, through which narrow ribbon may be run to hold the spools in place. Cover the shapes with silk or linen, buttonholing the slits. A spool of black silk, and one each of black and white cotton make a good combination.

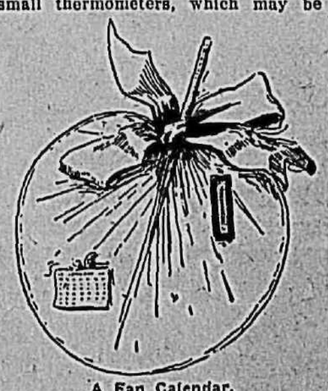


M. H.

WITH PALM LEAF FANS.

Make Pretty Decoration for Sewing-room or Bedroom.

A very inexpensive thing to do if one has a large number of friends whom she wishes to remember, and does not mind giving them the same things, would be to buy one or two dozen calendars—just the little 12-sheet ones—and the same number of small thermometers, which may be



A Fan Calendar.

had for five cents each. Tack a calendar to the lower left-hand side of a palm leaf fan; to the upper right-hand side fasten a thermometer, and tie a good bow of corn-colored ribbon to the handle, up against the fan. This makes a pretty and really useful adornment for a bedroom or sewing-room.

Time Needed.

"Going to lunch now? Why, it's only 11 o'clock."

"Well?"

"Well, surely you're not hungry so early as all this."

"No; but I will be by the time the waiter condescends to serve me."



DRESSING THE CHRISTMAS DOLL.

A Shepherd's Christmas

By Temple Bailey

(Copyright, 1907, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

THE boy's lantern glowed like a will-o'-the-wisp as he came down the dark mountain path to the little church. Soon other lanterns joined his, and now and then the flickering lights played on the bright dress of a girl or the eager face of a child, but for the most part the shadowy figures gave no hint of race or degree, until at last the little crowd gathered into a poorly lighted room, where the flare of an oil lamp showed a motley gathering of country people.

As the boy slouched toward a seat a girl stopped him. She wore a pink knitted hood, and her cheeks rivaled the color of her head-covering.

"Merry Chris'mus," she said, and gave him a coquettish glance from her bright eyes as he returned her greeting.

The boy walked by her side a little awkwardly, but unafraid. He was 19, and he lived on the hills. It was the time for love, and the girl was his chosen mate. After the festivities they would go up the dark path together, and he would kiss her at the door of her father's cabin, and that would be their betrothal.

They sat together on the front bench and read from the same hymn book. The boy sang softly. He would not let out his voice in the little room; it was only on the mountain top that the deep tones rang like a bell as he chanted a wild song to his sheep.

The thought of the sheep brought uneasiness. Up there on the mountain his flock lay waiting for him to come and open to them the shelter of their shed, but the temptation to go a-pleasuring had been great, and the smile of the pink-cheeked girl, the music, the lights, the companionship, had lured him from the lonely watch under the stars.

Then the girl whispered to him, and he forgot care, until a little later an outer door opened, and a man stepped in, his shoulders white with glistening flakes.

"It's snowin'," said the boy.

The girl nodded, but kept her eyes on the stage, where four small girls recited a Christmas poem in unison.

Again the boy's thoughts flew to the mountain, where the snow was blowing and curling and drifting against a closed door, and where the patient flock, nose to nose and body to body for warmth, bleated for the shepherd who did not come.

At last he moved restlessly. "I've got to go," he said.

"No, you hain't," her voice pleaded.

"It's a fearful storm," he whispered. "Hear the wind, an' the sheep are out."

"They hain't a-goin' to hurt," she whispered back, "an' you got to go home with me."

"Your pap's here," he said.

"If you don't stay," and now she threatened querulously, "if you don't stay, I'll go home with Jed."

The boy looked at her, at her rosred cheeks, at her blue eyes, at the thin line of her scarlet lips. "But the sheep," he said, uncertainly.

The new minister was speaking enthusiastically, yearning to move this lethargic people. The boy listened with face alight. Through the long hours of his childhood he had sat in the sunshine and dreamed of great deeds. With the awakened impulses of youth, he had tramped the forests and wondered what life meant to the men who were not of the mountains. And now he knew, for the minister was voicing the doctrine of endeavor. It was not emotion that made the world better, but energy; one must not only dream, but one must do. The great men were those who were faithful in the little things.

"Remember that to-night we make merry," he said, finally, "but in the year to come we must work—work for the souls that are within the fold; and as the shepherd cares for his sheep, so must we care for those who are astray."

"As the shepherd cares for his sheep." The words struck the boy with the force of a blow. He half rose in his seat, but the girl reached out a restraining hand.

"Stay," she commanded, but the boy looked at her with unseeing eyes.

"I go to find my sheep," he said, and left her.

He found them in a close gray bunch against the shed. The wind howled around them, and the snow piled over them, and those that were nearest the door stumbled in stiffly when the boy unlocked it.

Inside was a rude fireplace, and wood was piled beside it. The boy built a great fire, and the flock, retreating before the blaze, lay down on the trodden straw with soft sounds of content. Then the boy brought in two weak ewes, and laid them close to the flames, and watched them anxiously until they revived and staggered back to their fellows.

For a long time after that the boy sat in front of the fire and thought of the girl. She would go home with his rival, and they would part at the door. The boy's face flushed and his hand clenched as he thought of the parting. Would she—

He rose and went to the door, and flung it open. Outside the stars were blotted out, the wind raged and the snow whirled. He felt as if between him and the girl there was the barrier of an unknown world. He had done his duty, and she had not understood.

He went in and laid down in front of the fire, with his great coat drawn over him.

"Let her go, let her go," sang the roaring flame. "Let her go, let her go," raged the the wind outside. Then came the soft consolation from within. "You cared for the sheep, you cared for the sheep."

And so he fell asleep and was comforted, but his cheeks were wet.

In the morning he broke a path down the mountain. The sun shone and the sky was blue and the world sparkled after the storm. When he reached a certain clearing he stopped and looked over the glistening expause toward the girl's house. Suddenly his eye was caught by a flash of pink. Through that white, white world the girl was coming to meet him.

As she came up, he put out both hands and took her smaller ones in his. "I had to go," he said.

The girl felt a new dignity in his manner. She blushed and trembled, then her lips quivered. "I went home with pap," she sobbed, her cheek against his coat.

Into his face came all the tenderness of awakened manhood; his rough fingers laid back a little curl that blew about her white temple, his voice thrilled.

"I'm glad you didn't go home with Jed," he said, simply, "an' that you knew just how I was a-feelin'."

She did not know, would never know, what that night had meant to him, for it is not given to such women to touch the depths of a man's soul experience; but she knew love, and so he missed nothing, as in the stillness of the perfect Christmas morning she raised her radiant face to his.

PRETTY WASTE BAGS

MAKE ATTRACTIVE AND ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

They Are Easily Made and Cost but a Trifle—Nice for Den, Library, or the Bedroom.

A variety of bags, suitable for Christmas gifts, may be fashioned from the pretty Bulgarian cloths, figured cretonnes and plain tickings, which are found at art needlework shops and at most of the dry goods stores.



FIG. 1.

Hanging waste bags are among the newest ideas and are particularly appropriate for the den, library or bedroom. Some especially attractive designs are patterned after Japanese lanterns.

Figure 1 shows one of these lantern bags, made from plain material, with printed cretonne in Japanese design appliqued. For the bottom of the bag a square pasteboard or light wooden box cover may be utilized as a foundation, over which black silk or satin is neatly sewed. The top square corresponds in size, and if the bag is desired for darning, a cover, fastened to one edge, may be added. The four sides of the bag are cut exactly alike — twelve inches high by ten wide is a good proportion—and are put together with black silk or satin binding ribbon. This ribbon is used also for edging the appliqued pieces. At opposite sides of the top are sewed two covered rings through which cord or ribbon is run.

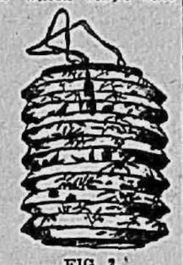


FIG. 2.

In Figure II. cut from any pretty material having some body to it a circle nine inches in diameter. Baste to its upper side (which will be inside of the bag) a muslin-covered pasteboard circular piece, six and a half inches in diameter. The two are fastened together by stitching narrow black binding ribbon on the right side along the edge of the smaller round, thus leaving an unstiffened margin of two and a half inches.



FIG. 3.

Next cut out of card board a circular pattern, making the inner diameter seven inches and the outer nine. This forms a round section two inches deep. By this pattern cut twelve sections from your material. Baste them together carefully, edge to edge, stitching black binding ribbon around the outside seams and white around the inside. To the topmost section of the bag—which should correspond to the margin at the bottom, and hence measures two and a half inches in depth—is sewed an embroidery hoop, wound in black ribbon. Two small rings, through which black cord or ribbon is drawn, complete it.

The simplest of the lantern bags is to be found in Figure III. As a finish to the upper and lower edges use embroidery hoops wound in black, and, if desired, the bottom may be of pasteboard. Upon the plain material applique circles of fancy cretonne, edging them with black binding ribbon.



FIG. 4.

For the bag shown in Figure IV. the two sides, cut exactly alike, measure eleven inches high, and fourteen across the widest part. They are joined by a six-inch strip of material. Appliques may be put on to suit one's fancy, the usual binding ribbon being used as a finish.

PRETTY PAPER WEIGHT.

Good Way to Make Use of Kodak Prints at Christmas.

The owner of a kodak will find this a nice way to make use of prints for gifts. Get some children's toy flat-irons, in the old-fashioned shape, gild the uppers and handles, and on the face of each mount a print that will particularly appeal to the one who is to receive it, trimming off evenly at the edges. Should the print not be as 'arge as the face of the iron, trim it so the margin will be the same width all around, and gild the border also. Finish with a bow of ribbon on the handle. Of course it is intended to stand on end.—Mrs. F.

Pretty Den Clock.

A pretty clock for a den or carriage is made of a narrow strip of leather pointed at the top and fringed across the bottom. A simple conventional design may be stenciled on the leather. A second piece of leather is fitted to the lower part of the strip and laced with a narrow strip of leather to hold it firm. This forms a pocket for the cheap nickel watch that is to do the work. This is held in place by a leather lacing run under the watch and through the two strips of leather.

Their Christmas Surprise

"THIS year," said Cartwright firmly, "there are going to be no Christmas surprises in my happy home—none of those pleasant little attempts at playing Santa Claus which begin with suspense and effort and end in mortification and disappointment. I am going to take my wife down town and let her pick out anything she wants within the limit of my spending capacity, and then I'm going to let her take me around and fix me up with a pair of embroidered suspenders or gold cuff links or any old thing she likes and that will make her happy. Neither of us has quite got over the effects of the last holiday season yet.

Such a system, it seemed to me, would be far more practical than the miscellaneous guessing. We had been doing with such decidedly poor results.

"You see, we had been married just long enough last Christmas to wear out our first installment of furniture, and most of our wedding gifts. Things were looking a little shabby around the house, so we both agreed that in selecting our little remembrances for one another we ought to confine ourselves to something which would be mutually useful and attractive. Both of us had been secretly longing for a Morris chair, one of those new mission things with big leather cushions that swallow you up in a delirium of comfort. Mrs. C. wanted it for the beauty of the library and her afternoon siestas and I wanted it for evening recreation. We also needed new portieres, a new rug, a lamp globe and dozens of other things to make our happy home "the complete house beautiful," but we were satisfied always to buy such things one at a time, and to get what we wanted at any price.

"Months before the Christmas season I began putting by a little sum weekly, with the Morris chair in mind. Two weeks before the 25th I went down to a dealer's to look at chairs. I had been looking casually for weeks before, but it was not until I came upon this particular shop that I discovered what I wanted. It was a beauty in the darkest and finest of weathered oak, with all attachments and a pair of fat, greeny-brown leather cushions that fairly felt like pipe dreams, laced with leather strappings and tied to the woodwork with thongs. The minute I saw the chair I knew it was for me; but the price was rather staggering. The dealer wanted $95 for it at first, and when I had got him down to $80, he acted as though he thought he were giving the thing away. I thought it best to hold out a little, so I merely requested that he give me a day's option on the chair, and paid a small deposit for the privilege.

Meanwhile my wife had been saving every penny, cutting down on the grocery bill and keeping me on cheap meats with Christmas in view. It seems that she, too, had a Morris chair on the brain. On the afternoon of the same day on which I discovered my prize, she strolled into the same shop. The first sight of the chair was enough for her, and she offered to buy it on the spot. The dealer was inconsolable. He had sold the chair, he believed, at least he had given a gentleman an option on it, and the gentleman had paid a deposit, but if madam would leave her name something might be done.

When my wife spelled out her cognomen for him he lifted his eyebrows in astonishment. That was exactly the name and those were the initials of the gentleman who had already spoken for the chair. My wife thought for a moment. Then she controlled her emotions and merely remarked that such coincidences were quite common, and walked out without leaving her address.

"Next day I hied me to the dealer's quickly prepared to leave my order for the chair. But the dealer did not seem half so inclined to sell. A lady had been there it seems—a lady of my own name, with the same initials—odd, was it not?—who was willing to give the full price for the article. Then it was my turn to think. On the whole, I decided I did not want the chair after all. If Ellen wanted to buy it, I'd let her have that pleasure. The man seemed glad to give me back my deposit and that was the last I saw of that Morris chair.

"Christmas morning we both fussed about the house expectantly. I wondered where on earth Ellen was keeping my Morris chair. After breakfast I unloaded a pair of green portieres I had bought for her. As the wrappings came off I saw her face fall. Then she went over to a corner and produced an exactly similar bundle and unrolled another pair of green portieres—for me.

"'B-but,' I stammered. 'I thought you bought a Morris chair!'

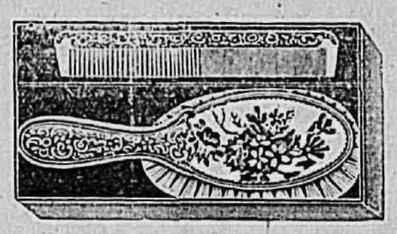
"'I! O John, didn't you buy it after all?'

"And then, in the light of our understanding, we wept on one another's shoulders."

OVERTON'S

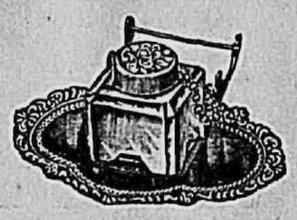
Drug Store





A MERRY XMAS





COME AND SELECT YOUR HOLIDAY GIFTS EARLY



WE HAVE A COMPLETE LINE OF

PERFUME	PIPES
CHINA	BOX CANDY
BOX PAPER	BRUSH SETS
POSTAL ALBUMS	GAMES
SMOKERS' SETS	CIGARS



AND



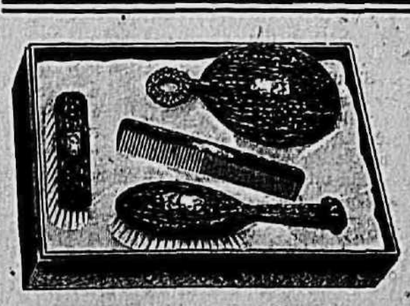
TOYS



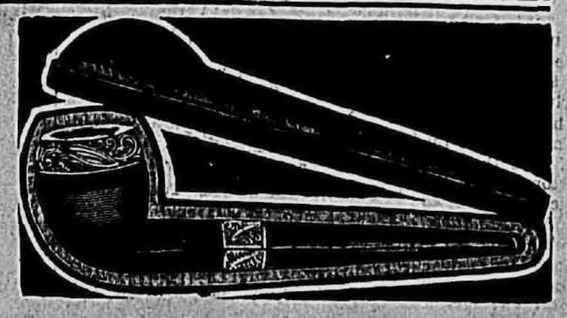
A COMPLETE LINE OF

Christmas Postals and Xmas Cards

Our stock of Chinaware is large, but as we have no room to carry over any surplus stock the price has been reduced to the very lowest.



CALL AND INSPECT OUR HOLIDAY LINE



B. H. OVERTON

AOTIOCH — ILLINOIS

The Transformation of Old Nick

By S. E. KISER.

OLD NICK BRADSHAW was the richest man in Jonesburg, and for 30 years he had also been the most hated. There was a tradition that a girl whom he was to have married one Christmas day had eloped with another man a few hours before the time set for the wedding. Whether the story was true or not Old Nick, as everybody called him, had become a recluse. Nobody ever had a kind word for him.

It had long been agreed that the death of Old Nick would be the luckiest think which could happen to Jonesburg, wherefore there was general surprise when it was announced one year that Nicholas Bradshaw intended to have a Christmas tree for all the children in the town and that he would on the great day give a dinner to the people.

Three weeks before Christmas he began his preparations. He rented the biggest hall in the place, had an immense evergreen tree set up in it, and hired carpenters to fill it with long tables. The people could hardly believe that their eyes did not deceive them when they saw him getting things ready.

He made many mysterious visits to



The Christmas Tree Loomed Before Them.

the great city in which the Jonesburg merchants bought their goods, and he always returned bearing many boxes and packages. Sometimes they were too big or too numerous to be carried by him, and he hired expressmen to take them to the hall, while the people stood on the sidewalks and made regretful remarks about the way they had wronged Mr. Bradshaw, or insisted that they had suspected all along that beneath a stern exterior he possessed a kind heart.

After the tree and the tables had been set up nobody but Old Nick himself was permitted to enter the hall. He explained that he wanted every one to be surprised. He carried the boxes and packages up the stairs alone, and he had the windows carefully curtained, so that nobody could see from the outside what was being done within.

On the day before Christmas the last assignment of Nicholas Bradshaw's boxes and packages arrived from the city. There was a wagonload of them, and the excitement of the people as they saw them being transferred from the railway station to the hall where the feast was to be held became intense. Old Nick saw the wonder in the faces of the citizens, and he smiled with keen satisfaction. The day was very cold, but he apparently was oblivious of the fact. The people said it was the warmth of his heart that kept him from feeling the bite of the icy winds.

Christmas day dawned clear, and the town was astir earlier than usual. Expectancy was on tiptoe. The hall was to be opened at 12:30 sharp, so that people who wished to go to church could do so and still be in time for the beginning of the ceremonies over which Old Nick was to preside.

The crowd began to assemble an hour before the time set for the opening of the doors. People danced on the sidewalk, slapped their hands against themselves to keep from freezing, and every little while there were cheers for Mr. Bradshaw.

At last the hands on the courthouse clock indicated that it was 12:30, and then one of Old Nick's hired men appeared with the key to the door of the big hall. With a wild rush and a loud whoop the people crowded inside and hurried upstairs. The Christmas tree loomed gloriously before them. Its branches were laden with packages all neatly tied with ribbons and each bearing a card on which was written the name of the person who was to receive it. The tables were set and ready for the feasters. There were big brown turkeys with drumsticks pointing upward; there were huge cakes, there were filled wineglasses at the plates, and there were many vases with bright-colored flowers.

But it was quickly discovered that the turkeys were made of papier-mache, such as are used in make-believe banquets on the stage; the cakes were nothing but painted blocks of wood, the wineglasses contained only vinegar, and the flowers were artificial. When the packages that had been cut from the tree were opened they were found to be filled with sawdust, except that in each of them was a slip of paper such as lay beside each of the plates and on which was printed this statement:

"I have for a long time believed that the people of this town celebrated Christmas, not for the purpose of exhibiting the true Christmas spirit, but simply to outdo one another in making a big show. If you are true to the faith you possess you will forgive me for what I have done and thank me for teaching you a valuable lesson. It is not what you give or what you receive, but the spirit in which it is given and received. I give you all these things with the heartiest good wishes and with the hope that joy will be yours in fullest measure. How will you receive them? NICHOLAS BRADSHAW."

For a moment there was painful silence. Then the Baptist minister mounted a chair and said:

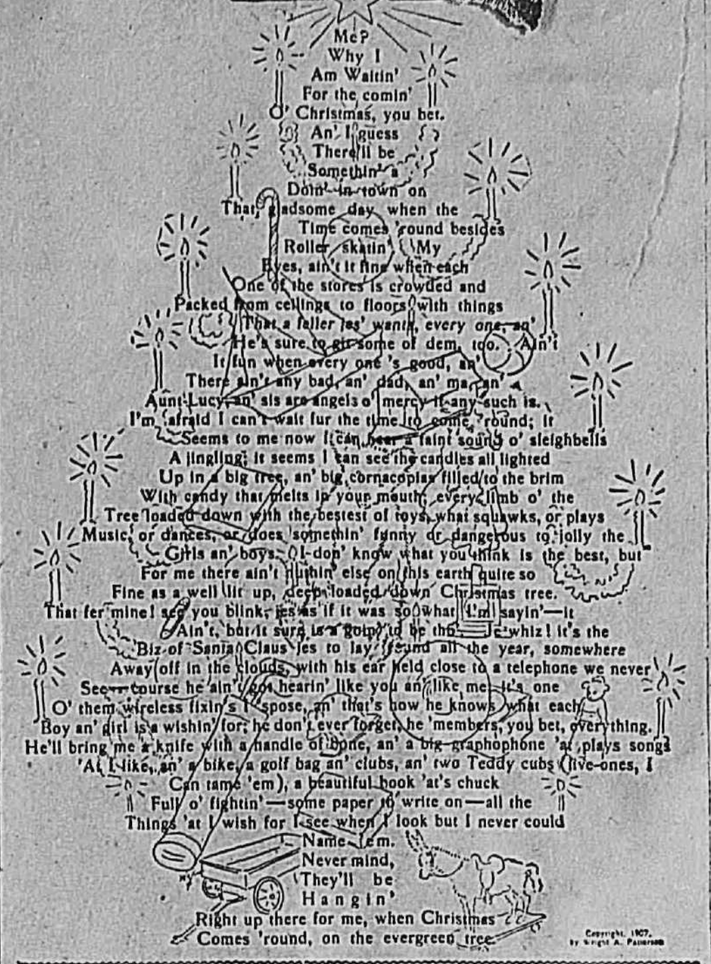
"I think Mr. Bradshaw has, as he says, taught us a profitable lesson. We have been drifting away from the true Christian faith. We have made Christmas a time not of joy but of dread to the people who have to pay the bills. We give not for the joy of giving, but with the hope of receiving something just as good in return. I propose a vote of thanks to Mr. Bradshaw for opening our eyes."

Some of the children and a few of the women were inclined to be sullen, but the vote of thanks was given with a good deal of enthusiasm, and then Old Nick opened the door of an adjoining room which was filled with real things to eat and fine presents for all the people, and when everybody was seated and the feast was at its height he stood up, saying in tones that were rather husky:

"Friends, I have for a good many years been a skeptic. I have not believed in God and I have regarded all people as being inherently mean and selfish. You have shown me that I was mistaken. My old faith has come back to me; you have made me the happiest man in the world. God bless you all."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Christmas Tree

BY CHARLES EUGENE



Copyright, 1907, by Wright A. Patterson

Greeting

May He, whose star shone bright and clear
To guide the wise men on their way,
Be thy sure refuge, ever near
To help, to comfort, night and day.

The spirit of Christmas! What is the spirit of Christmas? Is it the generous spirit, the spirit of giving? Yes, but that is not all. There will be millions of gifts made between now and the new year, and they will not all express the Christmas spirit. Some will be made out of pockets of plenty and thus entail no personal service; some will be made under compulsion of supposed necessity. How many people give things at this time because they think they must. They must give to those who, they hope or fear, will give to them. It is almost unfortunate that giving and taking has become such a feature of our Christmas celebration because the mere gift is incapable of expressing the spirit of this occasion, and the occasion itself has become a burden to many because it has been so much abused. It is not by giving lavishly that we honor Christ, whose birth we celebrate, but by sharing unselfishly every good thing we possess. This puts the best things of Christmas within reach of every human life and enables every human being however poor in goods to give generously of whatever else he has. We all have much. Is money denied us, then let us give what is better, a word to cheer, a smile to awaken hope, something out of our hearts' treasure. Who would not rather get a cordial message from a friend that would express his thought and appreciation, than to get a dollar trinket? What heresy to think that we cannot express an unselfish love at Christmas time except by lavish use of money. The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of Christ. He came on a giving mission but the gift was Himself—His life! Silver and gold had He none to give, but He gave health to the diseased, sight to the blind, hope to the despairing and salvation to all who will accept it. He proved His unselfish love not only by giving but by sharing, by undergoing, not only for us but with us, all our griefs and temptations. Would we honor Christmas and enjoy it, we must not only give but give wisely. Whether it be a trinket, a watch, a picture, a book, or a cordial word and a warm grasp of the hand, let it be an expression of the giver's hearty identification with the other's interests and needs.—Ram's Horn.

Changed History of World.

The history of the world prior to Christ is a history of barbarism, cruelty and bloodshed. Read the history of Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome and you read a history of vice, degradation and crime. A history that is written in blood and iniquity. The classic Greeks and tenacious Romans worshiped a multitude of gods. Even the inhabitants of Syria had gone astray until it was declared by the prophet. Our worthy ancestors, the Teutonics, were a semibarbarous people without literature, without government, without refinement and without religion, but when they received the glad tidings of the gospel of Christ their habits were changed, their manners refined and their civilization improved. Wherever this gospel is proclaimed it is as a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

THE BELLS OF YULE

THE bells of Yule ring loud and clear
Across the threshold of the year;
The quiet moon is rising slow
Beyond the margin of the snow;
The white glint sparkles far and near.

How long have those old sounds been dear!
How long have we from youth to sear
Re-heard their rippling carol flow,—
The bells of Yule!

Old days return; old dreams appear;
Old conflicts rise of Hope and Fear;
And yet, with all, 'tis good to know
Despite Life's change of kiss and blow,
We still thank God to hear once more
The bells of Yule!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Simple Simon's Part in a Christmas Dinner

IF ANY of old Speckle's queerly assorted brood were stepchildren or only adopted she never betrayed it by even so much as an upward roll of her eye. Truth to tell, old Speckle knew as well as any one that her inclination "to set" had come at a slack egg season but the maternal instincts thrilled her, and with a touching trust in human providence she submissively turned every egg in her nest each day, and sat a week longer than any other hen would have thought compatible with her dignity.

Most of Speckle's offspring came in twins. There were two fluffy white chickens, two pert black ones, two wee striped bantams, two long legged peevish turkeys, and two perpetually hungry ducks. But when it came to the twin goslings there was only one of them. Of course, the different twins associated together and told each other their trials and joys, their fears and hopes; but the gosling was the yellow sheep of the family. He knew no troubles but his own, he wanted little, and when he found a happy hunting ground of bugs he had it all to himself. He had also a little habit of wabbling in while two chickens fought over a bug, quietly gobbling up the insect and calmly turning his back without even so much as a reminder that there no longer existed a cause for quarrelling. Others might have sharp bills to dig and fight, but he had a broad one to grasp and retain. In his independent, happy-go-lucky way he waddled through the world, making strange friends, and having feather-breadth escapes known only to himself and the Martin family.

May Day dawned warm and sunny. Worms had fairly wriggled themselves into the goslings mouth that morning, and he felt more than content as he squatted in the sun on the back kitchen step. Suddenly, in turning his head to the left, he spied a tempting red object peeping up from a great, round, whitish looking surface. The gosling made a dash, and splash! he went under the shining white surface. He had that red bit, however, and as he swallowed it he instinctively struck out with his legs. What a delightful sensation the gosling had then. He seemed born for paddling, and as he paddled he kept bobbing his head down into the white substance and fetching up the most appetizing things. Evidently the world had been made for nothing except gobbling and paddling.

By and by he began to feel tired. He determined to jump out on the steps again, but strange to say all his jumps turned to paddles. He couldn't seem to get over a hard, brown object next to the steps. He decided to try no more but just to sit still, so he doubled his short legs up under him and floated. After a while he felt himself sinking, but he paddled twice or thrice and got up again. Still it was pleasanter to drift, so he rested once more. Lower and lower he sank. Strange odors floated up around him. Drowsiness besieged him. Not much except his head was now above surface, but somehow, as he rested his bill on that cool substance the gosling didn't care. Just then Mary Ann came out with a pan of peelings and dashed them in.

"Peep! peep!" murmured the gosling, bobbing up and down.

"La!" ejaculated Mary Ann, and ran for the shovel.

When she had shoveled him out on the grass she finished her exclamation.

"La! aint that fool goose got no more sense that to go swimmin' in the slop bucket!"

"Peep!" replied the gosling, placidly turning over on the grass in the warm sun with a deliciously filled feeling.

Lazily the summer months drifted by. One day and another "that fool goose," as every one came to designate him, figured continually before the public eye. So entirely devoid of sense did his escapades seem that the hired man named him "Simple Simon," for short.

With the coming of the snappy December days people began to think of Christmas feasts, and the farmers to look over their poultry with an eye to the markets. One frosty day when Mrs. Martin's kitchen breathed spicy odors her husband slouched in.

"I've just been looking over the poultry," he drawled. "Turkeys are awful scarce this year and prices big. I 'low mebbe we'd better sell all ourn and eat Simon for our Christmas dinner. One goose ain't any good and he eats more than any hog on the place."

"'Pears like Simon was just made to die young, anyhow," agreed Mary. "La! the *times* I've reskewed him!"

Fully a month before Christmas city people began to send out to engage one or two of Farmer Martin's well known turkeys. A week before the day Mary Ann shut up all the salable turkeys and Simon in a couple of large carriage crates which served as coops. They must have the choicest food and be ready to deliver into the hands of the many stiff-backed coachmen who came for them daily. The gobblers spread their fine young tails and grew red with indignation; but Simon took it all as philosophically as was his wont, contentedly eating more than was his share of food and on warm days wallowing in the basin of drinking water.

Soon all but two of the turkeys were carried away. One of the two, a handsome young gobbler, Col. Robertson and his grandson would call for on Thursday. Proudly and stiffly the young turkey strutted up and down the now roomy cage, and gobbled his protest from morning till night at the top of his voice. Simon lay at his ease in the basin and blinked at his irate companion as if the air around him did not fairly reek with garlic. Whenever the turkey came too near in his swollen pride it was only necessary for Simon to open his mouth and extend his tongue.

At last the Colonel came for his turkey and bore him away, still protesting volubly. Only Simon and an undersized hen turkey remained.

"It ain't much of a turkey, that's a fact,' acknowledged Farmer Martin as he and Mary Ann passed the pen Friday evening.

"She ain't worth much. Wouldn't you ruther I'd kill her than Simon to-



The Thief Threw Himself Over.

morrow?" tentatively queried Mary Ann, with her eyes on Simon, who ran to the bars to see if more food was forthcoming.

"Goose is good enough for me, and Simon ain't no money value. Mebbe that turkey will fatten up 'gainst spring and make a right respectable mother hen," replied Farmer Martin.

"She's not likely to unless she makes a better fight for her victuals," Mary Ann returned. "Pears like Simon gets most of 'em in spite of all I can do. He's sich a fool he don't know when he's got enough. Most seems a pity to kill such a silly critter."

That night Mary Ann had everything in readiness for the morrow, planning to rise early and prepare Simon before breakfast, for even Mary acknowledged that a goose is hard to dress.

About four o'clock in the morning she was aroused by an unearthly quacking and hissing. Hastily throwing a quilt around her shoulders and plunging into her shoes, she rushed to the chicken yard. A man fled toward the fence with a bloody turkey in one hand.

"Drop that, drop that!" yelled Mary Ann, hurling the cloths stick at him and bearing down upon him at full speed as he neared the barbed wire fence.

The thief threw himself over, but his trousers and a turkey wing caught on a barb. Gaunt Mary Ann, in her motley quilt, loomed up before him, armed with a chicken trough. With a desperate wrench he freed himself, but he lost his prize.

Mary Ann grabbed up the turkey. Its head had been wrung off. She ran frantically to the coop. It had been overturned.

"He's stole Simon, he's stole Simon!" wailed Mary Ann as Farmer Martin appeared, hitching up his trousers.

Suddenly a familiar sound smote her ear. Glancing up, she caught a glimpse of Simon quacking merrily and waddling rapidly through the rusty weeds in the direction of the corn pen.

"Well, I reckon we'd better have turkey for Christmas after all. Ain't no use of losin' two fowls," said Farmer Martin, after relieving his feelings.

"La!" muttered Mary Ann, as she watched Simon blissfully quacking and gobbling in the middle of the corn pen. "I do believe Simon ain't such a fool after all."—N. Y. Herald.

Christmas Superstitions.

There are many Christmas superstitions long held as articles of faith that are to be recalled, says Country Life. How that oxen kneel in their stalls at midnight on Christmas eve, in adoration of the Nativity, and for one hour have the power of speech—for that one hour, too, the lost spirits have rest. Judas sleeps, Herod ceases to clank his chains, the daughter of Herodias may pause in the dance, in which she is condemned to spin forever, and Pilate's ghost ceases its wanderings on Mount Pilatus. It was believed, too, that the sound of church bells could be heard wherever a church had stood, though [illegible] mained, and that, on that night, one sleeping in a manger [illegible] see his future in a vision.

WILLIAM KEULMAN

"The Jeweler" — — — ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS

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Come in and see my Christmas and New Year Post Cards. New Name Cards just received.

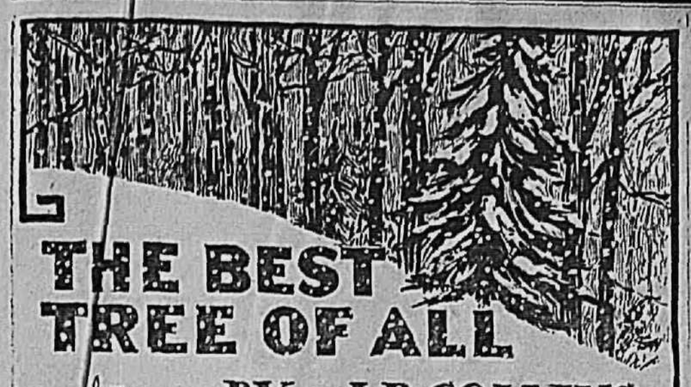
I have on hand several makes of Mantle and Kitchen Clocks, Regulators and Alarm Clocks; also different styles of gold plated and fancy Clocks.

WILLIAM KEULMAN

"The Jeweler" — — — — ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS

THE BEST TREE OF ALL

BY J.P. COLLINS



'E winter's night when the snow lay deep, And the earth beneath it was fast asleep, And the dormice were snuggled all cosy and warm From the hurry-go-hullabaloo of the storm, A droopledy Tree on the edge of a hill, That shivered so hard he couldn't keep still, Nursed grumblesome thoughts in his silly green head Till he tumbled the flakes from his branches and said:

"Oh, what is the use of living at all, For a fellow like me who am slender and small, When even the birds say I'm feeble and bare, And the squirrels turn tail and visit elsewhere? My bandyboughed neighbors, the Holly and Oak, They put on the airs of superior folk; And to hear them a-boasting, you'd think they were kings, Because they are made into tables and things. It's the same with the Poplar, the same with the Beech, With their lofty ideas and their loftier speech; They're going to be shipmasts or something at sea, And declare there's no use for a scrubby Fir-Tree."

This was all very well, but the Woodman knew better, He chopped down the Fir-Tree and posted a letter, Saying 'oping as 'ow it deserved to be known He'd the finest young Spruce that ever was grown. So without being asked if he liked it or not, Our fidgety friend was installed in a pot That was packed to the brim with sawdust and soil, And waistcoated round with charming tinfoil.

This startling treatment was hardly complete When he found himself carted through byway and street, Till they bundled him in through a hospital door, And dumped him down in Ward Number Four. Now the sight of a bandage, the taste of a pill, And even the odours of physic make some people ill; But he grumbled no more, so beyond feeling faint, We may fairly conclude that he had no complaint. And yet he arrived with so many wraps, You'd have thought him a patient, or postman perhaps; But when he stood up in his garment so green, What a giant he looked in that singular scene!

Just think of a room with a long double row Of fifty wee cots all whiter than snow; Though at each little house in that invalid Lane There rested a Curly Head throbbing with pain. But once in a while, when the aching grew numb, Those Crippled Mites dreamt of the revels to come, Till they smiled with delight in their slumber, and then They whimpered, and turned to their slumbers again.

The Fir-Tree was tired, and sank in a doze, But was all eyes and ears when a murmur arose; He watched the Nurse bend o'er a sufferer's bed Till his wonderment grew to a whisper that said: "Why, these must be children like those who once played Through our green summer woods, and were glad of my shade; But those were all laughter, and these are all grief, And here I'm afraid my shade's no relief. Oh, what can this Pain be, that I never feel, And why should it take so much trouble to heal?" The thought was so sad that he wept, very near Or perhaps 'twas a showflake turned into a tear; To hide his distress from inquisitive sight, He was walled there and then with a curtain of white, And the strange preparations behind the scenes Fairly Weans puzzled the heads of those bed-ridden

At last there arrived one radiant day When the Medicine Men were ordered away, And rooms full of Youngsters all trooped into one, To share in the frolic and shout in the fun. There were Bobbies and Bessies, and Jennies and Jims, With the usual array of unusual limbs; There was Hobbling Harry, who limped upon crutches, And a Motor Boy bragging of brakes and of clutches." If you gave him the word he was off like a shot, A-trundling along till his wheels were red-hot; He was sent to invite the Matron and all, And was back in a trice lest the curtain should fall.

Oh, the shout that went up when the Tree came to sight, All loaded with presents and blazing with light! When one Chickabiddywink crowed in her glee,—"Oh my, what a lufferly Tissmas Tee!" For among the branches, half hidden from view, Were toys of all sorts and of every hue, And everywhere till they dazzled your eyes, There were candles as many as stars in the skies.

Oh, the toffee and trumpets and watches and chains, And packed Noah's Arks, tin engines and trains, Blue sailors, and ships that could never have sunk, And a button-eyed elephant dangling his trunk! There were chocolate puppies and whiskerful cats, And blinkable dollies and squeakable rats, A sturdy red Soldier all scarlet and brave, And a Banner so starchy it never would wave; Silver balls on elastick, gold beads on a string, Pink pigs that would grunt, bright birds on the wing, And topmost of everything shining afar, Stood a flaxen-haired Fairy Queen crowned with a star.

Then just at the height of the staring and wonder, The signal was given for presents and plunder; Each Toddler in turn got the thing he desired, And at every fresh gift a fat cracker was fired. So when all the romps and excitement were done, And the wearyworn Youngsters went off one by one, And mumbled their prayers and crept off to their beds With their treasures all cuddled close under their heads,—Why, you couldn't imagine a Fir-Tree so proud As our Friend when he thought of that happy young crowd; And he said, as they bundled him into the yard, Where the snow was adrift and the wind blowing hard,—"I am glad I was born neither Oak-Tree nor Beech, For lofty ambitions are out of my reach; But if I'd my life to live over again, I'd spend it in gladdening Children. Amen!



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His Christmas Shopping

By FRANCIS L. HAUN.

IT WAS Christmas time. The streets were crowded with people, nearly every one laden with packages.

In a large department store stood a plain looking man, a fur cap surmounted his gray hair, a knitted scarf of many colors was wound about his throat, a brown coat and heavy mittens completed his toilet.

As the crowd surged about him, a bewildering look crept into his face. A clerk approaching him, asked: "Something for you, sir?" He attempted to reply, but a more desirable customer attracted her attention and she passed on.

Presently a young lady approached, and bidding him a cordial good afternoon, asked: "Can I be of any use to you, sir?" A genial smile lighted the rugged face as he said "I take it kindly of you, lady, to help an old man. You see daughter Liza and her folks came to-day. My 'tother girl Mandy stayed home to help mother—that 'counts for my being here alone. I didn't think to have no trouble trading, but I got confused like."

"There are a great many people here," she replied. "Now suppose we begin. What shall we start our list with?"

"Let's begin with mother," eagerly replied the old man. "A spell ago, Ell, our cat, broke her best preserve dish and I calculate she'd be pleased with another."

Th pencil moved rapidly. Then as she looked up, he said: "Mother thought a fine table cloth for Liza, her little boy Samuel must have some toys, and her husband is a great hand for reading, he must have some books; but you see, lady, I don't know much of reading matter, so will you pick 'em out?"

"Then there's Mandy, she's keeping steady company; he's to work in the city. He's coming to-morrow, so mother said to get her something to fix up the parlor with. Mebbe a silk spread to put on the marble top table, I don't know what else. Can't you think of something?"

"I certainly can," she replied.

"Well, that's about all, except the things for Baby Belle."

"Your grandchild?" questioned the lady.

"No, ma'am," he replied, "you see, last year just as the meeting house bell was ringing in Christmas, she came and her mother, our neighbor, went.

"The next morning early I drove over. Mother called me into the hall. "Samuel," says she, "there are four motherless ones besides the baby. If only she had gone, too.'

"'Nancy, God knows best,' says I. 'He always does,' says she. 'But I've been thinking, here we be not so dreadful old, hale and hearty; Liza is married; Mandy's keeping company. Soon we'll be alone on the farm. Now why can't we take the little one?'

"We called her Belle, for she came when the Christmas bells were ringing.

As he finished the lady's eyes were dim. "How beautiful in you," she said. "What shall we get for the dear baby?"

"I was thinking that a doll baby and some picture blocks; then we must have a little bonnet and coat, for she does enjoy going around with us."

Quickly the afternoon wore on; the last purchases were made, and quietly the lady added a large box of candy, and a bunch of holly to the well filled basket.

As the old farmer took the basket on his arm, the lady asked: "Where is your gift, Mr. Burt?"

"Bless your heart," he replied, "I don't want nothin'. I got a pound of tobaccy up the street; it will be fun enough for me to see the folks pleased."

Taking the tiny gloved hand in his mittened one, he said: "Thank you kindly for all the trouble you have taken for the old man. God bless you, dear lady. A merry Christmas to you."

It was nearing midnight. In a mansion in a richly furnished room sat a lady in evening dress. A gas log sparkled upon the hearth, and leaning against the holly banked mantle, a man looked lovingly down upon the sweet face.

"Just think," she is saying. "The dear old man didn't desire the slightest thing for himself, so I slipped a box of cigars addressed to him into the basket. He certainly was one of nature's noblemen.

"Listen, Harry, there are the chimes. Merry Christmas."

The same stars shine kindly down upon the quaint farm house. In the plain sitting-room in a wooden cradle the Xmas Belle slumbers sweetly.

Just then the cracked bell in the old meeting house rang out a joyous peal.

Drawing his wife to him, he pressed his lips to her wrinkled forehead, saying: "Merry Christmas, mother."

A Christmas Eve Proposal

By ANDREW DUNCAN.

(Copyright)

WITH every desire to be temperate in my language and charitable in my thoughts, truth compels me to the statement that Nellie Putlow's youngest brother — Albert Sidney Putlow—is a boy who will one of these days come to a bad end.

To know Albert Sidney—to know him thoroughly—is an education in juvenile depravity, a lesson in tabloided fiendishness.

For very good reasons I wished to secure freedom from Albert Sidney's attentions on the evening in question. I felt, somehow, that the task of asking his sister Nellie a certain little question would not be made easier in any way by having her young brother buzzing round offering to regulate my watch or exhibiting some home-made marvel in the clockwork mouse line. Master Putlow, I may tell you, is a prodigy in a mechanical direction.

"I'll have none of him," thought I, and during the afternoon I sent round, with my best wishes for a happy Christmas, a book calculated to keep any other nine-year-old boy as quiet as an oyster till each of its 240 pages had been dog-eared as black as coal.

In the evening I called round. Nellie's father and mother were, as I expected, out on a Santa Claus excursion to their married daughter's. "Albert's at his book, I suppose?" I remarked, when I was asked into the front room.

"No," said Nellie; "he's doing something to a Waterbury watch in the back. Been busy all day. Look there," pointing to an old-fashioned clock fixed to the wall. "He unearthed that from the lumber room three days ago. It hasn't been going for ten years, and he's cleaned it, put it in order, and fixed it up as a surprise for dad. It's going splendidly."

Of course, I didn't mind a little bit about the book not claiming the boy's attention. So long as he was occupied elsewhere I was perfectly satisfied. We talked about nothing in particular for five minutes; then I braced myself for the ordeal. Nellie was in the rocker, and I on the saddlebag lounge by her side. It was then or never.

"Nellie," I whispered, glancing at my cuff, on which I had pencilled my headings. "Nellie, I have long—"

"Whirr!"

She looked up, not at me, but at the clock. "It's going to strike," she said.

"Bong!"

I decided to wait until the awful thing had finished. "Bong! bong! bong! bong! bong!" At the eighth stroke I gave a sigh of relief and started again.

"I have long—"

"Bong!" "That's one too many," said Nellie. "What were you saying?"

"Bong!"

I was losing patience with that lumber room find. It occasioned me no surprise that the clock was somewhat erratic after Master Putlow's attentions, but that is should seize just that particular time to exhibit its vagaries annoyed me. "Never mind," I thought, "it can't strike more than 12."

I had altogether underestimated its capacities. When I had counted 27 whirrs and bongs, Nellie started laughing. I walked to the door and called to Albert Sidney.

He came, bringing an odor of clock oil into the room.

"Something's the matter with that clock's striking gear," I said, with forced calmness.

"Been strikin' long?" he asked.

"That's the thirty-ninth time," I answered, as another "Bong!" set all the mantel shelf ornaments dancing.

Albert Sidney whistled. "Thought it might go like that," he grinned. "Good clocks often do. It hasn't struck for ten years, you see, and now it won't stop till it's done all its back striking."

Great Jupiter! A lightning calculation told me that, roughly speaking, 560,000 bongs were overdue. At four to the minute it would be some time in April before that awful clock was up-to-date. I'd the choice of yelling out my proposal, dodging it in between the strokes, or of waiting for a more favorable opportunity.

"I—I think I'll be going," I gasped, deciding on a postponement, and on the seventy-eighth stroke. I shook hands with Nellie, glared murder at her brother, and hurried off.

At the bottom of the stairs I stopped to shake my fist in the mechanical prodigy's direction.

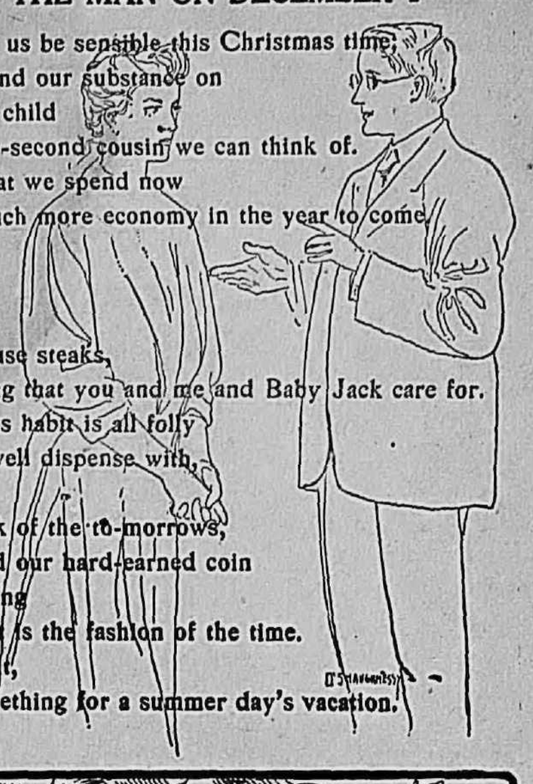
"You horrid boy!" I heard Nellie say.

A howl came from Albert Sidney. "You're as big a chump as he was to take in that tale about the thing workin' off its back strikes," he said; "I only fixed it to go like that for a lark. There! I've stopped it now. Go and call him back if you want him."

I fled. The prospect of Master Putlow as a brother-in-law was too awful.

THE SAME OLD STORY

THE MAN ON DECEMBER 1



Now wifey let us be sensible this Christmas time;
Let us not spend our substance on
Each chic and child
Of every forty-second cousin we can think of.
Each $1.98 that we spend now
Means that much more economy in the year to come.
It means
Less clothes,
Less theaters,
Less porterhouse steaks,
Less everything that you and me and Baby Jack care for.
This Christmas habit is all folly
That we can well dispense with,
And we must.
We must think of the to-morrows,
And not spend our hard-earned coin
In riotous giving
Even though it is the fashion of the time.
We'll cut it out,
And have something for a summer day's vacation.



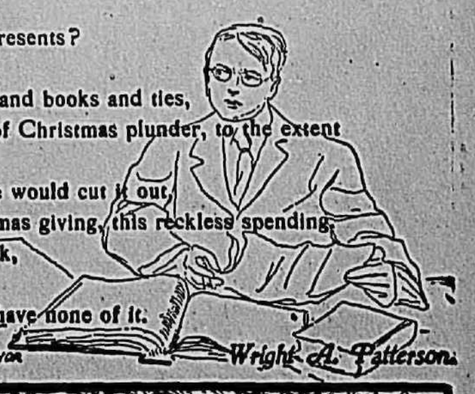
THE MAN ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

Ah! A box of cigars from dear old Will,
And just my favorite brand.
He never forgets.
And here's a top for Baby Jack from Cousin Eddie,
And a book from John's wife,
And Molly's baby sends a rattle, And Molly sends a centerpiece.
And George,
Our farmer cousin,
Sends a barrel of apples for the family.
Now look at this,
A necktie from Cousin Sarah,
And just my color too. And then she sends
A scarf to you, and pins for Baby Jack.
And still there's more,
The house is fairly littered up with Christmas remembrances.
Boxes from Joe, and Clark and Sue,
And Cousin Billy.
Did any other family ever have
So many thoughtful friends and relatives as we lay claim to?
I tell you it is good
To have folks think of us like this,
Just to know
That around this little old world of ours there's someone calls you friend;
Someone who remembers you.—We like it,
Don't we wifey?



THE MAN ON JANUARY 2

What's this!
A bill for Christmas presents?
The items, please?
Just tops, and drums, and books and ties,
And all the usual list of Christmas plunder, to the extent
Of $302.47 you say.
And I told her that we would cut it out,
This folly, this Christmas giving, this reckless spending.
Well, here's your check,
But you just bet,
Another year we will have none of it.



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Smokers' Sets Manicure Sets
Jewel Cases

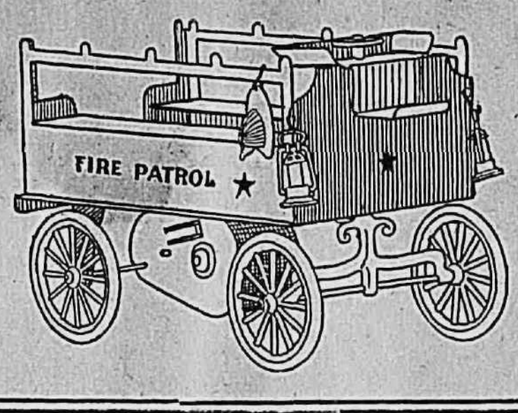


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Pompadour

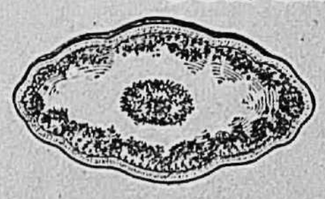
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JAMES H. SWAN

ANTIOCH - - - - - ILLINOIS



CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY — THE GROTTO OF THE MANGER

Bethlehem
THE BIRTHPLACE OF JESUS



Field of the Shepards, Bethlehem.

AT THIS season of the year, the Christian world reverently turns to the little town of Bethlehem and lovingly recalls the story of the Savior's birth as set forth in the simple yet beautiful language of the gospel narrative. In spirit let us go over to Bethlehem and view the place where Christ the Lord was born.

Bethlehem is situated about six miles south of Jerusalem. Starting from Jerusalem by the Jaffa gate, the journey is over a rough and hilly country road amid scenes that awaken in the mind reverent memories and fill the soul with loving emotions. Along this very road Christ often walked, and here and there at different turns of the road are places associated with some interesting and stirring event in the history of the people of Israel. On the west, is the Gihon valley, where Solomon was crowned and on the south-east is the valley of Hinnom, where nearby, in the field of Rephaim, King David defeated the Philistines.

But a short distance from King David's well Bethlehem greets the eye. There on a high hill it stands, with its closely clustered houses of white stone, its massive walls and towers looming forth in the brightness of the morning sun, while below is a rich valley with its green grass, olive trees and vineyards reaching up in terraces to the summit of the hill.

Charm of Bethlehem.

A mysterious charm seems to hang over the town as one looks at it from this point and reflects that this is Bethlehem, where Ruth and Boaz lived and loved, where Jesse and David lived, and where Christ, the son of God was born. What a feeling of joy comes over one as drawing nearer to the town he passes through this lovely little valley covered with olive trees and green grass, and is shown "the field of the shepherds" where the angels appeared to the lowly shepherds on the first Christmas night and announced to them the glad tidings of the Savior's birth. Leaving the roadside and crossing over to "the field of the shepherds" one looks about the peaceful valley and beholds sheep feeding there upon the grassy slopes and youthful shepherds still watching their flocks as the shepherds did in the time of Christ.

Near the field of the shepherds is the field of Boaz, where Ruth went forth to glean and where Boaz fell in love with her. It was from this union of Boaz and Ruth that the ancestors of David and Christ sprung. With the mind thus awakened by these historic spots, one journeys along to the gateway leading into the town.

Bethlehem has about 6,000 inhabitants. The streets are narrow, poorly paved, with scarcely a level stretch anywhere, while low-sized houses of stone line both sides of the streets. The lower floor of many of the houses is used for a booth or workshop, where natives are principally engaged in making rosaries or trinkets of pearl, coral and olive wood.

The inhabitants are for the most part Christians. They are bright appearing, neatly dressed and more favorably impress one than the people of Jerusalem. It is said that the blood of the crusaders flows in the veins of many of the inhabitants.

The Cave in the Rock.

Passing through the narrow streets we finally come to the church of the Nativity.

It was here that the inn stood where Mary and Joseph, footsore and weary, after their long journey, sought for lodgings' but "there was no room for them." They were obliged to seek elsewhere for some resting place. The chalk-hills of Judea are honey-combed with innumerable caves. One of these excavations, close by the inn, was used as a shelter for such beasts as the stables of the inn could not accommodate. Mary and Joseph were obliged to take shelter in this grotto. Here, amid the straw which served as bedding for the beasts, far from all assistance, on a cold winter's night, Mary, the virgin mother, gave birth to the infant Savior.

This cave is established beyond all doubt as the place where Christ was born. From the earliest times Christians have always kept sacred this particular spot. St. Justin, martyr born in Palestine about 100 years after Christ, speaks of this cave, and the pagan philosopher Celsus, writing A. D. 150, also knew of it. The emperor Hadrian, about 137 A. D., in order to keep the Christians away from it, erected a statue of Adonis there and established idol worship in the cavern.

The emperor Constantine removed the idol and erected over the cave a church about 330 A. D. At different periods since then the church has been rebuilt, enlarged and renovated, until we find the present structure, with its different sections belonging to the Latin, Greek and Armenian rites. The courtyard leading to the church is paved with large square stones and on the side are the ruins of old columns where the former atrium of thet basilica stood. This courtyard is frequently used as a market place where the natives gather to sell their wares.

Looks Like Fortress.

The outside of the church looks like a fortress with its high stone walls.

A little door leads into the church, which is divided into three sections, belonging to the Latins, Greeks and Armenians. The first section of the church is the Greek Basilica. Here two rows of marble pillars support the roof and divide the nave into two aisles. These pillars are said to have been taken from the temple of Solomon. Along the walls are traces of ancient mosaics.

There are two entrances leading to the grotto, one by a marble staircase near the choir in the Greek section of the church, and the other from the Latin section, which is known as the church of St. Catherine.

Some few years ago this church of St. Catherine was enlarged and handsomely fitted up by the emperor of Austria.

Descending the grotto, one is reminded of the catacombs in passing, with lighted tapers, through this dark and winding cave to the various shrines and tombs hewn out of the sides.

Grotto in Limestone.

The grotto is formed in a ridge of soft limestone and is 39 feet long and from ten to twelve feet wide. It is paved with stone flags, and the walls are covered with white marble.

Turning to the right we enter a passageway to the altar of St. Eusebius of Cremona, which is built over his tomb. He was a friend of St. Jerome, and came to aid him in the founding of a monastery at Bethlehem. He afterward became the superior of it, and died in 422 A. D.

We next come to the chapel of the Tombs.

On the east side is an altar, beneath which are the tombs of St. Paula and St. Eustochium, her daughter. They were descendants of the Gracci and Scipios, and had come to Bethlehem to devote themselves to the service of God. They distributed their wealth to the poor, aided St. Jerome to build monasteries, and studied the holy scriptures under him.

In the west wall of this chapel is the tomb of St. Jerome, where an altar is also erected above his resting place. Near by is a small room known as the oratory of St. Jerome. Here the saint spent his declining years in prayer and the study of the scriptures.

Retracing our steps to the entrance of this chapel of Tombs, we come next to the altar of the Innocents. Tradition relates that here many of the mothers of Bethlehem hid themselves from the soldiers of Herod, but were discovered and their children slain. Continuing along, we are shown a small altar known as the chapel of St. Joseph, which commemorates the place where St. Joseph was warned in a dream to flee into Egypt. Over the altar is an oil painting representing the flight into Egypt.

Chapel in the Manger.

Passing through a narrow doorway, we observe a round hole in the ground, where, tradition states, a miraculous fountain burst forth for the use of the Holy Family. From here we now enter the crypt of the nativity, where golden lamps shed a soft and brilliant light upon the various shrines. With feelings of reverence and devout faith, we approach and look with wonder upon the little chapel of the Magi. Here with gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, these wise men from the east knelt and adored the new-born King. Near by is another small altar ornamented with lights and silken draperies. It is the chapel of the Manger, built upon the spot where the manger stood. Here the infant Savior, wrapt in swaddling clothes, was laid. As the genuine manger was carried to Rome, a marble one now is seen where a wax image of the infant lies upon a pallet of straw.

We turn from here to another altar more richly ornamented and draped with silk and velvet curtains. The soft rays from golden lamps above flood the shrine with a glorious light. Drawing near we see a large silver star set in the marble floor beneath the low arch of the marble altar, and with awe and wonderment read upon the pavement this inscription, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." (Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.)

How your heart leaps with joy as you find yourself at this sacred spot where Christ the Lord was born. With an irresistible impulse you fall upon your knees and prostrate in the radiance of these golden lamps, and in the quiet peace of this hallowed spot you think of that first Christmas night when Mary and Joseph sought shelter within this cave, where, her days being accomplished, she gave birth to the Savior of mankind.

Extenuating Circumstances

A Christmas Story

By ANDREW D. GRANGE.

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I.

"IT was an unpardonable liberty," said Kitty.

"The temptation—" I began.

She cut me short with an angry little frown.

"That has nothing whatever to do with it," she remarked icily.

"On the contrary," said I, "it palliates the offense, if it does not altogether excuse it. Let us consider the facts of the case. You were spending Christmas with your aunt, Mrs. Glentorridon, in the country. One evening, as you were passing along a darkened corridor, on the way to your room, you met a certain gentleman—"

"He wasn't a gentleman," she interposed quickly.

"Oh!" I exclaimed "I certainly thought that your aunt's guests—"

"He wasn't a true gentleman," she added disdainfully, "or he wouldn't have acted as he did."

"A discourteous gentleman, then—who taking advantage of the darkness, deliberately kissed you upon—"

"Don't be ridiculous!" she snapped. "I asked you to help me."

"I am endeavoring to do so," said I.

"Then do it properly!" I assumed an air of profound gravity. Kitty regarded me thoughtfully out of a corner of her deep blue eye "You see," she continued, "I don't know who it was—and—well, you know, it makes it rather awkward for me."

"Didn't you see his face?" I asked.

"No," she answered. "He came up behind, and—and it was all over in a second." She shuddered prettily. "It was quite dark," she added, "and I only saw his shirtfront. He was in evening dress, you know."



Deliberately Kissed You.

"But were there no distinguishing features, such as a shirt stud, or—a moustache?" I suggested.

"Oh, yes!" she responded quickly. "he had a moustache; and I think he was tall, because he had to bend down when —when he did it. His shirt stud was a plain gold one, I believe."

"Well," said I, "how many tall men were there in the party who possessed moustaches and plain gold shirt studs?"

"Let me see," she mused; "there was Capt. Jack Harland, Mr. Porter, and your nephew Jack."

"Jack," I said, "is quite capable of behaving in such a disgraceful manner."

"Yes," she assented, almost cheerfully; "but I don't think it was Jack. At least," she added with a bright smile, "I want you to be a dear old—I mean, a good, kind-hearted person, and find out for me."

"It shall be done!" I cried, rising both to the occasion and to take my leave.

II.

It is one thing to make a promise in all the glow of a generous moment, and another thing to keep it in the cold, practical light of after-reasoning.

However, I did the best that I could. In the first place I wrote to Jack, who was then at Harvard, and, without divulging the source of my information, stated briefly what had come to my knowledge, and asked him if he could throw any light on the matter. It was some two or three days before I received his reply which was characteristically brief and ran:

"Dearest Uncle:—I received your letter containing a vivid description of what you term the 'shameful outrage.' Now, I don't mind confessing to you that I am the culprit, because you have been young yourself (once), and know that the path of youth is strewn, etc. Besides, there were extenuating circumstances in this case. Like the decent old sort you are, make it right for me with the girl, and for ever earn the gratitude of, Your affectionate nephew, Jack Owen.

"P. S.—I don't know that I wouldn't do it again if I got the chance."

I folded the letter and sat in my armchair, staring savagely at the fire. Here had I got myself into no end of a mess, and most probably lost two good friends, at least, not to mention making myself utterly ridiculous, over this confounded business, and all the time I might have guessed who was the real offender. I wished now that I had waited before casting suspicions upon the hospitable captain and the influential Mr. Porter, both of whom would doubtless cut me dead in the future. But, alas! when a man is in my condition, he— Suddenly an idea occurred to me.

III.

Miss Mainwaring was at home. I made my way up to the dainty blue-and-white shrine in which Kitty received her most devoted worshippers.

"Ah," she exclaimed, running to meet me, "I am glad you have come!"

"Not more so than I am," I replied, pressing her hand warmly.

"Oh, heaps!" she said gaily. "I am just dying to hear the news. Have you discovered anything?"

"I have," said I, taking a seat by the teatable. "I have discovered everything."

She clapped her hands delightedly. "You dear old thing!" she cried. "I knew you would. Who was it?"

"It was that misguided nephew of mine," I announced gloomily.

For a moment I thought she was going to get up and dance round the room. Then suddenly she became grave, and the light died out of her eyes

"Oh!" she remarked, "it was Jack, was it?"

"Yes," said I, "it was Jack."

She poured out a cup of tea and passed it to me, keeping her eyes fixed on the tea-cosy the while.

Then we talked about other matters until it was time for me to go.

"Good-bye," she said; "and thank you for taking so much trouble."

"It was no trouble," I assured her. One must do the polite thing, you know, at any cost.

"I can only hope," I continued, "that in time you will be able to forgive my nephew for such an act of gross impertinence."

"Ah, yes!" she answered warmly, "I think—yes, I am really very glad it was Jack."

"Oh!" I ejaculated sharply.

"Rather than one of the others," she concluded hastily.

IV.

I wandered disconsolately in a less-frequented part of the avenue trying to think things out. It was now close upon a month since my last tete-a-tete with Kitty, and during that time I had never once been able to catch her alone. Indeed, on most of the occasions when I called she was out, a piece of bad luck I had not hitherto been accustomed to; and when I did find her in, she was either surrounded by friends, or engaged in elaborate sewing operations which necessitated the constant attendance of her maid. Once or twice, too, I caught sight of Master Jack in town, when by the calendar he ought to have been pursuing his studies; and the circumstance, coupled with his obvious anxiety to avoid me, filled my mind with a vague foreboding.

"What the deuce does it mean?" I asked myself, as I strode along with eyes thoughtfully bent upon the ground, regardless alike of passers-by and the people who would have passed by had I not collided with them.

I cannoned off an eminent dignitary of the church, and ran full tilt against a smartly dressed couple who were dodging round the episcopal back. (I could only see the billowy edging of a dainty skirt—and what not—above a still daintier ankle, and the bottoms of a pair of immaculately creased trousers.) My murmured apology was cut excessively short as I raised my hat and my eyes at the same time. It was Jack and Kitty, looking very spic and span, and no little pleased with themselves.

"Eh? What!" I gasped, taken somewhat aback.

Kitty's smile was as the wine of Oporto in its intoxicating sweetness.

"Oh," she cried, "it is Mr. Walker!"

"It is," said I, frowning at her levity. I was feeling in no particularly light mood myself just then.

She pouted and turned to her companion.

"Don't you think, Jack," she said, "you ought to tell your uncle about—about it?"

"Certainly," responded that young hopeful. "You will, my dear uncle, be delighted to learn that I have just obtained Mrs. Mainwaring's consent to my engagement with Kitty here."

"Hum—ah—exceedingly delighted—pray accept my congratulations," I stammered.

"Thanks!" said Jack. "I thought you would be pleased." The young vagabond actually winked as he said this.

"Ah, yes—of course," said I, with a futile attempt at dignity. "Kitty is a charming—that is, you will both be—er—very happy."

"We mean to be," he asserted stoutly. "Don't we, little woman?"

"Yes," she whispered softly, pressing his arm with her daintily gloved hand. Irony of ironies! I had bought those gloves!

"I'll look you up this evening at your club," said Jack, making as if to move on.

"Yes—do," said I.

They departed in a blustering gale of laughter, two young, handsome, perfectly mated creatures, and I—

I jammed my hat firmly down upon my head, and walked away as if the love affairs of a mere boy and girl could have no interest for a confirmed old bachelor of something and forty.

Kitty and I are the best of friends still. She is Mrs. Owen now, and does not seem at all to regret having thrown herself away upon a worthless young scamp like Jack. She actually adores the fellow, and has forgiven him his outrageous treatment of her, even though the only "extenuating circumstance" was a bunch of mistletoe! But then, women are like that—humbugs, yes, humbugs, I call 'em!

Barney Flynn's Partner

THE boy stretched the long black stocking and regarded it with satisfaction.

"I'll take it," he said. "How much?"

"Twenty-five cents a pair," Dorothy Winslow answered.

The customer fished out a dime and three pennies and laid them on the counter.

"I'll take this one," he said.

"But we never break a pair!" Dorothy exclaimed, with some amusement. "Oh," she added, sympathetically, as the boy's face fell, "was it—was it for some one with only one leg?"

"It's for my partner. He's got two legs, but he's crippled—just been let out of the hospital. And I'm going to give him a Christmas."

"Oh!" said Dorothy, comprehendingly. "And you wanted the stocking to hang up? I'm sorry, but—wait!" she cried suddenly, as the boy was gathering up his money in disappointment. "I can let you have it, I think. Cash! Cash!"

The little girl who came in response to the summons nodded to the boy, and then sped away to the desk with the quarter that Dorothy substituted for the dime and three pennies.

When the customer had departed, carrying his package, Dorothy contemplated the odd stocking which had come into her possession.

"Well, what an idiot I am!" she murmured. "Why didn't I give him both of them? But of course he wouldn't have taken them—as long as he was paying for one."

She called the little cash girl again. "Do you know the boy that was here a little while ago?" she asked. "I thought I saw you nod to him."

"Barney Flynn. He lives on the floor above us," "Cash" answered, "with Billy; and Billy got run down by a 'lectric. Barney sees to him."

Customers claimed Dorothy's attention, and for awhile she was all hurry and bustle. During the afternoon, however, when the neighboring saleswoman volunteered to watch over her counter for her, she slipped down the aisle to the shirt waists, says Youth's Companion. She was quite excited for fear that the particular shirt waist should be gone. There was that woman with the bargain counter habit. Dorothy had seen her dallying at the counter.

She rummaged a moment in a pile of shirt waists; then she looked tragically at her friend behind the counter.

"O Peggy, it's gone! I knew it! I knew it! I saw it in that bargain woman's eye!"

She had waited so patiently for that waist to be marked down! It would have suited her complexion— it had just the right warm, rosy tints.

"Peggy, why did you let it go?" she cried, reproachfully.

"Had to, my dear. I did my best—put it at the very bottom of the pile, but she fished it out."

Dorothy went back slowly to her counter.

"Dick would have liked it, too," she thought, disconsolately. "And now he'll have to see me in just my shabby old one."

It occurred to her that other people probably had Christmas disappointments; and then she thought of Barney Flynn and his partner.

"He's going to hang up the stocking for Billy—and I don't believe he ever had a Christmas for himself in his life," Dorothy meditated. "I know what I bought the odd stocking for—so long as I can't buy myself that lovely waist."

And she felt a glow of enthusiasm as plans began to take shape in her mind. It was almost closing-time when the little cash-girl came darting up with a message from Peggy.

"She's brought it back—the shirt waist—sleeves too short. If you want it, better hurry.

Dorothy hesitated. "No, I've changed my mind," she said resolutely. "Tell Peggy I'm much obliged." And she added to herself: "Now if Dick doesn't like me in my old plaid waist, I guess we'll have to quarrel.

When Dorothy returned to the store the morning after Christmas, the little cash girl came running up to her, and cried:

"I got it in for you all right, Miss Winslow! I worked it fine. I crep' in in the dark, when Billy and Barney were asleep; you couldn't have heard me with an ear trumpet. And I felt for Billy's stocking, and hung yours alongside. And then I filled 'em both with all the things you'd given me."

"Well," said Dorothy, eagerly; "and what happened?"

"O my sakes," said the child. "All of us on the floor below was waked up that early Christmas mornin' Such a yellin' and stompin'! You'd like to have thought they'd never had a Christmas!"

Dorothy turned away to hide a smile.

"And Dick was glad to see me just as I was," she thought, contentedly.

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This great store, now entirely complete in its dazzling holiday dress, offers the next four days—December 20th, 21st, 23rd and 24th—the largest line of Christmas merchandise at prices that will insure to you a great reduction in the usual amount you spend for holiday and Christmas gifts. From the second floor, throughout the house to and including the basement, every section presents a truly magnificent appearance. Never before in the history of Waukegan was such a grand display attempted. Counters piled high, show cases tastily filled, shelves completely stocked, pretty decorated booths overloaded with a choice assortment of holiday goods, in fact every available inch of space completely taken up with this grand and enormous display, which will now be offered to you at phenomenal savings, not only over others' prices, but in many cases at heavy reductions from our regularly marked prices. Come one, come all, and partake of this great opportunity.

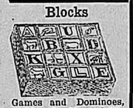
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10 yard Bolt No. 2 size, per bolt
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Ladies' dressed kid gloves, per pair $1.25 to $1.75. Long silk embroidered gloves, pair in box, special
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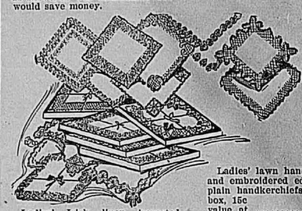
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Ladies' handsome leather and beaded purses and shopping bags, 50c $1.00 to
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And metal Jewel boxes, very latest Christmas novelties. 50c, $1.25, $3.00 to
$5.00

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For Christmas gifts are included in this grand assortment. Many as shown in the illustration and thousands besides. Buy these if you would save money.



Ladies' Handkerchiefs, hemstitched; lace edged, plain with lace or embroidered corner, 10c values—
5c

Ladies' lawn handkerchiefs, lace and embroidered edges; children's plain handkerchiefs, two in fancy box, 15c value at **10c**

Ladies' Irish linen imported handkerchiefs, six in gift box, $1.50 values, per box **$1**

Ladies' swiss handkerchiefs, scalloped embroidered and lace edges. Children's swiss handkerchiefs, three in neat box special values at **15c**

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One of ours and insure pleasing the recipient. It's a useful article the year around. We have them in proper sizes for ladies or gentlemen.

The very choicest assortment ladies' umbrellas now being shown; with handles of sterling silver, fine gold plating, pearl, polished horn, etc. Covered with finest rainproof materials at the prices. Black, some in colors, 98c, $1.50, to $4.00 and **$5**

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The handsome pieces of Xmas novelties now showing in our art section could not compose a more choice collection.

Handsome pillows in oil colors, complete and finished, special at our price **85c**

Other novelties of every conceivable kind, very tastily worked and finished; of nearly every desired value.

Beautifully worked pillows in most attractive designs, complete, $3.00, $5.00 to ... **$10**

Very special, these fancy tea aprons, embroidery, lace and insertion trimmed. Worth 75c, your choice **25c**

Choicest novelties in finished pin cushions, 98c to **$2**

Plain and embroidered pillow shams and bureau scarfs, scalloped and hemstitched edges, 15 doz, extra special choice .. **25c**

Special Doll Offerings

In the handsomest undressed dolls made. Mostly all are finest kid body dolls, perfectly stuffed and proportioned. Jointed sleeping dolls with natural hair.



Full 15 inch kid body dolls, with dark or light hair, very special these 4 days at each **25c**

10 inch undressed kid body doll, with hair, much underpriced at **10c**

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Jointed boy dolls, with light or dark hair, biggest size at **50c**

17 inch jointed kid body doll, sleeping, very special 50c dolls at choice **39c**

Finest kid body dolls, with celluloid unbreakable head, natural hair and eye lashes, $1.48 to **$3.98**

Other undressed dolls of all kinds, to as high as **$10**

HURRAH! Here Comes Santa Claus in His Air Ship

to our Toyland, which he will make his headquarters in Waukegan this year. All the little boys and girls are cordially invited to come and visit him while here. He will be loaded down with lots of things for them



STEAM ENGINES
Toy steam engines, of all kinds and description Some like cut, others larger and different styles. Specially priced each, 98c, $1.25, $1.75, $1.98, to **$4.98**

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These trains are very strongly made, can be wound up with spring to run themselves, complete with track, 50c, 98c, $1.25 and **$1.98**

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The largest assortment of strong well built mechanical toys Santa Claus sent us in this lot. Toy wagons, automobiles, fire engines, street cars, and hundred of others at two exclusive low prices, 25c and **50c**

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Small iron toys of every kind and sort. Horses, wagons, trains and so many other things they are hard to remember, 10c, 25c, 50c to **98c**

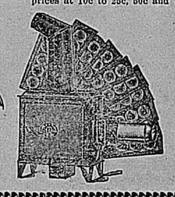
STEEL SAIL BOATS
Here's the greatest delight for boys. Steel sail boats like cut complete with sails, six sizes, 25c, 50c, $1.25, to **$2.50**



TEDDY BEARS
Here's the most popular of all Santa Claus gifts for little ones. Finest white and brown Teddy Bears and white and gray Puss-in-boots. 89c to **$4**



ANIMALS
These finely shaped animals are the kind that will surely please from the amount of enjoyment they give. Horses, sheep, rabbits, and many others, exceptionally low prices at 10c to 25c, 50c and **$1.25**



MAGIC LANTERNS
Magic Lanterns like cut with complete sets of finely colored slides. Others equipped with the moving picture film. A world of enjoyment in these lanterns and our prices do not cover large profits, 50c, 98c, $1.50 to **$5**

PIANOS
Very handsomely made toy pianos, some with stools. Elegantly finished, nearly every size, 25c, 50c, 75c to **$2.25**

Sleds and Bobs
Boy's favorite sleds, made exactly like this one shown, also some of the high sleds. Every one nicely finished and very strongly made. **$5**



A great variety **$1.18**

Latest Copyright Books
THE WEAVERS, by Parker.
THE TRAITOR, by Dixon.
THE BEST MAN, by McGrath.
BETH NORVELL, by Parrish.
THE SCHUTTLE, by Burnett.
Many others regular $1.50, extra special **$1.18**

$1.50 Best Copyrights 48c
LADY OF THE NORTH, by Parrish.
SIGN OF THE PROPHET, by Taylor.
CRISIS, by Churchill.
DELUGE, by Phillips.
LEAFORD'S SPORTS, by Dixon.
Many others extra special **48c**

Wagons and Racers

Steel body express wagon with strong steel wheels, 98c, $1.50 to $2.50
Boys' rubber tired racers, very strongly made, $4 and $5

Grand Christmas Sale, Furs, Waists, Coats, Skirts

Give these as presents and you are giving gifts that will please, are very useful, besides cannot be duplicated elsewhere at same prices as these qualities are specially priced for December 20th, 21st 23rd and 24th. A better opportunity for a Christmas sale of these goods we are sure you will not find advertised elsewhere



Children's handsome fur sets, scarf and muff, the choicest showing in town, very special prices from 98c to **$12**

Finest winter coats for little girls and children. Kerseys, meltons, cheviots, fancy novelties, bearskins, astrakhan and broadcloths. Very special $2.98 and .. **$3.98**

Special Christmas bargain in ladies $2.50 waists at 79c. Of wool, silk mecerized and fancy materials in white, black and colors. Waists selling to $2.50, special Christmas price at **79c**

Ladies all wool waists, some of brilliantine and fine nun's veiling. Elaborately trimmed; embroidered fronts, values even to $4.00, very special **$1.95**

Ladies black silk waists, of finest quality soft taffeta, an exceptionally special bargain, choice at **$2.49**

Ladies' plain colored and fancy silk waists, the very finest values shown in the city at $7.00, our special Christmas price **$4.95**

The best bargain in ladies' black silk petticoats, others in colors. With flounce and some plaited **$4.95**



Our line of furs merits the closest attention of every lady in this section of the country. Some very specially priced Christmas values in this assortment. Furs and fur sets, $2.98 to **$50**

Ladies' long black coats, thibets, meltons, some fancy mixtures, exceedingly under priced just now **$4.98**

Ladies' very stylish 50 and 52 inch coats, fine kerseys and broadcloths, elaborately trimmed, some full satin lined, very special **$9.95**

Ladies' sweaters and sweater coats, some with belts; with high collar, "V" front and other styles, $1.50 to **$5**

Very beautiful gifts in imported silk opera shawls; white, cream, blue, black and pink, 98c to **$5**

Ladies Kimonas and Bath robes, most select styles and patterns, 98c to **$7**

An exceptional Christmas bargain in ladies' electric seal fur jackets with martin collar. Equal of others values at $35.00. Our Christmas price **$25**



Xmas Clothing at Special Clearance Prices



A useful serviceable gift, one that will entirely please any man, young man or boy is one of these suits or overcoats. If bought these four days, you can save money over regular prices.

Our men's overcoats of many the highest grades in one large assortment upon which a heavily reduced price has been put, comprises this offering. Black, blues, grays, novelties; meltons, kerseys friezes, etc. Finely finished. Special **$12.50**

Men's suits including most all the better grades, are very specially offered at the same figure **$12.50**

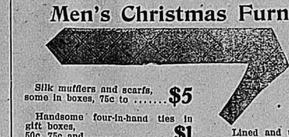
Boy's well tailored and handsomely finished overcoats, in blacks, grays and fancies. Sizes 3 to 16 years. One for Xmas, special **$3.95**

Boy's neatly tailored, finely finished, very nobblest suits, Choicest of the late patterns and styles. Special per suit.. **$3.95**

SLIPPERS
Ladies' and men's fancy holiday slippers, leather, felt and velvet. Black and colors, $1.00 to **$2**

LEGGINS
Children's Astrakhan and bear-skin leggins, white, gray and brown. One pair in Xmas box, ... **$1.25**

Men's Christmas Furnishings



Silk mufflers and scarfs, some in boxes, 75c to **$5**

Handsome four-in-hand ties in gift boxes, 50c, 75c and **$1**

Scarf pins and cuff buttons, very specially priced, 25c to **$1.50**

Men's fancy suspenders, one pair in a box, 75c to **$2.50**

Dress shirts choicest patterns, **$1.00 to $2.00**

Lined and unlined gloves, $1.00 to **$2**

Fur lined gloves, finest qualities, $3.00 to **$5**

Linen and fancy silk handkerchiefs, 25c, 50c and **$1**

Handsomest Holiday China

Elaborately decorated plates and salad dishes, 10c to **$5**

Fancy Bon Bon dishes, handled or footed, 25c to **$2.50**

Berry sets, 79c to **$2.50**

Hair receiver and powder boxes sets or single, 15c to **$2.50**

Fine china cups and saucers, gold tracings and flower decorated. Also 8 inch supper plates in same ware. Regular 25c pieces, extra special, choice **19c**

Handled sherbet glasses, six in box, 75c value, very special for Xmas, per set .. **59c**

Finest pieces of cut glass. Nappies, deep bowls, etc., etc., $1.39 to **$10**

Prettiest Dressed Dolls

Lowest Priced



Good sized dressed, in a very pretty dress, special at **10c**

12 inch dressed dolls, very pretty, nicely dressed, extra special **25c**

The largest and handsomest line of other dressed dolls now being shown. These are all beautifully dressed and are the handsomest dolls we have seen on the market. Our prices much the lowest, 50c, 98c, $1.50 to **$15**

Doll beds, a very select line complete with canopy at 50c, 75c and **$1.00**

A very large line of the choicest pieces of doll furniture; tables with chairs, little rockers, etc., all very moderately priced.

Doll shoes, hats, stockings, etc., in a profusion. These we are selling the lowest.

Portieres
Tapestry portieres, solid, and oriental colors, heavy knotted fringed ends,
$1.98 UP

Spreads
Bed Spreads, fringed or plain, with or without cut corners, $1.00 to
$3.00

Waist Patterns
Ladies' beautiful waist patterns, in special Xmas boxes, 75c to
$5.00

Linens
Fancy linen towels, 25c 50c and $1.00
Finest linen table sets, in fancy boxes, 5.50 to $9.50

Candies
Mixed Christmas candies, in bulk per lb., 6c to 35c
Choice box candies, 19c for ½ lb., to per lb. 75c

Steins
Genuine German Steins 10c to
$2



Books
Boy's and Girl's books by best young peoples' authors, all popular editions, special
25c

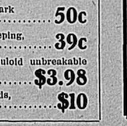
Belts
Ladies' fancy beaded belts very latest numbers, large choice 50c to
$3.50

Tool Chests
Complete with many tools, 25c, 50c, $1.00 and $1.50
Wooden Wheel Barrows, 10c and 25c

Jewelery
Infants' solid gold plain rings, very special at 50c
Child's heavy gold plated bracelets at 98c
Also handsome novelties in many other pieces Xmas jewelery.

Toilet Sets
Very special values, at 98c to
$8.00
Two piece comb and brush sets, obonized back, extra special at set
39c

Stationery
An exceptionally choice line of fine Xmas stationery; paper and envelopes to match, in pretty boxes, at 10c to
$5.00

Trunks

Toy trunks, like cut, at 19c, 50c, 75c and
$1.00

Balls
Rubber balls, dolls and rattles, large size, 10c, 15c, and
25c

Clowns
and Surprise boxes, 10c to
25c
Indoor parashoot guns, 25c and
50c

Post Card Album
Size holding 160 cards, special
25c
Size holding 500 cards, special
98c

Fans
One in a box, 50c, 75c, $1.00 to $5.00
Handsome back combs, one in a box, 25c to $5.00
Ladies' fancy collars, one in a box, 25c & 50c

Hose
Ladies' fancy black hose, 3 pair in a box, $1.25 to
$1.50
Fancy black silk hose, 1 pair in a box, $1.95 to
2.45

Boxes
Fancy collar and cuff boxes, very large assortment, special prices, 50c to
$3.00

Chimes
Tops, Horns, etc., 5c, 10c to
25c
Turkish Tubephones, 25c, 50c and
75c

Pictures
A very large assortment of all kinds and sizes pictures, neatly framed and with glass, 4c to
$5.00

Fancy
Cups and Saucers, special assortment at

50c

Houses
And barns of colored card board over wood and steel frames, $1.50 values, our price
98c

Pewter Toys
Sitting room, 7 piece set 50c
Doll Buggies, at 10c
2 and 4 piece castor sets, 10c and 19c

Toy Dishes
Tin and China Dishes, in sets specially priced 10c, 25c, 50c to
$1.00

THE HOME OF TOYLAND

Jimmie's Christmas Stocking

By OWEN OLIVER.

(Copyright, 1907, by Joseph B Bowles.)

THERE is honor among the denizens of Paxton alley, but Mr. Smith's toy-shop stood at the very entrance, and they reckoned him out of bounds.

From time to time evil-looking men muttered to one another about the long stocking that Mr. Smith was supposed to have filled; but he had figured in the prize ring in his younger days, and he was said to sleep with a big knob stick beside him. So the matter ended at mutterings. A big, powerful man was Mr. Smith; and he had a powerful edge to his tongue. Every one in the alley feared him except Jimmy.

Mr. Smith knew him as the extraordinary paper-boy who brought back a dime given him in mistake for a penny, an event which was historical in the alley. At the time it gave rise to doubts as to Jimmy's sanity, but afterward it was held that he was "playing up to the old man."

Anyhow, Mr. Smith took two papers regularly afterward; and the day after his funeral—which was the day before Christmas eve—a sleek man in a shiny top hat invaded Paxton alley, escorted by a policeman, and took evidence as to the identity of "the boy called Jimmy who sold papers" to the public generally, and in particular to the late Mr. Smith. When the sleek man was satisfied upon this point he proclaimed Jimmy the sole legatee of the estate, which comprised the little shop and house and all their contents.

"You'll find a long stocking somewhere, I expect," the lawyer said, "and you'd better bring it to me to



Jimmie's Xmas Stocking — Jimmie Opened His Eyes.

take care of; and if I were you I should take the name of Smith."

Under ordinary circumstances Jimmy would have been elated by his good fortune, but somehow the world had not interested him lately. He had had a terrible cough for weeks—his business exposing him to the climate—and just now he felt tired, and had nasty pains in his side, and seemed to be burning all over.

He moved in on the morning of Christmas eve, and explored the house with a kind of numb curiosity. He spent most of the morning in the shop parlor in the arm-chair in front of the fire. He did not even go out to the quick-lunch room for the beautiful dinner that he had promised himself. He had taken a lot of milk from the milkman, and he kept drinking that. He did not seem to care about anything but milk, and everything felt strange and uncanny. The figure on the mantelpiece—a white-bearded old gentleman which he believed was called Santa Claus—was the strangest and uncanniest of all. The fire was almost out, so he put on some more coal. He saw that it was nearly four o'clock. "Lumme!" he muttered. "I've let the day go, an' 'aven't done no bus'ness. This won't do. I'll take down the shutters, an' open the shop."

There was a wild chorus of recognition when he appeared between the dingy green curtains that slid along a rail. "Jimmy!" "Jimmy!" "Want any one to run your errins, Jimmy?" "Yer might give us somethink Jimmy?" He heard all these greetings and a dozen more.

He shook his head and returned to his seat. He certainly did feel ill, and he seemed to lose things for a few minutes, until Bill Black came in for three little toys. Bill was looked up to in the alley as a man who did "big jobs," and the Blacks were generally reckoned well-to-do; but Bill's transactions hadn't been very profitable lately, and he had to be careful, because he knew that the police had their eye on him. So they were hard up, like the rest.

"Found the long stockin', Jimmy?" he asked, casually, when he had taken the toys.

"No," said Jimmy. "And if I had it 'u'd be at the lawyer's, Bill, an' don't yer make no mistake."

Bill growled under his breath. "If yer didn't look half dead I'd knock yer head orf, yer young hound," he said, "insinywaitin' ag'inst an honest man. Goin' to offer to do anythink fer yer, the missus was, wot I'll soon put a stop to now."

He gave Jimmy a ferocious scowl as he went out, and Jimmy resolved that if he found the stocking he would take it to the lawyer at once.

He went to the door and faced a crowd of excited faces that ranged in rows from the front of the shop right across the alley.

"Jimmy!" they cried. "Give us somethink! Yer might, Jimmy!"

Jimmy always said afterward that he only did it because he thought he was dying, and the toys would be no use to him, and the pains in his heart "drawed him out of himself." He tried to speak, but his voice was only a whisper. So he beckoned to a big boy and whispered to him; and the boy stood up on the doorstep, and shouted to the crowd: "Jimmy's goin' to give yer a toy each. Jimmy—"

The big boy went sprawling before the crowd that swayed and struggled in, and Jimmy was driven back to the counter.

Women came in to plead for their babies at home. Boys and girls came in to remind him of their brothers and sisters. By nine o'clock he had given to every small inhabitant of the alley.

Then Jimmy tried to go to bed, but was so weak and giddy that he could not climb the stairs. So he sat in the arm-chair instead. He felt strange as well as poorly. The chairs, the fire-irons, the coal-scuttle, the table-cover, everything, seemed to turn into fantastic figures, and long-tailed demons were running up the blinds. Santa Claus on the mantelpiece was scowling and sneering at him.

Jimmy got into a sudden rage with Santa Claus and struck him with his fist.

Santa Claus tottered on the mantelpiece, but righted himself. He was more solid and weighty than Jimmy had imagined, and there was a clinking sound as he swayed—a sound of clinking money. The truth flashed upon Jimmy as he sank back exhausted in the arm-chair. The "long stocking" was in Santa Claus, and he could not get to it, and he never would, because he was going to die. He saw Santa Claus leering at him when he woke, and in his dreams, and when he dozed. Then he suddenly looked frightened. Some one was knocking loudly at the door. That was what frightened him. Jimmy woke completely just as the knocking ceased. There was a grating noise outside the window—the noise of some one slipping a knife through the frame to press back the catch. Jimmy struggled to move, but his limbs only wriggled a little. He tried to shout, but no sound came. The shutters came open with a crash, and Bill Black stepped within.

Jimmy closed his eyes to escape the sight of the knife, but he felt Black looking at him. Then, to his surprise, he went away into the shop. Jimmy heard a noise of unbarring and unlocking. Then he felt a cool hand on his pulse.

"Collapse," a pleasant voice said. "It's lucky we weren't an hour later."

Jimmy opened his eyes, and saw the doctor and Black bending over him.

"I've been playin' at Santa Claus, matey," Black said. "We judged yer was pretty bad not to answer the knockin', so I got in. Rare nice toys them was yer gave my young 'uns. Judged yer was pretty bad, so I fetched 'em."

Bill Black looked at the fire thoughtfully, and repeated to himself: "Rare nice toys." Then he carried Jimmy upstairs and helped the doctor put him to bed. He was wonderfully gentle in handling Jimmy.

Three weeks later Jimmy came downstairs to the shop parlor, and the first thing he noticed was that Santa Claus was gone from the mantelpiece. He was very weak, and he could not help a few tears coming to his eyes; but he had brushed them away before Bill came in.

"Feel all right, boy?" Bill asked.

"Yes, Bill," Jimmy said. "Pretty fair."

"Seems strange down here, don't it?"

"A little strange," Jimmy agreed.

Bill cut some hard tobacco in the palm of his hand, and whistled softly and filled his pipe. "Notice anything pertickler strange?" he suggested. His eyes were on the mantelpiece, where Santa Claus wasn't, and so were Jimmy's.

"No," said Jimmy, bravely. "No, Bill."

"Not on the mantelshelf?"

Jimmy pressed his finger-nails against his palms. "There was a sort of figure there," he said, "wasn't there's Bill? I—I s'pose it got broke. It doesn't matter, Bill. It—it wasn't worth nothink."

Bill laughed and slapped his leg with his hand. "Yer ain't no judge of figures, matey, I can see. That 'ere was a curious old piece of stuff, an' valerble, or I ain't no judge. I took the notion o' lockin' 'im away upstairs, Jimmy—" Bill put his great hand on the boy's shoulder. "The long stockin' were inside him! Over a thousand dollars. I took the liberty of usin' the odd money in the bus'ness for yer, but the thousand is there. An' it's lucky fer yer, matey, as yer was dealin' with an honest man—wot might have been diffrint if you hadn't given the kids them toys!"

For there is honor among—Paxton alley; and Paxton alley extends to the toy-shop now Jimmy and young Bill are there!

PRETTY STOCKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Not Hard to Make and Will Always Prove Acceptable.

Stocks are always useful to girls and make excellent holiday presents. A simple but very pretty stock is made of narrow strips of golden-brown velvet tacked to a collar shape, the edges turned under (Fig. 1). The stripes are about a sixteenth of an inch apart, and are connected by the effective "faggoting," done in yellow floss. Yellow dots are worked along the velvet



FIG. 2

strips, and draped from the front point are two "flare paddle" ends of the velvet, the lower edges sprinkled also with the yellow dots. These "flare paddle" ends—a new thing out—are lined with the velvet itself, and altogether this makes a rich as well as a warm winter stock, and is especially suitable to the low-necked winter coat or suit. The same design may also be worked in white on a pale, misty blue, or in deep red on red. Half a yard of velvet, in this way, would make five or six stocks.

Another stock—a very dainty one—is of white liberty satin, with white silk faggoting and blue silk dots (Fig. 2). From the long point in front are suspended six roses made of bias folds of the satin, and shirred round and round. These are different lengths, and hang on ends of white baby-ribbon.

MARY HELLEWELL.

A CASE FOR BONBONS.

Makes an Odd But Pleasing Christmas Present.

Here is a practical suggestion for a Christmas present for the girl or woman friend who is a lover of sweets. It is a somewhat elaborately made case that would do for holding bonbons, or would serve for a smart work-bag. The ribbons are of very varied widths and colors, and are seamed together to make a bag at the top of a horn-shaped cardboard-stiffened base. A casing is formed in the usual way to hold a double drawstring. The base is cut somewhat triangular in shape, and the top, instead of being straight, is curved out into a bold scallop. By way of covering for the cardboard foundation wide ribbon may be turned to account. It may be brocaded, or plain, as may be more convenient. If the latter, some kind of embroidered, or applique, decoration must be added, and as many extra trimmings in the way of twists and little bows of narrow ribbon as the worker thinks advisable. When joining strips of ribbon to make a large and firm article, such as the top of this bag, it is advisable to choose them as far as can be of the same texture. The bag would not set well if a stout corded ribbon were to be placed next to a thin, soft gauze, but the thinner makes are, all the same, useful for a dozen other purposes. Gauze ribbon, in particular, can be employed for the daintiest of scent and camphor sachets.



TO MAKE A PLACQUE.

Easily Made Novelty That Will Please Many Friends.

Pictures are always welcome to both sexes, and a unique way to fix the smaller ones is to get some plaster of Paris, mix it with water until it will pour nicely, and then, after you have carefully placed your picture—print or unmounted photograph—in the bottom of a porridge plate, pour in the plaster of Paris. Then dry in a slow oven, or let it stand for several hours. When the mixture is perfectly hard, tap the bottom of the dish, and your placque will come out as smooth and clean as the plate itself, and the picture will be so imbedded in the plaster of Paris that the edges will not show at all. This is a very nice way to treat an amateur photo or a head of one of the old masters. If it is a subject in which the recipient is interested he will prize it very much. To get the "hanger" on, turn the placque on its face, place a loop of string a little above the middle, exactly centered crosswise, and put over it a "dab" of the plaster of Paris. When this dries the placque is ready, and will hang flat against the wall. Different shapes can be obtained, of course, by using differently-shaped dishes.

B. J. T.

JOHN ENGMAN

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Boots, Shoes and Rubber Footwear

Now is the time everybody is looking for Xmas presents. Men rely on Christmas for their slipper supply. They expect someone else to do the buying, so keep this in mind and inspect our line of slippers.

Complete line of Men's comfortable house slippers in fine tan and black kid and gum soles. Men's sizes from 6 to 11 at

65c to $1.50

Also a line of Ladies' house slippers in felt and fur trimmed tops and carpet slippers from

40c to $1.25

ENGMAN'S SHOE STORE

Antioch Illinois

Holiday Greeting 1907

We should be very glad of an opportunity to show you our clean, fresh stock of **new and beautiful Christmas Gifts** comprising the greatest collection of desirable Christmas merchandise we have ever offered our holiday patrons.

The Virtue of Reasonable Prices is never neglected. You will find it in connection with best quality and genuine merit throughout our beautiful stock.

Christmas Presents

These are a few of the the things you will find at our Gift Shop:

Toilet and Manicure Sets — In Silver Stag China and Ebonoid ranging in price from 75c to..... $8.00

Collar and Cuff Boxes—The latest styles

Glove and Hdkf Boxes—Pretty and dainty

Jewel Cases—In silver and china

Smokers' Sets and Tobacco Jars

Cigar Cases—Good cigars to fill them

Books—Of all kinds, many of the latest copyrights

Books—For children, boys, girls and older people from 25c up

Stationery—Absolutely the largest and best assortment of holiday stationery ever exhibited in our city.

Fountain Pens—The best pen for the money on the market

Pottery—Indian and Japanese, suitable for dens an cosy corners

Leather Goods—A desirable line of of pocket books, card cases, book covers, hand bags, sewing bags, pipe racks, etc.

China—Pretty and useful

Perfumes—A nice line of imported Japanese purfumes

Pictures—Appropriate and pretty gifts

Mirrors—Useful and desirable presents

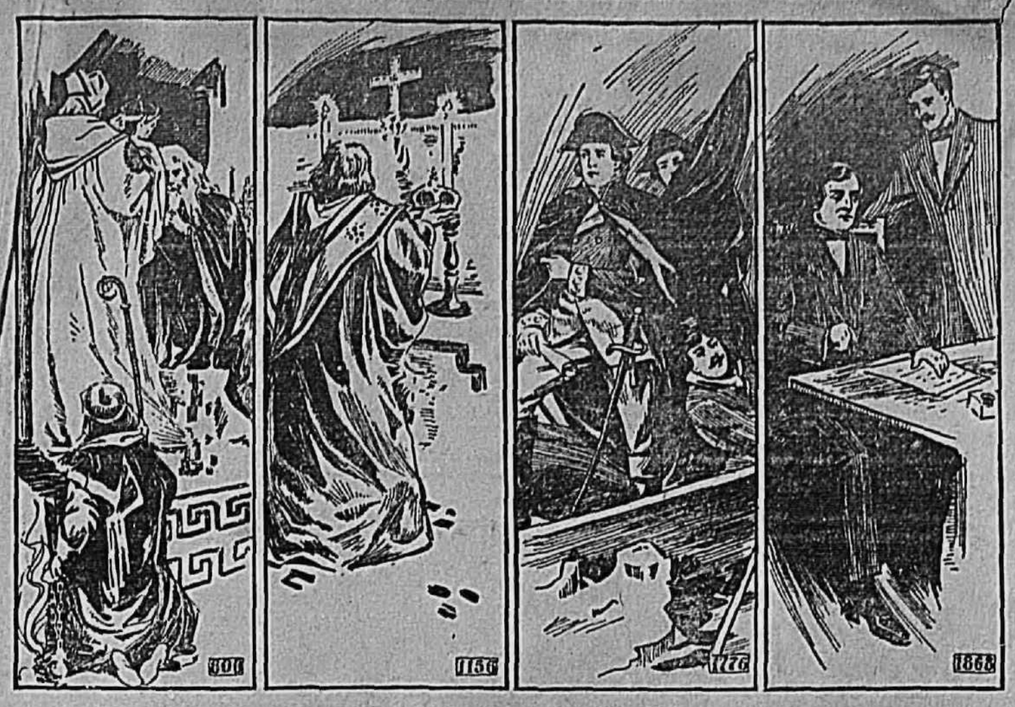
Post Card Albums and Christmas Postals—A select line

Christmas Cards—A beautiful collection

Fancy Box Candy — Morse's is enough to say

Grayslake Pharmacy

GRAYSLAKE, ILLINOIS



NOTABLE CHRISTMAS DAYS IN THE WORLDS HISTORY

SINCE the occurrence of that great event which gave to us the name of Christmas and the blessings of Christianity, Christmas day has played a most important part in the history of the world. In our own country it has figured conspicuously in the dates of historic note. Yet it is surprising how few people there are who when called upon, can name more than two or three of the important happenings that have characterized the day.

The part Christmas has played has not always been one of "Peace on earth, good will to men." To the contrary it has been marked to an astonishing degree, by tragedy, war and pestilence. A summary of "Christmas in History" begins with a tragedy and Dumas has said that, in Christmas season, "Satan and his angels of gloom found work a-plenty." Though often stained with blood the greater number of historical events associated with the day have been productive of ultimate good.

☆ ☆ ☆

303 The wholesale slaughter of Christians on Christmas day, 303 A. D., was planned by Diocletian, emperor of Rome, to take place on this date when he knew the Christians would be holding their religious celebration. Diocletian had appeared friendly to the Christians in order to entrap them. When great numbers of them had assembled at the Temple of Nicomedia, in Bithynia, and were chanting, praying and holding joyful services in commemoration of the birth of Christ, Diocletian marched his soldiers on the town and set fire to it at all four corners. History states that more than 20,000 persons perished on that dreadful Christmas day.

☆ ☆ ☆

306 On Christmas day of this year the emperor, Constantine, made reparation for Diocletian's atrocities by granting the Christians every liberty in their religious rites. From this time until the ninth century Christmas day passed without especial historic interest.

☆ ☆ ☆

800 On December 25 of this year Charlemagne was crowned emperor of the Romans. The title was held by succeeding kings of the Franks, or the Germans, as they were called later, until 1806, when Francis II. resigned both titles.

☆ ☆ ☆

878 Alfred the Great of England should have been preparing for battle during the Christmas week of 878, as the Danes were near at hand. While he and his followers were making merry, the Danes stole upon the English army on Christmas day. As they were unprepared, they were scattered with great slaughter.

☆ ☆ ☆

1016 In 1016 Cnut, or Canute, son of Swegen, first king over all England, was chosen king over all England for the third time. He was guilty of atrocious murders, several of which he committed on Christmas day, when his subjects were off guard, indulging in the festivities of the season, which he encouraged.

☆ ☆ ☆

1043 On Christmas day, 1043, Edward the Confessor was crowned. A number of important events in the reign of Edward were connected with the day. It was on December 25, 1053, at a meeting with his wise men at Gloucester, he ordered that Rhys, brother of Gruffydd, the South Welsh king, be executed.

☆ ☆ ☆

1066 When William the Conqueror was crowned king on Christmas day of this year, there was a division among the soldiers. One faction, hearing the loud acclaim of the people in the church, chose to believe there was a disturbance within, and shot into the crowd, causing a riot and much bloodshed.

☆ ☆ ☆

1068 King Swein, of Denmark, rose in revolt against the Norman king, and William, in a spirit of wild revenge, caused all northern England to be laid to utter waste, that its people might never again rise against him. On Christmas day many died of starvation; others killed themselves, and hundreds fled to other lands, while their homes were burning and their fields being devastated.

☆ ☆ ☆

1126 On December 25, 1126, Henry called an assembly of his kingdom for the purpose of declaring his daughter, who was the widowed Empress Matilda, as his legitimate successor. Six years previous to this King Henry had lost his son and heir apparent, Prince William, in a shipwreck. The king received the news while he was preparing a big Christmas celebration to welcome home the young man, and it is said that Henry never smiled again.

☆ ☆ ☆

1315 Stephen of Blois was crowned at Westminster Abbey during the Christmas festivities of 1135. Trouble arose between Stephen and the Empress Matilda, who claimed the crown for her son Henry. Stephen waged war against "The Lady of the English," as Matilda was called, and on Christmas eve, 1142, the empress fled from the castle where she was in hiding, and where she was threatened with starvation, because Stephen had cut off the source of food supply. On Christmas day a treaty was drawn up, whereby Stephen was to hold the crown for life, and at his death it should revert to the son of Matilda.

☆ ☆ ☆

1156 Upon his third Christmas as monarch of the English, Henry II. created a decided sensation by taking his crown from his head during the festival of the Nativity and placing it upon the altar when the priests were conducting services. He vowed that he would never wear his crown again, and kept his word.

☆ ☆ ☆

1214 At a Christmas festival in 1214 the barons surrounded King John and demanded that he sign the paper which proved to be the foundation of English liberties, the Magna Charta. John was finally forced to accede to their demands.

☆ ☆ ☆

1265 The first English parliament was summoned at Christmastide, 1265, while the king was held a prisoner by Earl Simon.

☆ ☆ ☆

1281 Christmas of 1281 became historic because of the severity of the winter. Never were such frosts known in England. Fishes and birds died from cold and want of food; human beings perished, and everywhere was felt the blight of the black frost. Another fearful Christmas was that of 1564.

☆ ☆ ☆

1286 Edward I. provided a sensational and gruesome feature for Christmas day of this year by having the mayor of London publicly hanged in the morning.

☆ ☆ ☆

1326 On Christmas day in this year Edward II., while indulging in scandalous rioting, was seized by his indignant subjects, bound hand and foot, and carried off a prisoner to Kenilworth Castle. On the following Christmas parliament met and deposed him, electing his 14-year-old son Edward to the throne.

☆ ☆ ☆

1418 Lord Cobham, who had led the Lollards in their revolt against the throne, was subjected to cruel torture and put to death in St. Giles' Field, London, on Christmas day, 1418.

☆ ☆ ☆

1440 It was on Christmas day, 1440, that Giles de Retz, of France, the original "Bluebeard," was executed for the murder of six of his wives.

☆ ☆ ☆

1460 The terrible Battle of Wakefield, in the Wars of the Roses, took place at Christmastide, 1460.

☆ ☆ ☆

1492 Navidad, Cuba, owes its name to Christmas, for it was on that day in 1492 that Christopher Columbus landed at that place. Because of the day, he called the place Navidad.

☆ ☆ ☆

1526 The "Still Christmas" of 1526 was so called because, on account of the plague which was raging through England, Henry III. ordered that the court should suppress all Christmas mirth and jollity out of sympathy for the suffering country.

☆ ☆ ☆

1688 James II., who had taken the crown, was obliged to flee to France for his life, and on Christmas day, 1688, he landed at Ambleteuse, in Brittany. The flight of James put an end to the struggle between the crown and the people. The throne was offered to William of Orange and his wife, Mary, daughter of James II. and grandaughter of Charles I. This effected a reconciliation of the powers. When, December 28, 1694, Queen Mary died of smallpox a gloom was cast over the Christmas festivities of that year.

☆ ☆ ☆

1776 Washington crossed the Delaware on Christmas day, 1776, as he expected then to catch the Hessians off their guard. His plans were eminently successful. The Hessians, making merry because of the holiday, were surprised and routed by the continentals.

☆ ☆ ☆

1777 Christmas of this year was spent by Washington at Valley Forge and marked one of the bleakest epochs in American history. It was in the midst of the dreadful winter when the courage and endurance of all the patriots were tried to the utmost and when Christmas brought no such triumph as that of Trenton, when many of the men were unable to stir on account of hunger, when the commander in chief reported to congress that "2,898 men are now in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefoot and otherwise naked.

☆ ☆ ☆

1837 On Christmas day in 1837 Zachary Taylor defeated the Indians in the battle of Okeechobee, Florida.

☆ ☆ ☆

1861 The cabinet meeting held on Christmas day in 1861 was a momentous one, for then it was decided by President Lincoln and his advisors that it would be wise to accede to England's demands that Mason and Slidell be released. Seven years later President Johnson made the day one of greater peace by issuing proclamation granting full pardon to all who had taken part in the war of the rebellion.

☆ ☆ ☆

1868 On the great Christmas festival of 1868 President Johnson granted full pardon to every one who had taken part in the great conflict against the union.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE

GRANDFATHER LOOKS BACK OVER YEARS THAT ARE GONE.

Compares Holiday Scenes of Long Ago with Those of Modern Days —The Part of Science in Our Celebrations.

It was near the stroke of midnight. The lights had been burned out in the great front room, hiding the gorgeousness of the tree whose glittering branches bent with the weight of gifts. One by one the family had said "good night," but grandfather lighted his beloved pipe and sat down by the glowing embers of the grate fire and let his mind wander backward 60 years, and here is what he saw:

A little lad of ten in red-top, brass-toed boots, his first pair, a rosy apple in his pocket and a stick of peppermint candy in his hand, his Christmas gifts. And he was to be allowed to ride his pony to the chase. Here he waited this crisp Christmas day on the broad piazza of the old Kentucky home.

Afterward there was the sumptuous dinner, with open-handed and whole-souled hospitality, for which his family had been noted.

Then there came a succession of such Christmases, followed by the gay college holidays, where the mistletoe played a prominent part in the festivities of Christmas week.

Next came five years in the war. Still one or two Christmases came vividly to his mind, the one in New Orleans, when the city forgot her woes and even welcomed the fascinating young officers who spent their money with such prodigality at the bazaars and fairs which were in full blast on Christmas night.

He touched his silk smoking cap lovingly as he recalled the mother superior who gave it to him with her blessing, though she had kept a watchful eye upon the young captain as he promenaded with the pretty convent belles. Yes, that Christmas in New Orleans was a unique experience.

The next two holidays found him on the field with little time to think or even remember that it was the Christmas season. But after this gray monotony came the realization of his life's dream, a home of his own, and then began an unbroken series of Christmas trees covering 20 years.

With what pomp and ceremony the tree was selected, cut down, brought home and set up in the bay window. These later days trees purchased at the grocer's and the Christmas greens sold by the pound seemed very commonplace to grandfather. He always said: "But the trees of to-day are poor affairs compared with what my children had."

Then, after the three babies had been put to bed, how he and mother always worked till midnight transforming the tree into a thing of beauty, with its homestrung popcorn and cranberries, the tarlatan stockings and always a doll in the topmost branches. Now the popcorn was bought by the yard, the tarlatan stockings likewise, electricity lighted the branches and the excitement of watching the candles was all over.

Everything now was on the most scientific plan. Even Santa Claus had abandoned his eight tiny reindeer and was making his rounds in an automobile.

Yet some people did not have Christmas trees these days, because it was so much work! Grandfather sighed.

"Well, times have changed. Here our three babies are trimming the tree for their babies. How strange."

And the old man knocked the ashes from his pipe, went into the front room, pushed the button, revealing the tree in all its magnificence. The dollhouse completely furnished with every conceivable contrivance, the cook stove that really cooked, the fire engine apparatus that to-morrow would go pellmell over the house, the sure-enough automobile with its horn to warn the neighbors to look out for their lives—such numerous things that grandfather's eyes were bewildered and his head swam. What was there left for the children of the next generation! Were these gratified, indulged youngsters any happier, any better, than the little lad of 60 years ago whose presents consisted of a red apple and a stick of candy?

Then grandfather turned out the lights, put up his pipe and slowly ascended the staircase, stepped quietly along the hall to see that all was well, then opened grandmother's door and silently hung a piece of mistletoe from the gas jet, for it was just 50 years since he had kissed her and told her the old, sweet story. And in a few hours she would waken, the house would resound with merry laughter and grandfather would dismantle the burdened tree, would settle all difficulties, join in the old-time Christmas carols that were always sung, and dance in the merry circle.

There would be the dinner, with a dear little flaxen-haired grandchild on either side of grandfather, each clamoring for the drumstick; after that the dear grown-up children would say good-by and take the tired little ones home, and he and grandmother would sit together and say "Another Christmas, and our little circle still unbroken. Thank God for that, for it's the children that keep our hearts young."

And the curtain would fall, shutting out the long procession of Christmases, and he and grandmother would begin to plan as they always did "as to what they would do next year."

Just Now.

The coming man—Santa Claus.—



CHRIST AS A YOUNG MAN.
From Painting by Hoffman.

The World's Most Heroic Figure.

By Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.

SOME biographies of heroes are long, and yet they leave the central figure a vague and shadowy form. The memorabilia of Jesus are short, and yet we know him as we know a familiar friend of yesterday. From his features not one line is lacking. His flower like childhood, the purity of his youth, the majesty and beauty of his increasing manhood, the atmosphere of character that he carried—all, all are fully known. Standing on the hilltop, we look down upon a populous valley holding in its lap shining towns and cities, and from the mount we look down across the career of Jesus, bright with parables, sparkling with deeds of mercy, glorious with wonder words and works. Once none so little but that Jesus was less in honor; now, none so exalted as singer, scientist, reformer, artist, poet, but that he seeks to borrow new fame by linking his name with one whose star has climbed zenithward into a solitary pre-eminence.

In the republic every citizen is one eighty-millionth of a king. In the civilization of to-day every leader who has conquered the love of the generation he has served is one fraction of the Christ life, and has borrowed his inspiration and ideal from the carpenter's Son. More wonderful than all else is his unfolding perfection. In general perfection means the purgation of imperfections. Slowly some Thorwaldsen rubs off a speck of marble dust here and sandpapers the minute roughness there. Slowly, with here a stroke and there a stroke, the artist carries his canvas toward ideal beauty. With infinite erasures and interlineations the poet polishes his perfect verse. Success is the residuum left after a thousand artistic failures.

With God it is otherwise. All his sweetbriar has to do is to unroll. So it was with Jesus. He unfolded each faculty as a rose its petals. Lo, there was nothing to be added, and nothing to be taken away. And yet he grew in wisdom. By experience, by work, by travel, and conversation he gathered knowledge about the fields, the woods, the sea, the sky, about men, tools and events. Also, what we never would have dared to say the word of God says. His memorabilia declare—he "grew in favor with God." God's confidence and love were increasing events, marching steadily toward the day when the voice was heard whispering, "Thou art my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." And this message falling on the inner ear was the bliss of his solitude and the reward of his work.

It we can trust our analysis of the Magnificat of Mary, his mother was the most gifted intellect of her time. No spring rises higher than its source, and Mary the singer explains the sweetness of the song. In that far different era the Sabbath with its hours whitened by prayer and perfumed with aspiration, lent richness to his mind and heart.

Often it is said that his handicraft was against Jesus. Not so. His needs were few. His work was in the open air. Bending over the plow, Cincinnatus meditated his laws. Tending his flocks, David wrought out his songs. Moving slowly along the furrow Burns found his music. In all ages the crook and the plow have united work and health to reflection and genius.

A Simple Festival.

The chief charm of Christmas is its simplicity. It is a festival that appeals to everyone, because every one can understand it. A genuine fellowship pervades our common life—a fellowship whose source is our common share in the gift of the world's greatest life which was given to the world.

Blessings to the World in Christ's Birth.

By James Cardinal Gibbons.

OUR SAVIOR came down from heaven to shed light on that illimitable world which lies beyond the tomb, and to reveal to us a new life which begins with death. He has made known to us our origin and destiny and the means of attaining it.

He has brought not only light to our intellects, but also peace to our hearts, that peace which springs from the knowledge of the truth and the hope of the eternal life.

He has given benediction to the home by proclaiming the unity, sanctity and the indissolubility of marriage. The wife is no longer the slave, but the partner of her husband; she is no longer a tenant at will, but the mistress of her household; she is no longer confronted by a usurping rival, but she is the undisputed queen of the domestic kingdom.

The aged poor are no longer at the mercy of heartless masters. They are not cast aside like a worn-out machine. Their life is sacred like that of infants, and they are comfortably provided for in institutions now spread throughout Christendom.

The tender and compassionate spirit of Christ has caused orphan asylums and hospitals to spring up and bloom in every land. There is no phase of human misery and suffering that does not find solace and relief in these establishments.

Human slavery has, at last, melted away before the effulgent rays of the gospel. To borrow with a slight paraphrase the words of a distinguished writer, we can say with truth that a slave stands redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled as soon as he plants his foot on the sacred soil of Christendom.

The gospel proclaims the dignity of labor. Judged by its standard, every honest employment is honorable, how menial soever it may be.

Christianity has been a peacemaker to the nations. By her beneficent influence she has made wars far less frequent than they used to be under pagan regime.

Let us not grow weary of the salutary restraints of Christian life. Let us not cast wistful glances toward Egypt, from whose bonds we have been rescued, nor long for its fleshpots. Let us glory in our Christian heritage; and, above all, let us not be guilty of the mockery of leading pagan lives while making profession of Christianity, recalling to mind what the apostle said to our gentile forefathers: "Ye were once darkness; but now light in the Lord. Walk as the children of light."

Christmas in Bethlehem.

Shepherds still watch their flocks by night during the Christmas season around Bethlehem. It is the most peaceful scene in all the Holy Land. Yearly they watch the procession of pilgrims that wends its way from the Church of the Holy Sepulcher through the Via Dolorosa, out through St. Stephen's gate, where the martyr was stoned to death, and across the plains to Bethlehem. All night long the foot-sore travelers, who have gathered from every part of the world, may be seen trudging by starlight toward the little village of Bethlehem. —December Travel Magazine.

A New Christmas.

Every Christmas should be a new center of Christ-life in this world. That is what Jesus meant when he said, "The kingdom of God is within you." He wants us to be so filled with his life that his influence shall pour out through our lives for the brightening and sweetening of the world. He wants us to start a new Christmas everyday, wherever we are.—J. R. Miller.

G.R. Lyon & Sons

WAUKEGAN ILLINOIS



Waukegan's Greatest of all Doll, Game and Toy Display is as Usual at LYON'S

5 MORE SHOPPING DAYS TILL XMAS

With the greatest of all displays of magic lanterns, sleds, mechanical, steam, gas and electrical toys never before concentrated under one roof in Lake county---at the great Lyon Establishment.

Thousands of pretty and useful gifts that delight and please those who have for months been planning their Xmas remembrances with discrimination of connoisseurs of real values, also for the benefit of those who always reserve their shopping until the last moment we have provided suggestion lists that should be of material help. They are yours for the asking.

Beautiful window and interior displays will be only one of the many features that will tend to make this one of the busiest and one of the most eventful weeks in our history. A gorgeous showing of holiday merchandise in general lines at prices that are surprisingly low. In addition to this sharp reductions are made daily on all broken lines.

We haven't neglected a thing for the amusement of the little folks, for Santa will be here soon, hale and hearty as ever.

THIS STORE WILL BE OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL XMAS

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

WITH CHILDREN IT IS FAVORITE MODE OF RECEIVING GIFTS.

The Necessary Expense of Securing One and Making It Attractive Can Be Made Very Small—Decorating It.

With the children, the Christmas tree is ever the favorite mode of receiving the gifts which Santa Claus and their friends have provided for them. Other means are devised yearly, but they are all failures, in the children's eyes, when compared with the fascinating splendors of the becked gift-bearing tree.

In spite of this well-known fact, many mothers, from the notion they harbor that the fleeting pleasure is hardly worth the labor and expense it involves, deprive their children of one of the chief joys of their childhood.

Of course, the tree may, if one so wills it, represent the laying out of both time and money, for the shops are filled with every conceivable device for adding to its beauty, but this is by no means necessary to its success, if one possesses a little originality and ingenuity.

The tree that made the day a red-letter one in a family of youngsters represented the very modest outlay of 30 cents, ten of which was paid to the boy who brought the tree. The remaining 20 cents were spent for white cotton batting and diamond dust.

After the tree was put into position, we proceeded to fleck it from the topmost branch down with bits of the cotton to simulate snowflakes. When this was done, the tree was literally showered with diamond dust. The box that formed the base rest was banked with cotton. From the branches of the tree were suspended the tiniest of colored paper lanterns (left-overs from a children's party), which had been bought for a penny apiece.

When the candles were lighted, the effect of the whole was indescribably pretty. Indeed, the children decided that it was one of the prettiest, if the cheapest, Christmas tree they had ever seen.

Of course, having the lanterns reduced the cost a few pennies; but even when these must be bought for the occasion, the outlay is trifling when compared with the pleasure the children derive from the expenditure.

HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

There is an old Norse legend that when "Balder, the Light God," was killed through the treachery of his own brother, drops of his blood fell on the leaves of the holly. "These drops are now the red berries."

* * *

Many are the traditions of the pagan misteltoe. In ancient Britain during the days of the Druids the mistletoe branches were cut with great ceremony by the white-frocked priest and blessed. A sprig of the berries was given each householder to be placed over the door of his home. Thus all evil spirits were propitiated.

* * *

Branches of green are excellent. Evergreen wreaths are seen finished with a large rosette of red baby ribbon. The festoons and garlands have a rope foundation; strong linen thread and fine florist wire are necessary to fasten the greens. Clusters of greenery are arranged in vases and jardinieres. Running pine is required for light work. Bands of evergreen loop back curtains. The scarlet berries of the mountain ash and drywood are particularly decorative. Partridge vine, wintergreen berries, bittersweets, gay summer leaves, butternuts and walnuts gathered green in the branches, myrtle, ivy, all are good.

* * *

Mottoes give a festive air. Heavy cardboard forms the foundation for the letters, use laurel or cedar cut into small twigs and liquid glue or mucilage. Frost powder often is sprinkled over the letters. Occasionally a background of gay velveteen is used.

"Love will bring Christmas."

"Live is king."

"The gladdest day of the year.'

"Christmas peace.'

'Old Christmas still comes once a year."

* * *

A clever decoration for a large hall is an evergreen arch embellished with clusters of holly or carnations. Arrange palms and ferns on the landings.

A Joyful Christmas.

Blow ev'ry horn at early morn
And beat the noisy drum,
And let us make the echos wake—
For Christmas day has come.

Let joy bells ring like everything
And all the world be gay,
And let us shout the gladness out
On joyful Christmas day.

Let sorrow go and Yuletide flow—
The King our tribute pay;
In music sweet his praise repeat—
This is his natal day.

ROBERT R. CARRELL.

Fooled Once Before.

"Remember," said the stern parent, "if you are not a good boy Santa Claus may fail to bring you anything on Christmas."

"I know," answered the practical child, "but I was good before last Christmas and I didn't get anything I wanted, anyhow.'

A Compromise.

"Now, sir, I told you I'd spank you if you disobeyed me," said the bright boy's mother, "and I'm going to do it."

"Say, ma," pleaded the boy, "lemme off an' I'll tell you what pa's goin' ter give you for Christmas."

HE NEARLY FORGOT.

Santa Claus May Be a Little Slow But Always Sure.

The old fiddler had been rasping away since three o'clock for the children's party, and it was not till nearly nine that he was told that they had danced enough, that he might go into the butler's room to get himself some supper, that, in short he might go home. But the old fiddler wanted no supper. All he wanted was the sovereign he had to receive for his six hours' hard work. He was a bent, threadbare, worn, old fiddler, but when he left the great house his feet seemed to spring beneath him.

With his fiddle tucked under his arm, he set out for home, chuckling within himself for very joy.

At the corner there was a toy-shop. It was shut up, of course, but he knocked at the private door, and persuaded the proprietor to sell him a horse. It was quite a wonderful horse—made of wood, with a red saddle, and mane all complete. Then he went home—up the long, creaking staircase—up and up, till a shrill voice greeted him.

"Did you meet Santa Claus?' said the little voice.

"Yes, I met him at the corner," said the fiddler. And he told me to give you this."

"I thought he'd forgotten," said the little voice, almost choked with glee. "Christmas is nearly gone."

"He did nearly forget," said the old man slyly. "But not quite. Santa Claus never quite forgets."

"I speck," said the little voice, "Santa Claus had so many little boys to go to, he couldn't get here any earlier. I hope he hasn't forgotten any other little boys."

EDITH KINSLEY.

NOT AVAILABLE.



"Ah, Miss Shoppin, I wish you would let me be your Christmas gift."

"You, Mr. Deddun? Why, really, I—O, I never could exchange you for anything!"

Christmas Hobgoblins.

Christmas time in Greece is known as the season of the Twelve Days because over there its observance lasts for that length of time.

The children are early taught that during the Christmas period ghosts and hobgoblins are abroad in the land, and they must be very careful of their actions, for fear of punishment.

Santa Clause, with his good things, does not seem to be very popular in that country. It is on New Year's eve that everyone makes merry and that sweetmeats and gifts are given between friend and friend.

Gaily dressed children go about from house to house, singing and playing, and in return for their entertainment are given figs, nuts and candy, and sometimes other kinds of food.

Santa Claus in Foreign Tongues.

Germany — St. Nicholas, Kriss Kringle.

Holland—Sunder Klass, Sint Nicalaas, Sinter Klaas.

Switzerland—Samiklaus.

Heligoland—Sonner Klas.

Vorariberg—Zemmiklas.

Alsace Lorraine—Knecht Ruprecht.

France—Le bon papa, le bon de Noel, petit Noel.

Austria—Niklo or Niglo.

Russia—Elka (fir-tree).

Italy—Bambino.

Poland—Giviazdka (little star).

Scandinavia—Kristine.

Bohemia—Jericek.

Denmark—Christus—barnet.

Ireland—Niamb Nicklausa.

Norwegian Christmas.

Exchanges of calls and good wishes is the chief Christmas custom of Norway, says the Home Magazine. Hospitality is warmly extended to all comers, who are served refreshments from a bountifully spread table. The kind-hearted Norwegians remember to give the birds cause for a Merry Christmas by hanging to the ridgepole a sheaf of corn or of wheat for their Christmas dinner. The joyful caroling of the graceful songsters gladdens Christmas day.

Her Christmas Wishes.

"Well," said the master of the house, to the old family servant, "have you thought of anything you'd like to have as a Christmas gift this year?"

"Lemme see now," said the old man. "Ef I had my wishes, I'd take dat long, black coat you tried ter git elected in, en dem ole boots what you seen de snakes in las' Chris'mus!"

Supplied.

"Something for Christmas?" said the polite salesman. "Well, how about this? A neat and pretty little letter opener, price—"

But the other interrupted brusquely. "I have one at home, thanks," he said. "I am a married man, you see."

The Best Wishes of the Season

TO the Solitary, the dwellers apart, by choice or by chance, with hearth-fires that for one burn dull and for two would glow and sing—to all of these,

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

TO Them that are set in Families, where love, bestowed with no thought of its return, passes back and forth abundantly between open hearts—to all of these, parents, children, kinsmen, friends,

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

TO the Poor and the Rich, envying each the others' freedom from the cares of too little and too much, yet learning year by year that without health and enthusiasm and faith and love, none can be rich, and with them none can be poor—to these,

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

TO the Workers, the vast fortunate majority, in humble places and in high, often baffled and disheartened, questioning if there is not somewhere for them a greater work with a greater reward; yet happy at the last if they will have it so, in seeing the figure they have wrought in the fabric of living, a figure drawn by the great Designer for their weaving and none other's—to all of these,

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

TO Old and Young, with the years behind and the years ahead, years that show but a span in the centuries since the Light first shone from Bethlehem upon the paths of service, humility and sacrifice and gave to all the ages a spirit that has made them one; to Young and Old, treading with gladness these lighted paths, even though not always knowing whence the Light comes—to all,

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

—Youth's Companion.

THOROUGH.



Mamma—Haven't you got a great deal of mistletoe, Willie? Why, there is almost enough for a seminary.

Willie—Yes. Sis wants to cover the whole ceiling.

A Double Christmas.

A stranger visiting the German colonies of our cities would think that his almanac needed resetting, for on the evening of December 5 thousands of little stockings are hung up with the same careful clothespinning and heart of hope as on the authentic Christmas eve. St. Nicholas eve it is that the "fatherland" exiles are celebrating. Just as early as any children ever get up those that are paying honor to the gift saint tumble out of bed, and find their stockings well weighed with fruit and candies and apfelkuchen. The naughty child that has been a trial to its parents in previous weeks is rather likely to find his stocking laden with coal. It is a hint that a second gift-season is at hand, and that it would be well to fall into line with the good children. And the good children are encouraged to a renewed and severer virtue for the days between their present reward and the fuller holiday that is coming.

Christmas in Bavaria.

Christmas day in Bavaria is called St. Nicolaus day, and it comes on the 6th of December.

St. Nicolaus of Bavaria is not as jolly as our St. Nicholas. He always carries a huge bundle of sticks upon his right shoulder, for naughty children. Over his left he slings a pack of goodies for the good youngsters.

Krampus always used to travel with him, but he does not go so often now. He was an ugly little humpbacked man with hateful eyes and a sharp tongue. His work was to carry off bad children in his big basket, to feed them to the bears in the wilderness! Fortunately, he is not often seen now.

The "Christmas Pye."

A "Christmas pye" of the olden times was an immense and expensive affair. At one time it was compounded of flesh, fish and fowl, and the crust was called a "coffin" in old English books.

WHEN CHRISTMAS WAS ILLEGAL.

In Cromwell's Time the People Could Not Celebrate.

"Christmas was illegal in Cromwell's time," said an antiquary. "Those cursed old Puritans are so gloomy that they would not have any gaiety even on Christmas day. Cromwell said that holly and mistletoe were heathenish things. He said that they had no real Christmas significance—they were a part of some pagan festival of the Druids. Accordingly he made a law that, if you decorated your house with mistletoe or holly at Christmas, you got 30 days in jail.

"The terrible old fellow forbade Christmas celebrations. No dancing, no singing, no playgoing, no feasting on Christmas day—penalty, 30 days.

"You see, it was his idea that Christmas was a religious, a serious time, for churchgoing and prayer and reverence, and for nothing else. The innocent family that in Cromwell's day sat down to turkey and plum pudding and wound up with Christmas games got a month all round.

"Only for a time, though. The people rebelled. Willing as the people had been to put on the gloom of those dreadful old Puritans, they insisted on having a little joy on Christmas day, and Cromwell, after a year or two, had to give in to them."

A WISE PROVISION.



The guest:—Aren't you afraid of your papa coming and catching you, Jack?

The Host:—No fear, I bought him a pair of very loud squeaky slippers for a Christmas present.

Willing to Prove It.

The Christmas spirit warmed the old lady's heart, and she said to the tattered, shivering tramp:

"If I give you a nickel how can I be sure that you won't go straight off and get intoxicated with it?"

"Madam," the man answered, pointing to the laurel-decked corner saloon, "it would give me great pleasure to afford you practical demonstration that the sum isn't enough for the purpose."

What Papa Gets.

Hang up the Christmas stockings
For ma and Jim and Sue,
For Myrtle, Jane and Agnes,
For William and for Lew.

And don't forget "dear papa;"
Hang up a sock for him,
Although his chance for presents
May be extremely slim.

Oh, no! They'll not forget him—
He's got a lovely chance!
If they're not pleased on Christmas—
Pa gets—"a song and dance!"
—Yonkers Statesman.

Prior to the Estimate.

"Yes, little girl," said the kind old man with the white whiskers; "I have an immense candy-store, and for Christmas I am going to give you all the candy you can eat."

"Oh goody!" cried the little girl, dancing about with happiness.

"Now," continued the kind old man, how much candy can you eat?"

"How much candy have you got?" —Judge.

Looking for the Angels.

In Bethlehem, the children believe that on Christmas eve a choir of angels always sings above the place of our Savior's birth.

On this evening many children may be seen standing about in groups, and gazing wistfully up into the sky, looking for the heavenly messengers of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Wise Jack.

Nellie—That was a mean trick Jack played me, all the same!

Willy—What was it?

Nellie—He proposed on Christmas eve, so that the engagement-ring would do for a Christmas gift. And I couldn't say 'no,' you know, because in that case he wouldn't have given me anything."

Like Thoughts.

The handsome young minister sighed wearily.

"And they say," he muttered, "they say no two minds think alike."

And opening the wardrobe door, he placed within the twenty-seventh pair of Christmas slippers that had arrived that day.

Suggestive.

"I think Mr. Grimsby's attentions are serious, mamma,' says the fair young thing.

"Has he said anything?" asks mamma.

"No; but for a Christmas gift he has sent me a cookbook and a volume on home decoration."—Judge.

Impressing It on Him.

"Did your wife make much of a fuss when you got in so late on Christmas eve?"

"No, indeed. She was once a school teacher. She just brought me a slate and pencil and made me write 500 times, 'Every night in the year I must be in by ten o'clock."

Home-Made Christmas Sweets

Honey Candy.—One pint of white sugar, water enough to dissolve it, and four tablespoonfuls of honey. Boil until it becomes brittle on being dropped into cold water. Pull when cooling.

Peanut Brittle.—One coffee cupful of sugar. Put in frying pan and shake vigorously over hot fire until sugar is dissolved, add one-half cupful of chopped peanuts, shaking briskly. Be careful not to burn peanuts.

Chocolate Caramels.—One-half pound of chocolate, one-half cupful of milk, two cupfuls of light brown sugar, one cupful of molasses, and a piece of butter as big as a small apple. Cook for 20 minutes, stirring constantly. Pour into a pan and cut into squares.

College Girls' Fudge.—Four ounces of chocolate, lump of butter size of an egg, two heaping cupfuls of granulated sugar, three-quarters of a cupful of sweet milk; mix and boil ten minutes. Take from fire and stir until it begins to harden. Add vanilla and chopped nuts. Turn into buttered tins and cool.

Everton Taffy.—Dissolve a pound of granulated sugar in a teacupful of water, add one-quarter pound of butter that has been beaten to a smooth cream; flavor with lemon; cook until it "cracks" from the spoon; turn out on greased pans or slab and mark into squares with a greased knife.

Popcorn Balls.—Pop corn and only take the kernels which are all popped out; make a syrup of the following: One cupful granulated sugar, two cupfuls molasses, butter the size of a walnut, tablespoonful vinegar; boil without stirring until it spins a thread and then pour over the corn, forming into balls before it cools; lay on buttered dish.

Cream Walnuts.—One pound of white sugar, one-half teacupful of water; put on the range and boil until it threads—flavor well with vanilla, remove from the fire and stir until white and creamy. When cool enough to handle, roll into balls, press walnut halves into the sides, and drop into granulated sugar, shaking violently for a second or two.

Cream Nut Fudge.—Bring slowly to boiling point two cupfuls of granulated sugar and two-thirds of a cupful of milk. Boil hard until a soft ball can be formed by dropping a little in cold water, then add one tablespoonful of butter. Remove from the fire and add vanilla to suit the taste and one cupful of chopped nutmeats, stirring until smooth; then pour into a buttered pan to the depth of half an inch and block into squares.

Fruit Nougat.—Remove the brown skin from a pint of roasted peanuts and one-quarter of a pound of almonds by dropping for a moment into boiling water. Chop one-half a pint each of figs, citron, raisins (seeded or seedless) and candied orange peel. Moisten two pounds of sugar with a little vinegar, add a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and cook until almost hard, but not brittle. Beat well, adding the fruit and nuts, pour on a wet cloth and roll up like a pudding, slicing off candy in pieces after it is cold.

Under the Mistletoe

The crimson coals within the grate
Were burning clear and bright,
The room was half in purple gloom
And half in rosy light.
I entered from the Winter dusk,
Where softly fell the snow,
And saw her stand with drooping head
Beneath the mistletoe.

I placed an arm about her waist,
And from her lips I drew
A kiss that breathed of roses wet
With drops of honey dew;
But all the same I knew that when
She heard my step below,
That artful maid arose and stood
Beneath the mistletoe.

Japanese Santa Claus.

The patron saint of Japanese children is named Kotie. He is always pictured with a big sack, which is said to contain presents for the good children. When Kotie wishes to cross a river he uses this sack as a boat. He is believed to have eyes in the back of his head to watch the little ones, and has various other qualities which remind us of our Santa Claus.

A Famous Christmas Tree.

One of the most famous Christmas trees in history was erected at Windsor Castle in the early forties. It was not so very remarkable for its height, which was 40 feet, but for the fact that in the aggregate its crop of presents amounted in value to $45,000, or the value of the product of 9,000 acres of forest land.

WAS A PUT-UP JOB

FATHER TAKES SONS INTO HIS CONFIDENCE.

Christmas Shopping Seems Very Much Simplified Until He Overhears the Remarks of the Youngsters.

"I have been in the habit of consulting my sons concerning their Christmas gifts for the last two or three years," said the grain broker to the man at the office building cigar stand. "I mean that I have asked William what Richard would like, and Richard what William would like. I have done that because I believed they would be in a position to know, and then it sort of flatter's a kid's pride to share a secret with a grown-up person, besides establishing the right sort of confidence between father and son, which I think is a mighty good thing, too.'

"It certainly is,' agreed the cigar man.

"Yes," said the grain broker reflectively, "it's a good thing. Certainly. So am I at times. I was then. Anyway, I called William into the library—he's 11, William is—and I said, 'Bill, old boy, what do you suppose Dick would like for his Christmas? Has he said anything to you about it?'

"'I think I know what he wants,' William replied. 'I heard him wishing the other day that he had one of those pearl-handled knives with four blades and a toothpick and a corkscrew and a little pair of tweezers and a thing to pull the stones out of horses' shoes and a saw blade and a gimlet and a can opener.'

"'That's a funny assortment,' I said.

"He explained that all the articles mentioned were covered by one pearl handle—incorporated in the knife. 'And then,' he added, 'he's been wanting a fountain pen.'

"'I might manage that,' I said. 'But if I have to give him a horse, too, it will run me pretty close on presents for the rest of the bunch.'

"'A horse!' he said.

"'He'll need a horse to get stones in his feet so that he can pick them out with the knife attachment, won't he?' I asked. 'He'll have to have something for the corkscrew to work on, too.'

"He looked at me a moment and then said, 'Aw, you're joshing me.'

"'Well, what else?' I inquired.

"'O, I don't know as there's anything else he needs,' he said.

"Soon after I took an opportunity of calling Richard aside. 'Christmas is coming along here pretty soon, Dickie boy,' I said. 'What are we going to get for brother Bill?'

"'I don't believe I can get him much of anything, pop,' he said. 'I'm just about broke and I want to get something for you and mother, too. Couldn't you help me out? I'll work for you if you like. I can go down to the office in vacation.'

"'We'll see about that,' I said, 'but I'm talking about Bill, now.'

"'He wants a watch,' said Richard, 'and his wheel's about worn out and it's getting too small for him; and these air rifles—you know. He'd be awful pleased if you got him an air rifle. Jimmie Pederson's father got him "Tom Sawyer" last Christmas and Dick wanted to borrow it and he wouldn't lend it. I wish't I could buy that for him, but I know I can't. Won't you get it?'

"'I'll think about it,' I said, 'I would promise. You can run away now.'

"Presently I heard a dickens of a racket in the next room. I could make out Dick's voice raised in anger and now and then Bill chipped in. I opened the door and stood out in the hall. I was just going to holler at them to keep quiet when Richard shouted:

"'Yes I did, too. You're a lobster.'

"'You didn't,' said Bill.

"'I did. I told you plain. I said a punching bag and a pair of skates and a fountain pen and a knife with them fixings and all you told him was just that measly fountain pen and the knife. I didn't leave out anything you told me, and I put in the new wheel that you didn't tell me. If that ain't being a mean sneak I don't know what is.'

"'I don't care,' says Bill, defiantly.

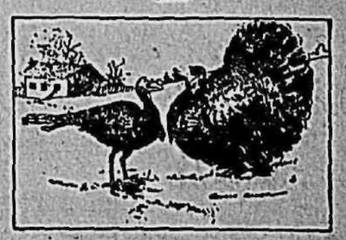
"'All right for you. I'll fix you: I'll go right back and tell him you said you didn't want any watch and I'll say you read "Tom Sawyer." You'll see.'

"I went back and closed the door softly.

"But wouldn't that jar you?"

GEORGE WELLS.

WISE FOWL.



First Turkey—I won't be killed this Christmas.

Second Turkey—Why not?

First Turkey—I found a bottle of antifat yesterday.

A Christmas Metamorphosis.

His gloves were eights,
His socks were tens,
His shirts fifteen,
Like many men's—
Before Christmas.

His gloves were tens—
Such were the fates—
His shirts fifteens,
His socks just eights—
After Christmas.

LAURA W. SHELDON.

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We make this **EXTRAORDINARY** offer on account of the enormous stock of Woolens we have on hand. Also on account of the general depression of business at the present time. And we must do business to keep our

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Suit and Extra Pants **$15** **Made to Your Order**

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WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS

RIBBON REMNANTS

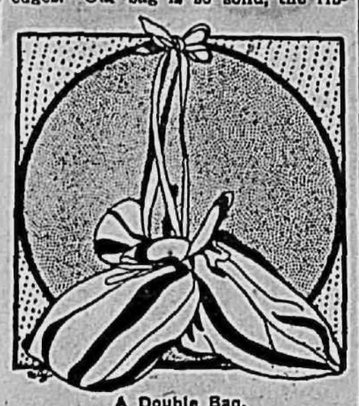
THEY MAKE THE VERY DAINTIEST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

May Be Easily Fashioned Into Innumerable Pretty and Useful Article That Will Be Appreciated.

In the wide range of Christmas present making there is nothing that offers so many opportunities as the pretty piece of ribbon found on the remnant counters of the stores. They are comparatively inexpensive, and the ingenious woman easily fashions from them many a dainty and attractive article of personal adornment or home decoration that will be all the more appreciated for the reason that it represents her work more than it does her pocketbook. We give here suggestions for a number of pretty articles that may be made from ribbon of different colors and widths.

It is far easier to contrive smart little knick-knacks from the wide ribbons than it is to turn to account those of narrower make. This is in great measure due to the readiness with which they may be converted into charming little bags for holding handkerchief and purse, or for work, and numberless odds and ends. One of the most uncommon models that requires only a yard of ribbon five and a half to six inches wide is the double bag shown in the illustration.

The bag from which our picture was taken was made of an exceedingly handsome ribbon of striped design. Heliotrope, white and black velvet bands were effectively combined. A thinner kind of ribbon, such as a chine taffetas, could well be chosen, and might well be sought out because it is generally to be had in specially beautiful shadowy designs, with plain colored stripes running down the edges. Our bag is so solid, the ribbon being extra thick, that when it is in use it is firm enough to stand upright upon a table. This adds greatly to its general convenience.



A Double Bag.

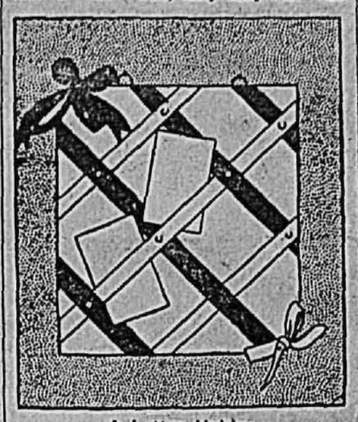
To make the bag, fold nine inches of the ribbon over at each end towards the center. Take a needle threaded with silk to match the edge color and sew the sides of the ribbons together for a distance of six inches and a half, starting from the fold at each end. There will, of course, be four seams in all. These make the two divisions of our double bag. The few inches of ribbon that are left free must be folded in so as to form two hems, each nearly two inches and three-quarters in length and having a half-inch wide casing in each to hold the drawstrings of half-inch ribbon of some suitable color. These strings are run through the casing in the ordinary way, the heading of the bag being considered as if there were nothing at all uncommon about it. The ribbon should be tied together at the ends into a crisp bow, which can be held in place with a few stitches hidden away in the center.

Dolls are often made to serve as the foundation for a needlecase or pinholder. It is by no means a bad plan to buy one of these pinholders by way of a pattern and, for a sale of work, to dress up several of them with ribbons of different colors. The dolls, small china ones, with long fair hair, can be purchased for a few cents each. For the outer part of the case, half a yard of satin ribbon about two inches wide is required. This should be folded in half and a round hole cut in the center of the fold large enough for the doll's head to slip through. The two ends should be fringed out to the depth of half an inch. The under part of the pinholder, which does not show when the whole thing is hung up, consists of a strip of thick flannel, both narrower and shorter than the ribbon. It should be either vandyked at the edges or should be over-sewn with fancy buttonholing.



The doll's head is slipped first through the hole in the flannel, then in the opening in the ribbon. Take three yards of three-eighths of an inch white satin ribbon and cut the length in three. Tie one piece round the doll's waist to make a sash, arranging part of this as a loop by which the holder can be hung up. Sew the other two pieces in the center, one on each side of the doll's ribbon dress in such a way that the edges are caught together about two inches below the waist. At one side the ribbons may be nearer the waist than on the other. They must be tied in bows with long loops. A trimming of lace will hide imperfections round the neck and very narrow, soft ribbon may be added in the hair.

For using up odd lengths of ribbon about half an inch wide there are few things more convenient than is the letter or card-holder. A piece of very firm cardboard is required for the foundation. If this is not at hand, possibly two thinner pieces are to be had. They will answer as well if they are firmly gummed together. Any size and any shape may be chosen. Some workers may not care about the straight form of the model, and, if this is the case, they may cut the foundation as a shield, star, triangle, octagon, or, indeed, of almost any shape.



A Letter Holder.

Serge is a good material for the covering, but, if a thinner fabric only is available, it is as well to line it first wiht thin flannel or even with calico, or something left over from the family dressmaking. The narrow ribbons are arranged in lattice-fashion, as evenly as possible, across the front of the holder after it has been covered. It will be seen from the illustration that the bands are so arranged as to interlace and, at every point at which they meet, a brass paper fastener is run through them and to the wrong side of the board, where it is secured in the usual way. As much trimming as the worker pleases may be added in the way of bows or rosettes of ribbons.

The absence of a sensible pocket in the skirt of a fashionable dress is a sore grievance with many people. Rather than be without a pocket, they would be pleased enough to have a costume of less modish cut, but such a thing is beyond the powers of a good dressmaker, part of whose business it is to run with the times and to make costumes as demanded by the fashion, whether they are practical or not. This is apt to press hardly upon middle-aged and elderly ladies, and they are obliged to resort to the expedient of attaching a pocket to the outside of their skirts in which to keep the various trifles that are in most frequent use.

The making of such a pocket affords an opportunity for turning to account about three-quarters of a yard of soft black satin reversible ribbon five inches and a half wide. The pocket has an inner compartment in which a small purse may be stowed away, the handkerchief being carried in the outer division. Cut off five inches and a half of the ribbon. Hem it along each of the cut edges, and lay it on the main piece of the ribbon, so that its lower margin is 13 inches and a half from one end. Stitch it down along the bottom edge and, for the present, tack it to the sides of the foundation ribbon, as we may call it.



A Convenient Pocket.

Turn up the ribbon beyond the bottom of this small pocket, and, after hemming the cut end, oversew the sides together to make the larger pocket. Sew the sides of the smaller pocket in with this seam. The upper edge should set about an inch below the top of the shallower pocket already made.

The front of this part of our bag may be ornamented in any way the worker pleases. It is a good plan to sew a lace applique in the center, using fine cream-colored cotton to match it exactly. The top of the pocket may be either bound or hemmed, as preferred. It must be pleated up as narrowly as it can be and finished with a bow or rosette. At the back a large hook should be sewn on by which the pocket can be attached to the waist.

Similar receptacles for handkerchiefs, keys and other trifles may be made, if preferred, with one division instead of two. Also ribbon of a narrower width may be employed if the pocket is to contain nothing more than a handkerchief.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

FOR BABY OR GRANDMOTHER.

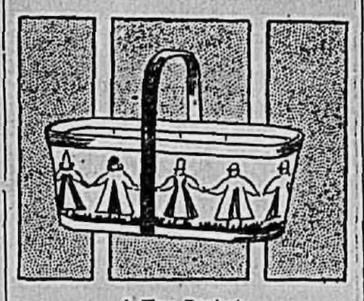
Stenciled Basket That May Be Put to Various Uses.

One of the beauties of stenciling is the variety of materials upon which it may be used. This means an endless variety of things to make, and without having them seem to have been run off by machinery. With different materials, different designs and different colors, the finished objects bear little relation to one another.

Wood is the nicest thing for stenciling because it will take anything that has color in it from the indigo in the laundry to the ink on the library table. Dyes, tube paint, house paint thinned down with turpentine until the oil is overcome—literally anything with color, may be used for stenciling wood. The design is traced on a piece of stencil paper of light cardboard, and cut with a pen-knife or manicure scissors. This pattern is then anchored to the wood and the color applied with an ordinary artists' brush.

A good thing to experiment on is an ordinary little fruit basket with a handle. Let the design be some of the quaint little Dutch figures that everyone is so fond of, or some of the sun-bonnet children that have taken their place in almost every household. These may be traced from the original pictures on tracing paper for the pattern from which to cut the stencil. Or, if you can draw, make an original design. Two figures, or even one, are enough and they can be repeated around the basket.

Lay the stencil in place on the basket, and stick it fast with two or three pins. Then apply the color as already directed. Let the colors for this be gay, and if part of the space be left uncolored it gives a variety. For instance, let the hose of the men and the aprons of the women be bare basket, the trousers of the men and the skirts of the women red or orange, the men's coats dull blue, and the bodices of the women the same blue thinned down a little to make it paler. The hats and caps may be made of whatever color is left. Always a little touch of black here and there brings out the other colors. It gives a good poster look to outline each figure with a thin line of black.



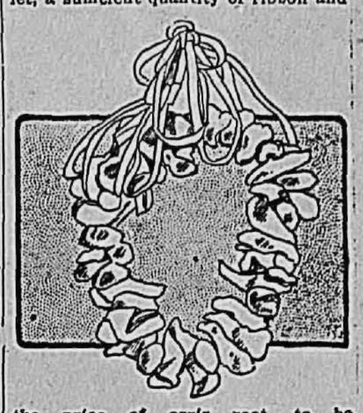
A Toy Basket.

The handle and rim of the basket may be tinted with any one of the colors, and here you have a pleasing receptacle for toys which may interest a child enough to act as an inducement for him to pick up his own playthings now and then and save his mother the trouble. A lining might be put in the basket making it acceptable to grandmother for a darning basket.

AN ORRIS ROOT RING.

Nice Present for the Boy to Give His Mother.

The small boy is really forlorn when it comes to making Christmas presents for mother. He wants to give her some of his own handiwork, but his fingers were not meant to sew and his carpentering and carving usually end in cut fingers and general distress. A ring of orris root can be made by any boy or girl who possesses a small gimlet, a sufficient quantity of ribbon and



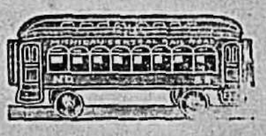
the price of orris root, to be had at the druggist. This orris root must be in its natural state before it is ground up into powder. A hole is bored in each one of the pieces and they are strung together in a ring on a ribbon. This is tied into a big bow at the top. The fragrance is exquisite and lasts really for years, which is not always the case with the Christmas sachet. The orris ring is intended to be hung in a wardrobe where it diffuses its delicious scent long after the Christmas festivities are a thing of the past. MARGARET AYER.

Threaded Ribbon.

Bed linen, lingerie, table linen and even bric-a-brac seem to have been drawn into the fad for threaded ribbon. All these articles, as well as the ordinary wearing apparel, hats included, are run through with ribbons of various widths. Hence beading, double-hemstitching and eyelet embroidery are having tremendous vogue as the means whereby the ribbon effect may be added. In the case of crystal vases and the like the ribbons are of exactly the shade of the glass, run through or around the brim and tied with a bow at one side.

OSMOND'S THE PLACE TO BUY CHRISTMAS GIFTS OSMOND'S



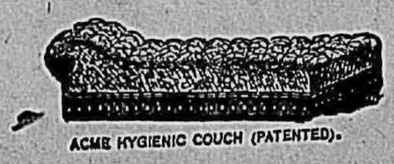


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Ladies and Children Cloaks and Furs



Shirt Waists and Under-wear. Corsets

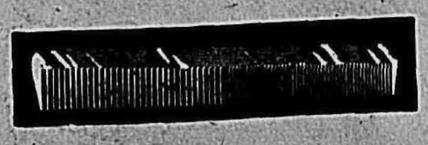
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OUR PRICES WILL BE FOUND AMONG THE LOWEST, QUALITY AND WORKMANSHIP CONSIDERED



Christmas Night.

BY WILL HILL.

CHRISTMAS, crowned with mirth and cheer,
Sweet magnet-night of all the year,
From field and city, camp and foam,
Where'er our loved ones absent roam,
Thy subtle spell from far and near.
Can draw them home.

Gathered round thy friendly fire,
Sisters, mother, sons, and sire
Once more in fond affection meet,
To love-set time their bosoms beat,
And every hearth's a happy quire
Of singers sweet.

Copyright, 1907.

Brief Christmas Tales

It Was a Sure Proof of Lunacy.

RUFUS L. GRISWOLD, the Cleveland educator who holds that it is wrong to let children believe in Santa Claus, was arguing about his strange views at a dinner.

"Why lie to children?" he asked. "Why let them believe in a myth? Whenever I hear mention of that loathed name of Santa Claus, I think of a lunatic. Some years ago I attended a trial. A witness was being examined as to the sanity of one of the inmates.

"'You hold that this inmate is insane, do you?' a lawyer asked.

"'I do,' was the firm reply.

"'Why are you so sure?'

"'The man,' the witness said, 'goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus.'

"'And,' said the lawyer, 'you hold, do you, that when a man goes about asserting that he is Santa Claus, it's a clear proof of his insanity?'

"'I do.'

"'Why?'

"'Because,' said the witness, in a loud, indignant voice, 'I happen to be Santa Claus myself.'"

Sample of American Christmas Push.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON had been complimented by a New York reporter on the cup he had just offered.

"I ought to offer a cup," said the genial Briton, "to the retail shop-keeper who does the biggest Christmas trade. The size of your Christmas trade amazes me—its size, and the dexterity with which it is handled.

"I heard the other day of a great Christmas bargain sale in Quincy. To one of the bargain counters a man was rash enough to venture. He struggled heroically a little while among the press, then, with a loud cry, he sank.

"'Help, help!' he shouted from the floor. 'Help! My leg is broken.'

"The clerk, dextrous in the handling of Christmas crowds, got him.

"'And you'll find our Christmas splints and curtches, sir,' he said, 'on third floor back, fifth aisle to left.'"

In the Interest of Peace on Earth."

ALFRED H. LOVE, the president of Universal Peace Union, told one day in Philadelphia a peace story.

"At this Christmas season," he said, "men talk sincerely about loving one another, about the universal brotherhood of man, and in the same breath they assert that it is right to burn and maim and kill in war. They are not so logical as a young colored recruit who served in the Philippines. This young man, at the end of his initial engagement, was haled before his captain.

"'So you ran at the first fire, did you?' said the captain, scornfully.

"'Yes, sah; an' I'd 'a' run sooner, sah, if I'd knowed it wuz comin'.'

"'Have you no regard for your reputation, Calhoun?'

"'Mah reputation hain't nuffin' to me, sah, 'longside o' mah life.'

"The captain smiled and twirled his mustache.

"'Even if you should lose your life, Calhoun,' he said, 'you'd have the satisfaction of knowing that you had died for your country.'

"'Wot satisfaction could dat be to me, sah, when de power o' feelin' it wuz gone?'

"'Then patriotism means nothing to you?'

"'Nuffin', sah. I wouldn't put mah life in de scales agin any government dat eber existed, for no government could replace de loss o' me.'

"'Calhoun, if all soldiers were like you, the world's governments would all go to pieces.'

"'On de contrary, sah, dey'd last forever; for if all soldiers wuz like me, den dere couldn't neber be no fightin'.'"

Sam Small's Hypnotism Didn't Work.

"THE late Sam Small had his faults," said an Atlantan, "but he did not dodge the penalty of them. When he went wrong, he owned up like a man, and if punishment was due, he took it.

"That was the doctrine Sam Small preached. He hated dodgers. He used to laugh bitterly at the plea of 'hypnotic influence' that used to be put up by nearly every murderer.

"I once heard him ridiculing hypnotism. He said that he bought pretty heavily one year for Christmas, and when the bill came in for turkey and mince meat, candy, ducks, chickens, plum pudding, fruit cake and so on, he thought to himself that here was a case for hypnotism to be tried.

"He went first to hypnotize the grocer. Approaching the man, he looked him squarely in the eye, at the same time repeating, slowly and impressively:

"'My bill is paid.'

"A change came over the grocer's face. His color faded, his eyes grew dull, his expression blank. And in a strange, mechanical voice he muttered:

"'You're a liar.'"

Had Earned Her Christmas Gift.

"THERE are Christmas gifts and Christmas gifts," said Bishop Foss, "but the only acceptable ones are those given with a pure motive. In a crockery shop, during the holidays, I once saw the proprietor hand a plainly-dressed young woman a two-dollar bill. She looked at the bill, and said bitterly:

"'Is that all? And durin' the past year ain't I broken 35 tumblers, 26 cups, nine meat platters, four saucers, 72 plates and 13 of the mistress' best tureens?'

"'There, there,' said the shopman, soothingly; 'here's another dollar for you. And don't forget me, you know,' he ended with a wink."

Christmas Is a Good Day for a Cold.

BISHOP OLMSTED of Colorado was making a Christmas address to some Denver children.

"Eat heartily on Christmas day," the bishop said, smiling. "Do full justice to turkey, to cranberry sauce, to plum pudding, to all the good things. But don't give way to gluttony. Don't gloat over your Christmas dainties like a Bala boy I used to know. This boy said one Christmas morning:

"'My, I wish I had a cold!'

"'Why?' asked his brother.

"'Cause mother says to feed a cold, and if I had one to-day, wouldn't I feed it, though!'"

BENEATH the SPRAY of MISTLETOE

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Beneath the spray of mistletoe
The comely damsel stands,
Her hair is of a golden glow
In careless, curling strands—
She ties it with a satin bow
Held in her shapely hands.

The firelight flickers on the wall;
The shadows quaintly weave
Odd patterns that arise and fall;
She fidgets with her sleeve
And prinks her ribbons one and all—
This daughter fair of Eve.

In truth she is a lovely sight,
Her cheek is like the rose,
Her brow as ivory is white,
Patrician is her nose,
Her eye is blue with heaven's light;
She holds a queenly pose.

A young man passing by the door
Looks in and sees her there;
He tiptoes lightly o'er the floor—
Each man of us would dare
Do even this, and even more
For she is passing fair!



He points above her sunny head,
She looks up with a smile.
(The young man it may well be said,
Is well equipped with guile.)
Her lips are rarely curved, and red,
And purse in tempting style.

He puts his arm about her waist—
And she does not resist!
And then, in sudden, ardent haste,
The damsel fair is kissed!
Ah, luscious smack and honeyed taste
That he would not have missed!

And now she gazes in surprise—
Is she surcharged with ire?
The gleam within her azure eyes—
Is that from anger's fire?
Will she with wrathful rousing cries
Call forth her sturdy sire?



Ah, no! She laughs! Her dimples rare
In merriment appear.
She tosses one stray strand of hair
Behind her shapely ear.
She says: "Why, 'tis but smilax there
Upon the chandelier!"

Beneath the seeming mistletoe
The damsel stands, and then
The bashful and repentant beau
Behaves as honest men
Should do; he takes the kiss you know,
And puts it back again!

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All One in Christ.

The coming of Christ gave emphasis to the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The great principle of Christianity stands out prominently in contradiction to many of the noblest principles of heathendom. Race prejudices ran through all peoples and amongst all tongues, but when Christ came he taught the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. He taught that God is no respecter of persons. He made the poor as well as the rich his disciples. He dined with the publicans and sinners, as well as with priests and noblemen. He commanded that the Gospel be preached to every creature. His church today is a living witness that there is neither bond nor free, male nor female, Greek nor Jew, for we are all one in Christ.

10 per cent Cash Raising Rebate Sale

now going on at

Seidel's

Waukegan's Greatest Clothing Store

MEN'S OVERCOATS AT $12.50

NOT ONE COAT IN THE ENTIRE ASSORTMENT was ever made to sell at less than a third to a half more than the price we ask. Your choice is not limited to just a few from which to make your selection, but covers a very broad range of patterns:



Copyright, 1907, by L. ADLER, BROS. & CO.

The Entire Surplus Stock embracing several hundred Coats of an Eastern manufacturer, made to sell at retail at **$15.00** to **$18.00** were offered to us at such an irresistable price that we in turn can offer you this elegant assortment which includes blacks and fancies, at

$12.50

Men's Underwear	Stocking Caps	Way Mufflers	Children's Mittens
Men's woolen underwear, flesh color, retails the world over at $1.00 per garment, special during this sale **69c**	Stocking caps for boys and girls, every desirable shade is here; a value that is worth from half to two-thirds more, special during this sale..... **15c**	500 Way mufflers, bought at a price. Regular buyers always have to sell them at 50c. Our price while they last.... **35c**	Children's black woolen mittens, double knit, mostly small sizes but excellent quality, special during our great cash-raising rebate sale at..... **12c**

SALE OF CARDIGAN JACKETS

Pure worsted, a very comfortable garment to wear, well worth $3.00. Special during this sale..... **$2.00**

Men's Sweater Coats

Men's Sweater Coats in blue and light oxford gray with blue stripe. Easily worth $3.00. Special during this cash raising rebate sale, sale..... **$2.50**

Boys' Sweater Coats

Boys' Sweater Coats, fine wool worsted in an assortment of colors including oxford gray with blue and red broad stripe, large pearl buttons, great value for..... **$1.75**



Capt. Riley was intently watching from his net-loft window the approach of his biggest fishing tug, the Alice Riley. Even in the inner harbor she was pitching and rolling in the December seas and was sheathed in ice from bobbing timber head to the overhang aft.

"Not a boxful, not one," he groaned, seeing the nested fish boxes still lashed to the deckhouse roof. "But the boys 'll get their pay, somehow; they'll get it, if I have to slap a mortgage on all the outfit." No one else should know it, but the truth was Christmas cheer was not in Capt. Riley's heart as he turned gravely to the twine-reeling he had busied himself with since he broke his ankle and Billy Noonan had promptly taken out the Alice Riley, the most powerful tug that flashed off Skilligalee in the Straits of Mackinac.

The tug tied up to the dock with a bump, there was some shouting, heavy footsteps clumping on the icy wharf, then up the shaky stairs and the door flew open letting in a blast of raw north wind and an ice-coated being in oil skins who presently shed his chrysalis and became a crestfallen skipper, a curly-haired, alert young fellow, who almost hugged the roaring stove, for he was drenched and shivering.

"Not a pound, cap'n," was his greeting. "Breezed up so we couldn't touch the nets," he added.

"Old Michigan must be cuttin' up considerable," the old man answered cheerily. "Never mind, boy, ye'll get 'em next time."

But Billy Noonan knew how bad the fishing had been all year, and could figure as well as his employer how bad matters must be. Not a man of them



Got a Line to Her.

all but loved the grizzled old man, and marveled at him, for he knew the lake bottom from Point Betsie to the great log rollway that scarred the bluffs north of Waugoshance light, as most men know dry land. Billy Noonan, however, also loved the old captain's daughter, Mary, and had hoped—how he had hoped!—to bring in a big catch of whitefish when he was given the big tug to lift the last nets of the year. Now a lean Christmas, a very lean Christmas, seemed certain in the Riley home—a home for all homeless lads at Christmas time. Mary's laugh had been infrequent of late and her merriment had been forced.

Here she was herself in the doorway as the crew clumped in. "Billy Noonan," she called, "don't you know you'll swamp the tug with the fish jammed to the gunwalls, so?" There was a note in her raillery that cut him to the quick. How queenly she was, this straight, blue-eyed brunette, wrapped in the captain's oilskins, flushed from facing the storm!

Billy Noonan lay awake that night, notwithstanding the long day at the wheel of the lurching tug. Through his window he stared out at the blackness, and he listened to the wailing wind; wailing, it seemed to him, complaint at the year of misfortunes and pitiful catches of fish, wailing complaint at the wages and prices of fish fixed by the union that made the lot of Capt. Riley so hard in an "off" year. Far out on the Charlevoix pier no white light shone, up and down the angry lake the lighthouses and lightships were nowhere else on watch, the fog signals were silent, although belated barges still stumbled up and down the lake. Suddenly a flash in the north, and another and another, the flash of rockets, brought him out of bed.

"This side o' Waugoshance, about White Shoals," he calculated. "Bad place with this wind."

He shook his bed-fellow, Kelly, the fireman, and finally roused him.

"Get out Kell, someone's in trouble near the straits and maybe the Alice Riley can get a line to her first."

Kelly knew what that would mean, at least $400 a day for "the old man," and he knew the need.

Everyone said the Alice Riley had an uncommon crew; two hours later the tug's whistle blew four booming blasts in the darkness—"strong ahead"—and five more that were Billy's farewell to Mary if she was awake—or cared. She saw from her bedroom window the tug steam through the channel, sparks flying weirdly in the wind, out to the open lake where no light shone to mark the way for the 30 miles of desperate tussle with waves that now at times buried the very deckhouse roof. Again the five short blasts as the starboard light turned north beyond the pier, then was gone.

"Here's hopin'," growled Billy as he whirled the wheel over. He was hanging on grimly, for at times the tug stood about on end. A sea smashed one of the pilot-house windows and he fixed it as best he could by the dim binnacle light. He lashed the wheel to a course two points east of north. In the blackness he could see only the white crests of waves. The panting of the tug's exhaust told him Kelly was stoking like a fiend and that O'Neil was squeezing the last ounce out of his big engine, 16 square. Ahead was blackness, the maddened waters and the infrequent flash of rockets.

It was still dark when Billy saw, as the tug topped a great wave, a ship's light ahead twinkle a moment where the whitecaps marked White Shoals. At dawn he had a line to the derelict and the great seven-inch hauser was going to her overside; an hour later they were fast by the forward towing post. It would be easy in such a sea to trip on the hauser and "turn turtle," or to be snatched by a great wave and have the hauser break. The barge on the shoal was an ore freighter loaded to the water's edge, a heavy tow.

With his hand on the bell cord to signal to O'Neil, Billy muttered: "Here's for Mary and better—"

He rang, the engines started, then, crash! Billy's Christmas wishes were cut short; the tow post was gone and water poured into the hole in torrents. It was hours later when they got that hauser again, when the tug's hoarse whistle roared, "All right," and the bellow of the stranded barge replied. It was dreary work and Billy and the crew were gaunt with hunger and weariness.

Again slowly in the teeth of the wind they went ahead, jerked tremendously at intervals when the waves snatched the tow. When they were getting into deeper water O'Neil's engines suddenly stopped, and ten minutes later the barge had drifted back to the shoal. The eccentric had slipped; the tug was but driftwood; bad business in such a sea.

Billy Noonan and O'Neil kept her afloat someway, and all the time Billy, still clutching the wheel, was muttering of Mary and Christmas; he had strange vagaries, but was still sane as a skipper. When at last the frantic hammering in the engine room ceased, near evening of the next day, they were still near to the barge that was pounding on the shoals. The sun broke through the clouds, a red sun near to setting beyond the tossing waters, the sunset of Christmas eve.

It was never clear how they got the slow steel barge to move so fast once they got her off again. But in the midnight hours when St. Nick, Kris Kringel and all the Christmas fairies were abroad on land, when the last embers of the yule logs smouldered cozily under lines of stockings in many, many homes, the Alice Riley's deep whistle sounded off the Charlevoix pier. Capt. Riley still sat before his fireplace, waiting hopefully—as was his nature. But for the hundredth time he looked about the room at Mary's pitiful efforts at Christmas decorations. Suddenly he heard, faint but unmistakable, the bass call of the Alice Riley.

Instantly he picked up his crutch and rapped on the door of Mary's room. So quickly did she appear, suspiciously red-eyed but smiling, she must have been awake, too.

"Listen," he cried, holding up his hand.

Boo-oo-oom, boooo-oom, boo-oo-oom! "All right!"

Again, deep, full and growing less faint, the whistle sounded, "All right."

"That means a Christmas for all of us, Mary, in spite of the fish!"

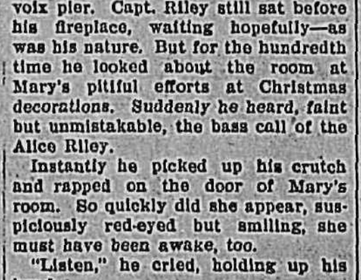
Then there came a succession of short, sharp toots and the captain stared perplexed. With a twinkle he turned to Mary.

"Do you know what that means, Mary?" he asked.

She flushed crimson, but before she put her arms about her father with a hug that he understood she flashed her answer from the bow window with a lamp. The captain, smiling, for a long time sat looking at a picture over the mantel, the picture of her mother. "Merry Christmas," he said to the picture, very softly, "I knew it would come."

Billy brought it—and Billy had it, an unforgetable Christmas—with the Riley's. When at last he "rolled in" with Kelly, the fireman would have his joke—he called it "Mary Christmas."

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An Old English Custom.

The old country Englishman never fails to unbar his door at 12 o'clock New Year's eve to let the old year out and the new year in.

Little Vida's Gray Muff

By KENDRICK FERRIS.



IT HAD begun way back in November—the Sunday after Thanksgiving, when Sallie carter came in late to church with a gray astrakhan muff. The sermon was too "deep" for Vida, who had her hand on her face and was almost asleep, when a flash of gray in the next pew caused her to turn her head ever so slightly and peep through her chubby fingers. There it stood on the velvet cushion beside Sallie, trim, warm and lined with pearly gray satin, exactly like Mrs. Carter's own beautiful big one, but smaller by half. A great longing began to grow in Vida's heart.

But from that day on till the 17th of December Vida thought of nothing but a gray muff—how she would look carrying it, how it would feel and how every Sunday afternoon she would let poor Dorothy Haines carry it for a whole block.

The 25th fell on Sunday that year, and Saturday morning dawned bright and clear. Vida and her mother were standing together at the nursery window, as with a jingle of merry bells the Carters' sleigh drove by. Vida sighed contentedly.

"To-morrow," she said; "I shall be carrying a gray astrakhan muff."

Her mother laughed merrily. "Why, Vida, dear," she said. "You asked Santa Claus for seven other things—you said so only this morning. You couldn't expect him to remember them all, and he's as likely to forget the muff as the French doll, or the tea set. It's foolish to count on any one thing when you made so long a list. I told you to be moderate." And her busy mother hurried off in answer to a call from Aunt Jane.

Not count on it! Why, she had done nothing but count on it ever since Santa Claus had found her note, says St. Nicholas. Not count on it. Why, Christmas would be nothing without it!

At last twilight came, and the darkness fell. And in the corner of the great hall sofa, facing the clock on the stairs, Vida, a disconsolate little body, fell asleep.

Her mother wakened her when it was time to hang up her stocking, and then, in spite of her warning, and in spite of her long hours of worry, hope was born again, and when Vida kissed her mother good night visions of gray astrakhan muffs danced in her head.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

It seemed to Vida she had but closed her eyes, and there stood mother and Aunt Jane beside her bed, one with her worsted shoes and the other with her red elderdown wrapper to hurry her over to the nursery, where her father stood awaiting at the door.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Oh, papa, I said it first!" she cried, laughingly, as her father caught her in his arms.

Vida drew a quiet breath, and gave a little happy exclamation. Then she flew straight to the fireplace—the muff should be there.

Of the seven presents six were not forgotten, and there were others she had not asked for.

But Vida's lips were quivering, and a great lump swelled in her throat. The muff—the beautiful gray astrakhan muff was not there. Santa Claus had forgotten it.

But Vida was brave. And she would not let those who loved her see her cry, or suspect her disappointment. She turned away from them and went to the north window, fighting with her tears.

"Oh, papa, papa," she cried excitedly. "Come here, come here right away. See, there is something out on the roof!"

Her father opened the window quickly, and climbed out. Vida's heart beat so wildly she could scarcely speak. Her father was picking up a box—it was about the size of Aunt Jane's cooky jar, and it was round.

"Well," her father said, as he climbed back into the nursery. "Here is something old St. Nick dropped, and from its size I guess it's meant for you."

Vida's hands trembled so she could scarcely tug off the round top of the box. Just as it was about to yield, a sudden fear fell upon her heart.

"Papa, perhaps—perhaps he didn't mean it for me. Perhaps he dropped it, and it belongs to some other little girl."

Her father's eyes twinkled.

"Look at the bottom of the box, little one," he said.

Vida turned the box upside down. There was her name—Vida Sumner Lane, as plain as plain could be, and while she was staring at it open mouthed, out dropped—not a little gray astrakhan muff, but a beautiful soft chinchilla one and a little collar to match! And Sallie Carter peeped through her fingers that Christmas morning at the happiest little girl in all Christendom.



"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hope that Saint Nicholas soon would be there."

Bells of Christmas.

No other bells that ever rang
O'er land or sea were like to these;
No other chimes, nor melodies,
Nor any song that poet sang—
Of Death's unbroken mysteries
Of Life's swift-changing histories,
Gave such strange music to the breeze,
Nor swept on the wind's wings so far—
High, and beyond the highest star
Far as the doors of Heaven are.

All other bells that be, ring clear
And loud and sweet for the world's ear,
Cadences tuned to bliss and woe,
Soft bridal lays, sad dirges slow,
Glad peals for joy, low peals for prayer
But this that thrills the Christmas air
Breaks all of silence everywhere.
The living and the dead are stirred,
As with one vast outreaching word—
The grandest ever said or heard.

Chime! bells of Heaven, with clang and clang,
O'er all the lands, o'er all the seas—
No other bells that ever rang
Since time began were like to these.

Oak Christmas Trees.

We have used, in place of the regulation evergreen tree, a small oak tree, writes a Suburban Life correspondent. We have selected a prettily shaped one, the more irregular the better, and placed it in the middle of the room on the regular Christmas-tree standard. There have been usually a few leaves left upon the tree which we have taken care not to knock off.

We have frosted one side of the tree and the branches so that, seen in the light, it seemed as if the snow storm had been blowing across the bare tree and had stuck.

Two of Them.

Christmas is the "hinting" season; hints that would be resented at other times are then permissible.

"Now, Eva," said the fond uncle, wishing to know his best little niece's mind upon a highly interesting subject, and preferring to get at it indirectly, "if I were going to buy a doll for a little girl, what kind of a one do you think she would like?"

"Oh, Uncle William," answered the mite, "there is nothing like twins!"

CHRISTMAS TREE FAIRY.

Pretty Ornament for the Top of the Tree.

A pretty ornament for the crowning branch of the Christmas tree is a doll fairy representing the Spirit of Yule. Crepe paper printed in a holly design is used to make her long robes, the girdle is made of silver tinsel, and a wreath of miniature artificial holly, with a star made of silver paper in the center, crowns her flowing hair.

Long, graceful wings are made of wired gauze edged with silver tinsel, and a slender wand, which is wired to the right hand, is made of a length of picture wire covered with silver paper and surmounted by a silver star. If desired a silver heart, made of paper, may be wired to the left hand, to signify "peace and good will."

To keep the fairy securely in place the apex of the tree should be stiffened with wire and the limbs of the doll fastened to it with the same material, the robes being drawn over it so as to conceal the fastenings.

If, however, a hovering effect is preferred, a wire hoop covered with silver tinsel may be affixed to the top of the tree and the fairy suspended from it by an invisible wire passed around her waist. Silver bells may also be attached to the hoop, from the top of which should radiate festoons of silver tinsel, these being looped to the lower branches.

St. Nick's Native Land.

The city of Amsterdam, as you may know, claims St. Nicholas as its patron saint, and throughout all Holland his birthday, December 6, is celebrated as St. Nicholas day. During the first week of December the shops are gaily decorated and everyone turns out to visit them. At the candy stores large quantities of St. Nicholas cake are on sale. This is a crisp ginger bread, made in the form of little men and women, and may be bought in different sizes. Vrijers, or sweethearts, is another name for them.

After dinner on St. Nicholas eve the children of the household sing songs of praise to their dear old saint, and very often, right as they are in the midst of a song, candies and nuts and other goodies come down to them through the chimney! Then they go to bed and early in the morning find their stockings and their queer little wooden shoes—which had been left by the grate—crammed full of presents, just as American children find their presents on every Christmas morning.

Good Advice.

"Drink less, breathe more; eat less, chew more; ride less, walk more; clothe less, bathe more; worry less, work more; waste less, give more; write less, read more; preach less, practice more.

A Christmas Prayer

By Charles Wagner

Beloved Father, while all Christendom kneels around the manger of Bethlehem, send us new spirit, teach us new songs, give us the very Christmas mind. Turn the hearts of the fathers to the children and the hearts of the children to the fathers; give joy to the hopeless, bring into the right way those who are going astray, give confidence to the trembling ones, free bonded hearts, open blind eyes and unstop deaf ears. As on this day we make the hearts of the little ones joyous, so, O Merciful Father, let us all become children again, with simple faith, with trustful hearts, with ready wills, with pure endeavor.

And this blessed birthday of Jesus shall become the birthday of a new creation and awaken among us a spirit which beareth all things, believeth all things, loveth all things. Amen.

FESTIVAL OF THE NATIVITY.

Was Observed at Very Early Time in History of Church.

The festival of Christmas was observed at a very early period in the church, as indeed it could hardly but be; for that which brought the joy of angels within reach of men's ears could not but have been devoutly and joyously remembered by Christians, year by year, when they came fully to understand the greatness of the event. It is most fit that the season so marked out by angels by songs of joy, such as had not been heard on earth since the creation, should also be observed as a time of festive gladness by the church, and in the social life of Christians Christ Himself instituted this festival when He sanctified the day by then first revealing His human nature to the eyes of mankind. The holy angels witnessed to its separation forever as a day of days, when they proclaimed the glory that was then offered to God in the highest by the restoration of perfect manhood in the virgin-born Jesus, and the peace that was brought among men on earth through the reunion of their nature to God.

50 Years in the Jewelry Business

Ingalls Jewelry Store
Waukegan, Illinois

Our Golden Anniversary Holiday display is conceded one of the finest ever made in this part of the state

Special Concessions will be made to Antioch People which will recompense them for car fare expended.

Our stock includes everything a First Class Jewelry Store should have

HANDSOME DIAMOND RINGS
From $10 to $400

KUEBKER & HOEM

GRAYSLAKE — ILLINOIS

SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS

The Thing You Want at the Price You Want to Pay

Sometimes it is difficult to get these together but we are in a position to make your Christmas shopping easy as our stock is new and arranged so as to make buying easy. We are not asking excessive profits on our Christmas goods. Study the squares and you will find we are offering exceptional Christmas values.

Ladies' Neckwear

We are showing a variety of styles and patterns in colors, white and in black.

25c

Ladies' Handkerchiefs

We have eighteen patterns, some lace edged, some embroidered and some hemstiched, each, only,

5c

Ladies' Handkerchiefs

The best line in western Lake County, linen, silk, with lace, with embroidery, with hemstitching, from.

10c to 50c

Ladies' Waist Patterns

Enough material for a ladies waist in a neat box which makes it appear better than two patterns in the ordinary way, from,

$1.00 to $2.00

Linens

Drawnwork, hemstitched center pieces, table cloths, napkins towels.

We have a dandy fringed bed spread for

$1.75

Fancy China

We have forty-eight beautiful, decorated china salad dishes, every one with a different decoration, every one a beauty, each, only,

50c

Fancy China

Cups and saucers 20c to $1.50
Plates.....10c to $2.00
Salad dishes.....50c to $2.75
Nut bowls.....10c to 75c

Fancy China

Sugars and creamers.....95c
.....to $2.00
Chocolat sets.....$5.00
Berry sets.....$1.75
Cracker jars...$2.00 to $2.25

Japanese China

We have three hundred pieces of Japanese chinn, consisting of cups and saucers, plates, t a-pots, nut bowles, vaces, tea stands, toothbrush holders, etc., each, only

10c

Pictures

We are showing one hundred framed pictures, good frames, beautiful subjects, just the thing you have been looking for, each, only,

10c

For the Young Lady

A bottle of our perfume is sure to please. Each bottle in a beautiful Christmas box.

10c to 50c

For Men

Smoking sets....25c to $1.25
Necktie boxes.....25c to 50c
Glove boxes.....25c to 50c
Match holders.....10c
Comb and brush $ 1.25.....
.....to $2.00

For Men

Neck ties in Christmas boxes, beautiful colors

50c

Suspenders in Christmas boxes, best wet gold plated buckles, heavy enough to engrave.

50c

For Men

Linen hemstitched handkerchief with initial embroidered in one corner, each

15c

For Boys and Girls

Books from

1c

each to

50c

each,

For Boys and Girls

Games toys dolls, Teddy bears, blocks, candy, nuts.

For the Girls

Nothing is more appreciated than a beautiful, new dress. We have just received a number of pieces of new goods for the holiday trade.

Doll buggies 25c to $1.25.
Go-carts 25c to $1.25.
Rocking-horses
Sleds 65c to $1.10:
Blackboards.

Dolls

Priced from 1c up. Cloth dolls, rubber dolls, walking dolls, sleeping dolls. And we have best $1.00 doll in Lake County. It has kid, body, bisque head, real hair and is a jointed doll.

For the Tree

Tinsel and ornaments, candy, nuts and fruit.

Parlor Lamps
$3 to $6

Rugs
$1.75
to $4.00

CHRISTMAS CARDS AND POST CARDS

POST CARD ALBUMS

WRITING PAPER

Crumb Tray and Scrapers
15c & 25c

Hand Painted China Plates
75c

ALWAYS ASK FOR TRADING STAMPS

FREE! In addition to our Trading Stamps we will give with a purchase of $5.00 or more of Christmas Goods

TWO POUNDS OF CHRISTMAS CANDY

HOLIDAY

THE ANTIO NEWS.

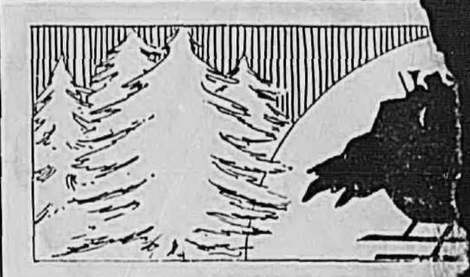
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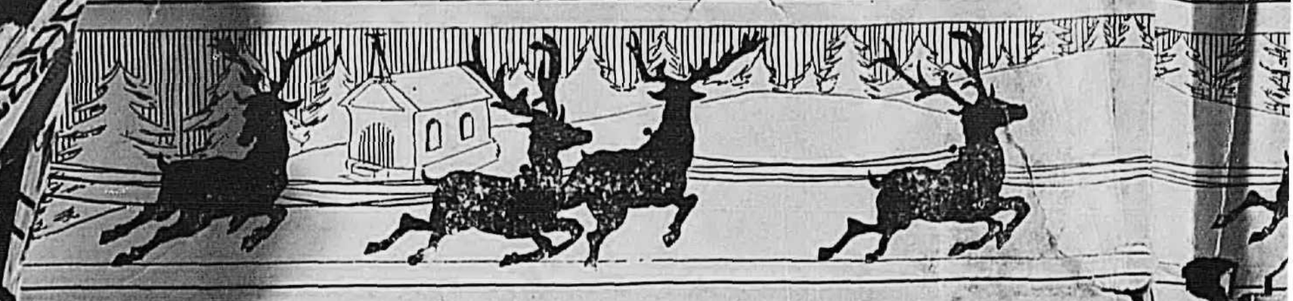
32 PAGES

Patterson.

FUNK VAN BECK

STORE OPEN EVERY NIGHT UNTIL XMAS





"Tis an Ill Wind that B… …ood"

Owing to the financial stringency a… …; depres-
sion throughout the country, the m… …the East
are loaded with merchandise, resulti… …d orders.
On account of these conditions, our … …as just re-
turned from the Eastern markets, mad… …ented pur-
chases for cash, of the seasons best merc… …from 10 to
25 per cent less than the cost to … …the goods.
The goods have now all been … …r this great
Christmas sale we will place th… …on sale at prices,
which will be less than we co… …the same merchan-
dise for, under ordinary co…

CAR FARE REFUNDED TO OUT OF TOWN CUSTOMERS ON PURCHASES AMOUNTING TO $5.00 AND OVER

Heinz

WAUKEGAN K…

BUT A FEW DAYS A…

Xmas Coat and Suit Sale

Coats

Full length, loose ripple back coats, lined throughout with fine silk finished venetian, regular $12.00—Special $5.98

Beautiful all wool broadcloth coats, colors, black, brown, wine and blue, full satin lined, very stylishly trimmed, regular $16.50—special $9.75

Our high grade chiffon broadcloth Coats, full length, circular back, lined throughout in grey or black satin, handsomely trimmed, an entire new selection, just in from New York, not one in the lot ordinarily sold at less than $25 for this Christmas Sale $15.00

Ladies' Tight Fitting Coats, made up in all wool Kersey, full length, lined to waist with good grade Satin, never sold for less than $12, special $7.75

All-wool, black, Tight Fitting Coats, 52 inches long lined throughout with fine grade satin, both single and double breasted, we never before could sell a coat like this for less than $18.00, special $10.98

This is positively a $25.00 coat, tight fitting, full length, in high grade chiffon broadcloth, and silk finished Kerseys, lined throughout with guaranteed Satin, finest tailored models, for this Christmas special sale $16.50

Christmas Coats for the Little Ones

Childrens Coats made up in good all-wool cheviots, in all plain colors, neatly trimmed sizes up to 14, good value anywhere at $4 Christmas sale spc'l $1.98

Infants Bear Skin Coats, made up in plain or curly Bear Skin, lined throughout, well worth $4 00 for Christmas sale special $1.98

Suits

Christmas Suit Reduction

$10.00 and $12.00 Suits, at $5.98

$18.00 and $20.00 Suits, at $10.98

Fine Grades $22 50, $25.00 and $30 00 including fine velvet suits, at $15.00

Xmas Hand Bag Sale

Hand Bags, in walrus grain, cloth lined, newest shapes, strong handles 25c

Hand Bags in walrus and seal grain. Leatherette and moire lined. Some fitted with purse, others have inside pockets 59c

Leather Hand Bags, seal or walrus grain, leather lined and fitted with purse. Latest shapes. Assorted colors, ... 95c

High grade Ladies Hand Bags, worth up to $5.00 this sale $2.98

Xmas Combs and Belts

A large lot of ladies beautiful combs, including the nobbiest varieties, these are worth up fo 50 cents, for this Christmas sale special at 10c

Fancy Back Combs, prettily set with extra fine quality rhinestone and colored stones, set in gold filled mountings, for this Christmas sale only 48c

Large selection of Fancy Belts, special for this sale 25c

An enormous offering of latest styles, fine belts worth 75c, this sale at 50c

Xmas Skirt and Waist Sale



Waists

Owing to the great success with our first purchase of 500 sample, net waists, our buyer bought a great lot of sample waists at less than the manufacturers cost to make the goods these waists should make our stores the talk of the entire North Shore, waists in this lot worth up to $7.50 and not one less than $5.00 for this Xmas Special Sale $2.98

Christmas Silk Waists, made up in fine grade silk, all the latest and nobbiest styles, in black, brown, navy blue aud white, well worth $5 00, Christmas Sale Special 2.98

Nun's Veiling or Batiste Waists, all wool, light-weight dainty material. Elaborate variety of pastel colors and black. Natty waists in plain tailored or fancy embroidered designs. Buttons front or back. Very choice models. Long sleeves, all sizes, and worth $3.50 at only $1.95

Skirts

Fancy gray skirts, pleated all around, very beautiful design, special for Christmas Sale $1.98

Fine Panama Skirts, brown, blue or black, sold everywhere at $5.00, special $2.98

Beautiful line of wool chiffon Panama and Voile Skirts. Xmas Petticoat Sale.

Ladies light weight Websterloom, Elegant Xmas Gifts. Petticoats in black or colors, regular $1.75 quality, for Xmas Sale 90c

Genuine Heatherbloom Underskirts, elegant styles to select from, Xmas Sale Special $1.79

The guaranteed Silk Underskirts, which are shown everywhere at $6.00 for this Xmas Sale only $3.98



Furs are o…

Such a superb showing of furs is seldom found—No … found lower. No more appreciated gift can be given than … that l… of the recipient. This great showing especially arra… …ers … not be overlooked.

Scarfs & Throws



Sable and Black Coney, 60 inch. satin lined throws, regular $2.75 values $1.50

Sable Coney Neck Piece, head and fringe ornaments, regular $4.00 value $2.39

Natural and Blended Squirrel and Mink neck pieces. Fancy head and tail ornaments, about 25 in this lot, some worth as high as $10.00, special $5.00

Natural and Blended Squirrel throws, sixty inches long, lined with guaranteed satin, regular $9.00 val $6.50

Sable Opposum, extra long, double fur scarfs, with cord tassels, six bush tails also two tails at end of cord, very warm and handsome scarfs, regular $14.00 $8.75

Jap Mink, Squirrel and Natural Squirrel scarfs, satin lined, with fancy natural head ornaments, several styles to select from worth up to $18.00 choice $9.98

Blended Squirrel and Jap Mink Scarfs, two and three skin with head and tail effects, satin lined, worth up to $20.00 $12.75

Genuine Sable Fox Scarfs, single and double skins, very select quality, worth $22.50 $14.75

Genuine Isabella Fox scarfs, extra large skins. Two full grown tails, regular $25.00 value $17

Extra Dark Mink Scarfs in three skin animal effect. Head and tail ornaments, regular $28.00 $19

Genuine Eastern Mink throws, double fur, 60 inches long natural tails and claws, regular $30.00 value $22

Five Skin Animal effects scarfs, four skins hanging down in front, regular $35.00 value $24

Muffs

Sable and black Coney pillow shape muffs, regular $4.00 values $2.75

Natural and Blended Squirrel Muffs, pillow shape, regular $15 00 $7.98

Jack and Rock Mink, large pillow muffs, 5 striped effects, regular $18 00 values $11.75

Sable Opposum, pillow shape muffs, regular $5.50 $…

Blended Brook Mink, pillow shape muffs, reg. $6.75 …

Extra good grade Sable O… blended brook mink, large … muff with head and tail or… naments, regular $8.50 val… …d for …

.....THIS

Thursday, Dec. 19

S FR… M.



STORE OPEN EVERY NIGHT UNTIL XMAS

stein Co

K RACINE

CAR FARE REFUNDED TO OUT OF TOWN CUSTOMERS ON PURCHASES AMOUNTING TO $5.00 AND OVER

l Values Always

At any ti
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lowest pric
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cold weathe
ordinary Cle
our Fur Dep
the seasons
necessity instead of
and nothing which ca

repared to offer remarkable values, efforts to provide the best at the exemplifies than in our holiday offer- While this is really the begining of marked all our cloaks and suits at the le Price. We call special attention to this section is now complete with all of s, and at prices which make Furs a y. Nothing nicer for a Xmas gift re appreciated. "This is the buy-

A) THEN CHRISTMAS

e oyal Gift

d—No found on State Street, and our prices are much n than at lingers long and pleasantly in the memory ly arra ers opportunities to gift seekers that should



Sets

Genuine French Coney sets, pillow shape muff, different style scarfs to select from, regular $7.50 value Xmas special, set $3.98

Sable Coney Sets. Long satin lined throw, large pillow muff to match, regular $9.00 value $4.98

Blended Brook Mink Sets, sixty inch satin lined throw, large pillow muff, regular $13.50 value $7.5

Finest selected Muskrat sets, worth up to $15.00, for this Xmas sale special, set $7.75

Beautiful natural and blended Squirrel sets' which are shown everywhere, at $15.00 to $18.00, special for this Xmas sale $9.98

Childrens' Fur sets, we have secured a fine line of sets for the little ones, prices from 98c to $10.00 (and all reduced for this great Xmas sale)

Black Lynx Sets. Sixty inch throw, satin lined, large pillow muff, regular $22.50 value $15.00

Genuine Blue Wolf Sets. Long guaranteed, satin lined throw, extra large pillow shaped muff, with cord wrist guards, regular $25.00 $15.75

rown $17 irrel Sets, sixty inch guaranteed, satin and $19 w shape muffs, regular $27.50 value $17.25

tural $22 Sixty inch guaranteed, satin lined throw, large pillow $24 ment on muff and throw, ... $17.25

Fur Coats

t or jacket style, 24 inches long, lined atin, large collar and reverse, reg. $30.00 $19.75

r Coats in blouse and jacket styles, lined with heavy large collar and reveres. A very hand- r stores for $35.00 special $25.00

in Jackets or Blouse style, large collar and revers, new guaranteed Skinner satin regular $32.50

e of Blended brook mink, blended and natural squirrel near seal with collar and reveres of beaver, blended that are positively ⅓ less than the same goods can be

S FR
M. uesday, Dec. 24

Miscellaneous Xmas Gifts

Xmas Handkerchiefs

Over 3000 in this lot, some worth up to 10 cents, for this Christmas special sale only 4c

Beautiful selection of handkerchiefs, 15 and 19 cent qualities, all will go for this Christmas sale at 9c

Very large selection of fine handkerchiefs all the finest laces and imported materials.

Christmas Under-Muslin Sale

Corset covers, richly trimmed, Christmas sale 19c

Corset covers, regular $1.00 value 49c

Ladies' Drawers, hemstitched flounce, Christmas sale 19c

Handsome white underskirts, richly embroidered, or lace insertion, Christmas sale special $1.48

Evening Scarfs

Ladies' evening scarfs, worth $1.00 Christmas sale 49c

Evening Scarfs—beautiful printed patterns and hemstitched an elegant Christmas gift, worth $3.00, this sale $1.79

Extra Special Shirt Waist Sale

Ladies Shirt Waists, all very new effects, excellent values at $2.00, for this great Xmas Sale a limited number 98c

Christmas Sweaters

Large variety of all-wool Sweaters and knit Pony Coats in all colors, sold for $3.00 everywhere for Christmas sale, special $1.98

Childrens Sweaters, all colors, regular $1.50 value for this sale 79c

Ladies' Holiday Neckwear and Ruchings

The greatest selection of Ladies' Neckwear, for this great Christmas sale, at 25c

One lot ladies' Fancy Neckwear, special reduction for this sale 10c

Xmas Kid Gloves

The best gift of all—We have just received a large shipment of very fine imported kid gloves, for this sale, all will be sold at a very much reduced price.

Underwear

Ladies' Fleece Ribbed Underwear, regular 35c quality Christmas sale 17c

Fine grade Underwear, regular $1.00 quality Christmas sale 79c

Ladies' Union Suits, regular $1.50 values 98c

Childrens Hand Bags

Childrens' novelty Letter, Hand Bags, regular 25c value 10c

Ladies' Fancy Garters

Either hook on or with belt, regular 50 cent values, Christmas sale Special 25c

Regular 75 cent values, at 48c

Corsets

All $1.00 Corsets, pair 79c

50c Corsets, pair 39c

Christmas Kimonos and Dressing Sacques

Ladies' Fancy Flannelette Dressing Sacques, special for Christmas sale 39c

One lot of beautiful Cotton Eiderdown Dressing Sacques, worth 75c, special for this sale 29c

Fancy Novelty, short silk Kimonos, worth $3.50 for this Christmas sale $1.95

Beautiful selection of Long Kimonos in silk and cotton material, all specially reduced for this Christmas special sale.

Extra Special Tight Fitting Coat Sale

Ladies' all-wool black tight fitting coats, elegantly tailored, full length, worth $12.00 for this Christmas sale only $6.98

Xmas Millinery Sale

Hats

One lot consists of 200 Sample Hats in all imaginable styles, fashioned after the general lines of high cost models and being samples, are above the ordinary in quality and appearance, at your disposal during this sale $1.98

Another lot of Pattern Hats, some trimmed with feathers, others with flowers and ribbon. $6.00 and $7.00 values, $3.98, $3.00, $4.00 and $5.00 values, $1.98 and $2.98

Lot No. 2 comprises over 300 beautiful Hats trimmed with fancy feathers, buckles, etc., in all colors, some worth as high as $7.50 In one special lot, this sale $3.50



Untrimmed Shapes

All the latest styles in velvet and felt. —Felt Flat Shapes, all colors, suitable for ladies', misses and children. Not one in the lot worth less than $1.50, for this sale, special 69c

Felt shapes, all the latest styles and colors, good values anywhere at $3.00, for this sale. $1.48

Sundries

Plumes in brown, tan, champagne, light blue and white.

$7.00 values, . . $4.98
$5.00 values, . . $2.98
$3.00, $4.00 values, $1.98

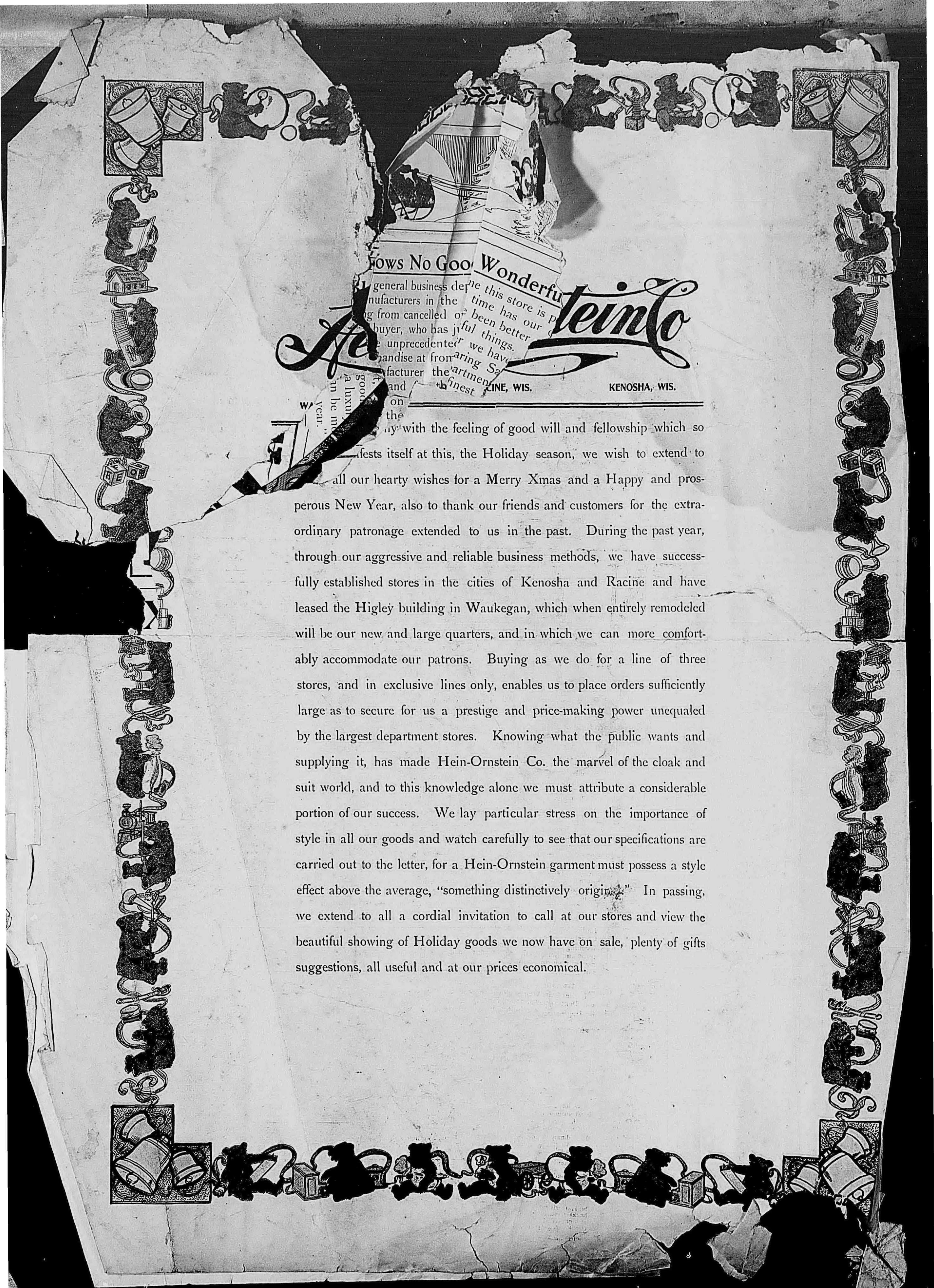
Foliage in assorted colors, 50c, val. this Sale, Special at .. 19c

Large beautiful silk and velvet roses, regular price 59c at. 19c

Violets that where 50c Special 29c

Wings. Not one worth less than 75c for this sale 39c

Fancy feathers in assorted colors, were $1.25 reduced to 79c



...ows No Goo... Wonderfu...

...general business dep...ne this store is p...
...nufacturers in the ... time has our ...
...g from cancelled or ... been better ...
... buyer, who has ju...ful things.
... unprecedented... we have ...
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...facturer the...artment...
...and ... the ...finest ...
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...the ...

Hein-Ornstein Co.

RACINE, WIS. KENOSHA, WIS.

...ny with the feeling of good will and fellowship which so ...festS itself at this, the Holiday season, we wish to extend to all our hearty wishes for a Merry Xmas and a Happy and prosperous New Year, also to thank our friends and customers for the extraordinary patronage extended to us in the past. During the past year, through our aggressive and reliable business methods, we have successfully established stores in the cities of Kenosha and Racine and have leased the Higley building in Waukegan, which when entirely remodeled will be our new and large quarters, and in which we can more comfortably accommodate our patrons. Buying as we do for a line of three stores, and in exclusive lines only, enables us to place orders sufficiently large as to secure for us a prestige and price-making power unequaled by the largest department stores. Knowing what the public wants and supplying it, has made Hein-Ornstein Co. the marvel of the cloak and suit world, and to this knowledge alone we must attribute a considerable portion of our success. We lay particular stress on the importance of style in all our goods and watch carefully to see that our specifications are carried out to the letter, for a Hein-Ornstein garment must possess a style effect above the average, "something distinctively original." In passing, we extend to all a cordial invitation to call at our stores and view the beautiful showing of Holiday goods we now have on sale, plenty of gifts suggestions, all useful and at our prices economical.